

*L'Entretien des Beaux Esprits.*

BEING THE

S E Q U E L

TO

*La Belle Assemblée.*

Containing the following

N O V E L S.

V I Z.

The AMOROUS THIEF.  
NATURE out-done by  
LOVE.

The HAPPY EXCHANGE.  
The TRIUMPH of VIRTUE.  
GENEROUS CORSAIR.

V O L. I.

Written for the Entertainment of the French  
Court, by Madam de Gomes, Author of *La  
Belle Assemblée.* *Poison de Gomes*

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M D C C X X X I V .

ALPHABETICALLY

THE

SEQUEL

TO

THE PRINCIPLES

OF THE

NO. 1



VOL. I

Written for the Trustees of the British Museum, by Sir Isaac Newton, Bart. in 1705.

Printed by W. Stansfeld, at the British Museum, in 1800.

LONDON





T O T H E

High Puissant and most noble PRINCE,  
**CHARLES SEYMOUR,**

Duke of *Somerset*, Earl of *Hertford*,  
Viscount and Baron *Beauchamp* of *Hac-*  
*che*, Baron *Seymour*, and Baron *Seymour*  
of *Troubridge*, Lord of the Honour of  
*Cockermouth* and *Petworth*, Baron of  
*Piercy*, *Lucy*, *Poinings*, *Fitz-Pain*, *Bryan*,  
and *Latimer*, Chancellor of the Uni-  
versity of *Cambridge*, Privy Counsellor,  
one of the Governors of the *Charter-*  
*House*, and Knight of the most Noble  
Order of the Garter.

*May it please your GRACE,*



Can by no means agree  
in Opinion with those  
who say no Offerings  
should be made but such as are

A 2

worthy

## DEDICATION.

worthy of the Patron ; for if it were so, all *Publick* Acts of Devotion must cease, and the Worship of the Divine Being be confined only to the *Heart* : 'Tis true, indeed, *That* ought to be the Fountain whence they spring, but when it is so, we are taught to hope the meanest Oblation, accompanied with Humility and Zeal, will be accepted.

'Tis on this Maxim I presume to lay these Volumes at Your Grace's Feet : Thanksgivings are the only Tribute in my little  
Power

## DEDICATION.

Power to pay to that transcendent Goodness which has vouchsafed to rank me among the Number it has obliged (a Blessing I think superior even to the not wanting it) but had I never been so highly favoured, had so inconsiderable a Name as mine never reach'd your Grace's Ear, I must, nevertheless, have rejoiced in common with all, who have the Honour or the Good of their Country at Heart, that there is still a living, and most illustrious Proof, the *British* Hospitality, Magnanimity, and true Greatness of

## DEDICATION.

Soul are not fictitious Characters; and that when Strangers read the Annals of our former Times, in which your Grace's Ancestors had such glorious Parts, they will be convinced by the *present*, that all the Wonders recorded of the *past great Dukes of Somerset* stood in need of no Addition to the Truth.

In contemplating the at once awful and amiable Character of your Grace, we are insensibly led back to that Source whence our present Happiness is derived: *There,*

## DEDICATION.

as far as History can inform us,  
or Tradition deliver down, we find  
*Heroes on Heroes, Patriots on Pa-*  
*triot's* rise, in an Immensity of pure  
and uninterrupted Glory; as tho'  
Virtue but visited other Families,  
and chose *wholly* to reside in that  
of the illustrious *Seymour!*

How near of Kin to Heaven  
are the Great, when the highest  
Titles can add no Dignity to na-  
tive Worth! when the Homage  
paid by the inferior World is not  
owing to what the Prince has con-  
ferr'd on them, but to an innate  
Grandeur

## DEDICATION.

Grandeur born with them, and which neither Power nor Fortune can deprive them of ! It was for *this*, my ever honoured Lord, that so many of your Grace's Progenitors were thought worthy of mixing with the Blood Royal ; for *this*, that the Widow of the first *English* King who ever had Courage to throw off the *Roman* Yoke, and stile himself *Supreme Head of the Church*, could find no Object but a *Seymour* worthy to succeed so great a Monarch in her Heart and Bed ; and it is for *This* Your Grace is so peculiarly distinguish'd, and



## DEDICATION.

and which would perpetuate your Name, even should there Ever come a Time in which all Deference paid to Blood should be forgot.

But whither would Reflexion bear me ! I am unawares launch'd into a boundless Sea, where to proceed I must be lost : To describe your Grace's Virtues, either in publick or private Life, did a second *Homer* live, would be a Task to which, perhaps, even his Genius would be found unequal : Let me then remember what I am, and conscious Inability restrain me from  
any

## DEDICATION.

any Endeavours to pursue what is so infinitely beyond my Reach. This only I may be permitted to say, That they are such, so universally allowed, that had an Elective Kingdom, where *Merit* only constitutes the Monarch, claim'd the Honour of your Grace's Birth, the Land would have known no *Polish* Devastation, the Subjects no Division among themselves, nor Strife, but to outvie each other in testifying their Submission to one so form'd to govern and protect, to be revered and loved.

With

## DEDICATION.

With these Sentiments, and the most profound Duty, Gratitude, and Veneration, humbly imploring the Continuance of your Grace's Favour, I subscribe myself,

*May it please your Grace,*

*Your Grace's*

*Eternally obliged,*

*Obedient, and*

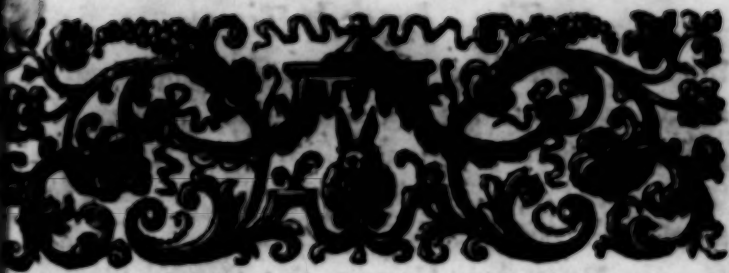
*Faithfully devoted Servant,*

**Eliza Haywood.**

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## THE INTRODUCTION.



LET us quit the serious, said one Day *Celemena* to *Urania*, let us trifle away some time in telling Stories; a little Truce with Morality makes us return to it with double Pleasure. I consent, replied her Friend; the Proposal is exactly according to my own Taste. Begin, you are doubtless furnished with a good Number, since you speak so boldly. Perhaps so, resumed *Celemena* smiling, but first we must agree on what we are to do: when I talk of telling Stories, I mean they shall be diverting Novels, which shall have in them the Galant, the Tender, and the Comick, and above all that the Facts shall either be directly True, or have so great a resemblance of Truth, as not to be distinguished from it; and that when our Memory does not supply us with such, we shall have recourse to Invention.

There is nothing impossible in all this, replied *Urania*; I accept the Conditions, and add that of

## *The Introduction.*

banishing from among us all sorts of Compliments; I am for using no other Ceremony than when one has given over reciting, the other shall immediately begin. The whole Company which was very numerous and all of them sprightly and ingenious, found this Idea so agreeable to their Humours that they readily contributed to it; and each having promised to perform their Part, it was resolved that instead of interrogating each other on the state of their Health, or wishing a good Morrow or good Night, they should speak nothing but Novels; that no difference of Rank should be observed among them, but that he, or she who was recounting, should be listened to with the utmost Attention; and that all the others should succeed without Interruption, or Remarks, or Praises on what had been said. All these Articles were punctually executed; and for the greater Conformity with their Intentions, the Novels are here set down without any other order than marking their Number and their Title. Neither is there any need of mentioning by what Persons they were related, since the Reader is informed by the Contract made among them, that every one spoke in their turn.



THE



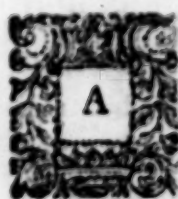


# THE AMOROUS THIEF.

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## NOVEL I.

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**A** GENTLEMAN of *Rennes* in *Bretagne*, named *Lyfmond*, was the Father of five Sons; all whom he had Educated with extreme Care, notwithstanding he had no more than a moderate Fortune. The four eldest having Genius's which inclined them to Military Affairs, went into the Service, and did too much Honour to their Family, for their Father to repent he had given them Being: But as in large Families we shall ordinarily find Characters vastly different from each other; the youngest of these Sons, called *Cleontes*, caus'd more Grief to *Lyfmond* than his four Brothers did Satisfaction.

This young Gentleman joined to one of the most agreeable Persons in the World Inclinations wholly unworthy of his Birth or Education, and tended to no less than bringing him to the most ignominious Death: in a word, Theft was the reigning Passion of his Soul; whether it was the ill Aspect of those Stars which pre-

sided at his Nativity, which rendered him naturally prone to this Vice, or whether his Father having exhausted too much of his Substance for the Settlement of his other Sons, had left him not in a Condition to furnish this with every thing he wished, is uncertain; but scarce a Day passed over, from his beginning to attain to Reason, in which he did not take something either from Children of his own Age who were partakers of his juvenile Diversions, or from the Companies into which his Father frequently carried him.

As these little Thefts were not always accompanied with Cunning, he was often enough surpris'd in them to make *Lyfmond* know how necessary it was that he shou'd early correct in him this dangerous Propensity. The unhappy Father neglected not to give him those Chastisements suitable to his Age, and when he arrived at Years of more Discretion remonstrated to him the meanness of the Vice to which he was addicted; and set before his Eyes the Examples of those Wretches, whose Inclinations to it had occasioned their Lives to be cut short by the most terrible and shameful Tortures.

*Cleantes* appeared very much touched with these Conversations; he demanded Pardon of his Father, and promis'd never to be guilty any more of a fault, into which, he said, the Imprudence incident to Youth alone had led him. *Lyfmond* charmed with this Resolution embraced him tenderly, and assured him that he wou'd spare nothing to put him in the same Rank with his Brothers, and that he might expect all he cou'd desire from the Affection of him and them, if he shewed himself worthy of belonging to them. This prudent

## *The Amorous Thief.*

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prudent Discourse produced for some time all the Effect it was intended for: *Cleantes* so well struggled with his Inclination, that in spite of several Temptations his Father laid in his way, as Trials of his Integrity, he remained unshaken.

*Lyfimond* was now persuaded that his Son had all the Sense of Honour and Reputation that he wish'd him to have, and therefore concealed from his Brothers the Fears he had been in on his Account; to the end that no unguarded Words, or those little Ralleries, ordinary among Kindred, shou'd remind him of what he wou'd have him ever forgetful of. To confirm the Hopes this tender Father now entertained, he found *Cleantes* was posselt of a Passion which rarely inspires any but generous Actions; the young and beautiful *Belisa*, the Daughter of one of his most intimate Friends had found the way to reach his Heart, in such a manner as to become the intire Mistress of his Desires. *Lyfimond* keeping still a watchful Eye over his Behaviour, beheld this Attachment with pleasure, and the more so because he doubted not but *Dorimond* the Father of *Belisa*, who was very rich, but of a Birth inferior to his own, wou'd readily consent to an Alliance, which wou'd give his Daughter a greater precedence than she cou'd expect. He took no notice however of the Observations he had made, well knowing that Love becomes more strong, the more it is kept secret, and was willing to encourage a Passion which he imagined wou'd intirely erase all others from his Mind.

*Cleantes* was handsom, well-shaped, had a great deal of Wit, and an engaging manner of Address,  
B 3 and

and the Desires with which he was inflamed, adding to those Charms he had received from Nature, he sighed not long without rendering the young *Belisa* sensible of his Passion; who reflecting on the Advantages of matching into the Family of *Lyfimond*, struggled not with the Inclination she had for him, and very frankly let him know that she would readily obey the Commands of her Father if given in his Favour. *Cleantes* transported with Joy at this Declaration, waited only for a favourable moment to acquaint his Father with the whole matter, and intreat him to propose it to *Dorimond*. But while he was thinking what measures to take with *Lyfimond*, the Father of *Belisa* had Intentions very different: This wary old Gentleman was not to be dazzled with the Pomp of Escutcheonry; a solid Fortune appeared to him preferable to the greatest Name without Riches to support it; and acting on this Principle, he resolved to give his Daughter a Husband no less wealthy than herself: Not that he was enough blinded by his Avarice, to suppose in the gratification of that Passion was every thing included. The good Qualities of the Mind were what he equally desired in a Son-in-law, and as he was ever anxious for the Happiness of his Daughter, among all his Acquaintance made choice of *Clidamant*, the only Son of a rich Merehant, in whom he found whatever he thought necessary to complete the well-being of that young Maid.

This young Cavalier came to *Rennes* on some Business of his Fathers, who had his ordinary Residence at *St. Malo's*; on his Arrival he addressed himself to *Dorimond* being an ancient Friend of the Family; he lodged

## The Amorous Thief.

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lodged in his House, and was treated by him like his Son.

To see *Belisa*, and to love her were the same to *Clidamant*; and as he knew the amity between his Father and *Dorimond*, that their Fortunes were pretty equal, and had no reason to doubt of his Consent, he endcavoured not to conceal his Passion either from the one or the other, and applied himself only to what he thought wou'd render him most agreeable to them.

He was certainly possessed of all that cou'd render a Man amiable in the Eyes of a Woman of Understanding; and if he was not altogether so handsome as the Son of *Lysimond*, he had a much less share of Vanity: He had also Honour, good Sense, Sweetness of Disposition, and knew perfectly well, when and to whom his Respects were due; but, in spite of all these Accomplishments, *Belisa* was wholly insensible in his Company, and knew not what it was to be pleased except in that of *Cleontes*. A Lover who finds himself disdained, without being conscious of any Inequality to merit it, will naturally be curious in discovering the Cause; and Jealousy ordinarily rendring him more quick-sighted than others less interested, *Clidamant* in a short time found out that *Cleontes* was the only Obstacle to his Happiness.

Full of youthful Bravery, in his first Emotions, he thought himself obliged to prove by force of Arms which was most worthy of *Belisa*; but then reflecting that he had no right over the Heart of that beautiful Maid, and as *Dorimond* was yet ignorant of his Love, he cou'd not in justice attack a Person who



had the same Liberty as himself to pretend to her, He grew more cool ; and resolved to take other Measures to testify his Affection than such as wou'd be a prejudice to her Glory: with this design he went to speak to *Dorimond*, and to omit nothing that he thought might engage him to prefer him to *Cleantes*.

*Dorimond* was alone in his Closet when the passionate *Clidamant* accosted him, and using his utmost Efforts to dissipate a Timidity which is almost inseparable from these occasions ; a violent Love always begetting an adequate proportion of Fear, he declared his Sentiments in a manner so touching, as might have won on a Heart less disposed to favour him than that of the Father of *Belisa*. He was transported with Joy at the first Offer he made, and cou'd scarce refrain from interrupting him with an assurance of his readiness to grant whatever he asked ; but as soon as he had given over, I am charmed, my dear *Clidamant*, said he, tenderly embracing him, to find your Inclinations so agreeable to those of your Father and my own. — This is an Affair has been concluded between us, and I was thinking to make you the Proposal when you so happily prevented me ; therefore since you love my Daughter depend on the Promise I make you of being her Husband within fifteen Days ; all that surprises me is the fears you manifested in this Demand, since you cannot be ignorant of the great Esteem I have for all your Family, and yourself in particular.

*Clidamant* wou'd have fallen at his feet to thank him for this Goodness, but the other would not suffer it, and this



This happy Lover then confess'd, that the Timidity he had observed in him, was produced by the Apprehensions that his word might be already given to another. The Passion of *Cleontes*, said he, his Family, and personal Merit, gave me some cause to believe he had your Consent for his Addresses to your lovely Daughter. Now, interrupted *Dorimond*, the Passion of *Cleontes* ? banish such an Imagination from your Mind : *Cleontes* is a young Cavalier, whose Father is one of my Friends indeed, but he thinks not of *Belisa*, at least that ever I knew ; and I hope she is not capable of receiving a Declaration of that nature from any Person without my Permission — But I will be certain of it, continued he, with some warmth ; I will go this moment and acquaint her with what I have resolved for her, and you shall soon be witness what Effects your Merit and her Obedience to my Commands will produce.

With these words he rose up to go to the Apartment of *Belisa* ; but as he quitted the Room, turning to *Clidamant*, My dear *Clidamant*, added he, let no Suspicions of this kind perplex you — My Daughter is prudent, and I am absolute Master of my Family.

*Belisa* was a little surpris'd to see her Father come so early into her Chamber, she being not yet quite dress'd ; however he bid the Maids, that waited on her, withdraw : And having made her a Detail of his great Possessions, and the Riches he had amass'd, of which one day she would be the Mistress ; he told her that as Life was uncertain, and he knew not how soon she might be deprived of a Father, he had provided her a sure Protector in a Husband ; and because he would lay no constraint on her Inclinations, had made choice of a

Person whom she could not but approve : When I tell you, said he, that he is every way worthy of my Esteem and your Love, I think there is no necessity to name *Clidamant*.

At the Name of *Clidamant* she chang'd Colour, and throwing her self on her knees, could only answer for some moments in a torrent of Tears ; but forcing her self to speak, she begg'd he would not think of marrying her so soon : She represented to him that she was yet young ; that in time, perhaps, a more advantageous Offer than *Clidamant* might be made to her ; and then confessed that she felt not the least Inclination for that Gentleman. This Discourse so little expected by *Dorimond*, joined to what had been said to him by *Clidamant*, opened his Eyes, and having put him into an extreme Rage, he told *Belisa* that he would be obey'd, that he was too well acquainted with the Motive of her Refusal, and would take measures accordingly. He went out that moment, and left her a Prey to her Griefs. In his passage through a Gallery, he met *Clidamant*, who waited to see him after this Interview with all the Impatience of a Man, that truly loves and dreads the Contempt of the adored Object. My Daughter is insensible, said the angry *Dorimond*, but do not you be disturbed—— the Promise I have made you shall be sacred. These Words pierced the devoted *Clidamant* to the very Soul : He had not power to inquire into the particulars of his Misfortune, nor to ask *Dorimond* whether he was going ; who without saying any thing more went directly to the House of *Lysimond*, whom he found full of Joy for the Arrival of his Sons, who had obtained Permission to come and pass some days with him. *Dorimond*

## *The Amorous Thief.*

11

*mond* congratulated him on their Presence, and the good Character he had heard of them, and after many Civilities had passed between them, As I look on you, said he to *Lyfimond*, as one of my best Friends, I could not defer acquainting you, that I am about disposing of my Daughter; that my word is given to *Glidamant*, and the Nuptials are to be celebrated in a few Days: But as young Men are generally impatient on every thing that seems to touch their Honour, I would intreat you for some time to put a stop to the frequent Visits of your Son *Chontes*; not that I think there is any real cause for suspicion on his account, but as I think it best to give no room for Disorders, which often happen in Families when least expected, and might have been prevented by a timely Precaution.

*Lyfimond* heard this Discourse with some Concern; but as he knew the humour of *Dorimond*, and that there was no longer any hope for his Son, and that he had also received some Obligations from this Gentleman, would seem to take no Umbrage at this Request, and assured him that *Chontes* should never give any Interruption to their Satisfaction. The Father of *Belisa*, extremely pleased with his Success in so delicate a point, made a thousand Protestations of Good-will to *Lyfimond* and his Sons, and assured them that nothing for their Advancement in the World should be wanting, that depended on him.

As they knew he was not a Man accustomed to promise more than he would perform, and had proved that his Interest was of no small service to those he pleased to espouse, they replied to his Compliments with the utmost Gratitude, and intreated he would be so good as

to assure *Clidamant* of their Esteem. This Visit being past in all imaginable Demonstrations of a reciprocal Amity, *Dorimond* returned home with a Mind more at ease than at his leaving his House ; he was persuaded that when his Daughter should see *Cleontes* no more, her Eyes would have leisure to examine the Merits of *Clidamant*. Resolving however to leave nothing to Chance, he called to him a Woman, who had the whole Care of *Belisa* since the Death of her Mother, and served her in the place of a Governess ; as he knew her to be a Person of great Prudence, he discovered to her the Displeasure he had conceived on the score of *Cleontes* : This Woman, who was too wise and too austere for a Confident in such an Affair, had not been trusted by her young Lady with the secret of her Passion, and was extremely amazed when *Dorimond* made mention of his Suspicions ; she promised however to neglect nothing that might discover the whole Truth, and assured him that she would have so watchful an eye over her, that nothing should pass without her being informed of it. I have taken such measures, said he, that *Cleontes* will come no more to visit her ; but in case he should attempt to see *Belisa* in private, either by her Consent, or his own Impatience, I charge you to keep so strict a guard over all her Motions, that I may be advertised of it.

The Governess assured him nothing on her part should be wanting, and departed for the fulfilling her Directions. *Clidamant* on the other side, half distracted with Grief and Jealousy, could not satisfy himself without obliging *Cleontes* to meet him, Sword in hand. While he was forming this Design, and contriving how to bring it about in such a manner as not to disoblige

disoblige *Dorimond*, the young *Belisa* too much prepossession'd in favour of the Son of *Lyfimond*, desired the Assistance of a young Woman that waited on her, and that knew the secret of her Heart, to let him know what had happened : This Maid touched with the Tears of her beautiful Mistress, suffered her self to be prevailed with to carry a Letter to her dearly beloved *Cleontes* : For this end she went out early in the Morning, and waited at the Corner of a Street which was little frequented, just opposite to the House of *Lyfimond*, whence she could perceive whoever came in or out.

But for the discovery of this Plot, the Governess of *Belisa*, who had perceived she had been talking a long time to *Janetta*, for so this Girl was called ; and seeing her go out, followed her at such a distance as not to be distinguished by her. Finding she at last stood still as if expecting somebody, she did the same, and presently after, *Cleontes* appearing, saw her run hastily towards him and deliver a Letter : they also talked together some moments, but was too far to be able to judge what it was they said ; however, she had seen enough to comprehend the rest, and as soon as *Cleontes* was departed, ran as it were in the utmost Hurry, and seemingly out of breath to the Place which *Janetta* was just about to quit.

I have been searching you every where, said she, when she came up to her ; *Belisa* sent me to charge you not to deliver the Letter to *Cleontes*, till she has added something which is of the utmost Consequence to him. The Maid not doubting, by this Message, but the Governess was in the secret, answered that it was now too late, she had given him the Letter, and that he would  
no



not fail to come according to her Appointment, at ten o'clock at Night to the Parlour-door that opened into the Garden. These Words gave the most sensible Concern to the Governess; an Assignment of such a nature was an Alarm to her Virtue, and not being accustomed to disguise her Thoughts, What, *Janetta*, cried she, hastily, have you the boldness to serve *Belisa* in Enterprizes of this nature, and not acquaint me with it? But know that *Derimond* is not ignorant of his Daughter's Folly, and you are undone if you conceal from him any particular of this Adventure.

*Janetta* confused to the last degree to have been so grossly deceived, and trembling at the Menaces of the Governess, confessed that it was several Months since she had known the Attachment which *Cleantes* and *Belisa* had one for the other, but that she had believed it an Alliance which might have been accomplished, and therefore flattered her self that she was guilty of no Crime; at the same time protested that this was the first time *Belisa* had ever wrote to him, and that they never had any Meetings but before her. The Governess a little more assured by the Oaths she exacted from this Maid, promised to obtain Pardon for her Imprudence, on condition she would never undertake the like Commissions, and that she should go with her, and render *Derimond* a faithful Account of that she was about to execute. The poor Girl, not having it in her power to do otherwise, readily consented, and thought her self happy even in coming off so well.

Then they returned home, but separately, to prevent *Belisa* from suspecting any thing. and being rejoin'd, went together and declared the whole Affairs to *Derimond*,



*mond.* In the first Transports of his Rage, he thought of nothing less than surprising *Cleantes* with his Daughter, and killing them both: But the wise Remonstrances of the Governess, the Consideration of incurring the Censure of the Law, and his own natural Affection for an only Child, at length prevailed with him to grow more calm. He resolved, however, to find out the bottom of this Intrigue, that he might be the better able to judge what measures he ought to take: For this purpose, he forbid *Janetta* on pain of the severest Punishments to take any notice to *Belisa* of what had past between her and the Governess or himself, and to deliver to her the Answer of *Cleantes* as she received it from his mouth; that she should also introduce him at the Garden door, and testify nothing either by Word or Gesture of the secret of their Love being discovered; all which she took the most solemn Oath to perform.

Having given these necessary Orders to *Janetta*, he designed to conceal himself in a little Closet in the Parlour where they were to meet, and of which he had the Key: This Cabinet afforded him also the Convenience of seeing as well as hearing every thing that was done through a little Lattice which was over the Door, and was so concealed by a Cornice that hung, as it were, over it, that whoever was in the Parlour could not distinguish him, tho he had the full Command of all below.

While the angry Father of *Belisa* was laying these Schemes, *Clidamant*, wholly taken up with the Resolution of obliging his Rival to yield either his Pretensions or his Life, was gone out in search of him; but not thinking it proper to go to the House of *Lyfmond* on such an errand, and not being able to find him in  
any

any of those places he had heard he was used to frequent, he returned home fullen and discontented : *Belisa*, whose Thoughts were wholly taken up with her Allignation, was not less silent, and *Dorimond* agitated by Impatience and Uncertainty, was in no better a humour than the others : The little pleasure they took in Conversation, joined to the Employments they all had in hand, made them to separate early ; *Clidamant* that he might go to bed, in order to rise by Day-break to seek *Cleontes* ; *Dorimond* to go to conceal himself ; and *Belisa* to prepare for the Entrance of her Lover ; they therefore suppd with little Ceremony, and took leave soon after.

*Clidamant* went to his own Apartment, *Dorimond* to the Closet behind the Parlour, and *Belisa* thinking her Father was in bed, would go her self with *Janetta* to the Garden door, which having unlock'd softly they left in such a manner as the smallest touch would open it, and then returned to expect *Cleontes* in the Parlour ; but *Janetta* quitting her Mistress under pretence of standing Centinel in the Garden, *Belisa* remained there alone, and walked backwards and forwards several times about the Room, testifying by her Gestures the utmost Impatience that her Lover was not arrived : At last, growing weary she threw her self down in an Elbow-Chair just opposite to the place where her Father stood, and curiously observed all her Motions ; two large Tapers were burning on the Table near her, but as she was not accustomed to sit up so late, the Solitude and Silence of the Night, and her Eye-lids heavy with much weeping, closed themselves without her designing it, and she fell into a profound Sleep.

After

After *Cleantes* had received the Letter of *Belisa*, he returned home in a mortal Inquietude to find that something had happen'd to oblige her to see him at so improper an Hour, a Favour which she never before had permitted; but he no sooner saw his Father and Brothers than he knew the Cause of this Appointment; they informing him of the Visit of *Dorimond*, the Request he had made, and the Marriage of *Belisa*.

His Grief was so excessive at this News, that except laying violent hands on his own Life, his Despair could be no farther extended; he confess'd to his Father the Love he had for *Belisa*, and that he designed to have acquainted him with it, but since *Clidamant* had prevented him with *Dorimond*, there was nothing upon Earth capable of giving him Consolation for so great a Loss.

*Lyfmond* replied gravely, that if *Dorimond* had approved his Passion he should have readily consented; but that it would now be altogether vain to make any proposal of that nature, because he well saw his Friend was already determined in favour of *Clidamant*: He added also, that he must endeavour to forget *Belisa*, and testify before her Father and all the World as great an Indifference for that Lady as if he never had entertained any Thoughts of her. A Gentleman of your Age, said he, ought never to give yourself up so much to the Force of Passion, but that you might be able to shake it off when any Consideration of Honour or of Fortune demands it: But however that may be, I command you never to set your Foot in the House of *Dorimond*, 'till his Daughter should have quitted it with her S<sup>c</sup>use.

*Lyfmond*

*Lyfmond* uttered these Words with so much Authority, that *Cleantes* durst not contradict him, and besides was willing to wait the Decision of his Interview with *Belisa* before he resolved on any thing. He therefore made no Reply to his Father, but after a low Bow retired to his Apartment; where having shut himself in, he delivered up his whole Soul to the Force of his Griefs, which was the Cause that *Clidamant* was all that Day disappointed in his Expectations of meeting him. The Hour of Supper being arrived, his Father sent to command him to pay that Complaisance to his Brothers as to accompany them: He obey'd the better to conceal what he had in hand; but his Brothers willing to dissipate the Trouble they saw him in, detained him at Table much longer than usual; and as he could not break from them without giving some Suspicion of the Cause, it was Eleven o' Clock when they parted. The impatient Lover no sooner found himself at Liberty than he stole softly out of the House, and went to the Garden of *Belisa*, where finding the Door open according to her Promise, he passed through, and came directly to the Parlour.

*Belisa* was still in the sweetest Sleep imaginable, and it seemed as if her good Angel had laid his Hand upon her Eyes, or locked her Senses in some supernatural Charm, that she not awake either with her Lovers Entrance, nor what after he did to her. *Cleantes* approached her, and fell on his Knees at her Feet in a profound Silence, regarding the thousand Beauties which offered themselves to his View while their lovely Owner remained in this Posture. She was not more than sixteen Years old, had the most regular Features, and delicate

licate Complexion in the World; her Hands, her Arms, and all her Limbs were admirably proportioned, and as white as Ivory: Her Hair was between a brown and fair, and hung in careless Ringlets on her Neck, and down to her Bosom: In fine, she appeared so perfect in every thing that can be called truly lovely, that as she slept, she rather seemed the Work of Art than Nature, and you would have taken her rather for the Image of a *Venus* than a living mortal Woman. Who would then have thought such Charms should have been sacrificed to Desires the most opposite that can be to those of Love, or that the Passion of *Cleantes* should find a Grave where it ought to have fixed its Throne!

Her Hair concealing too much of her Neck, he ventured to pull it gently back, that he might feast his Eyes with the whole Beauties of her naked Bosom; but to his great Misfortune, a Charm of a quite different Nature now struck on his resistless Heart: *Belisa* had on her Neck that Evening a String of Pearls the largest and most Orient he had ever seen: his Countenance changed at sight of them: those tender Fires which so lately had sparkled in his Eyes were now extinguished in a Moment, and in their room a kind of fearful Eagerness succeeded: No more the thousand Graces which play'd about *Belisa's* Mouth, her dimpled Rosy Cheeks, her Alabaster Hands invited him to taste their Sweets; the Pearl now took up all his Soul, nor had he left one Wish for any other Object: He made a tour round the Parlour to be certain if he was alone, and finding he was so, shut the Door without making the least Noise, and then returned to the still sleeping Maid. He removed the Tapers to try if her Slumber was sound, and  
being



being assured that it was, he untied the Necklace with so much Delicacy, that she awoke not with his Touch.

Then holding between his Hands the new Object of his Passion, how much a Fool should I be, said he to himself, if I should despair for the Loss of a Mistress when I so well know how to console myself: Indeed, if *Belisa* was independent, and had her Fortune at her own Disposal, it would be a very great Misfortune to see her in the Arms of another; but since that cannot be, 'tis reasonable I take what remedy I can; and tho' she should tell me that she would do all she could to break off her Marriage with *Clidamant*, what would it avail? She might weep, I might grieve, and all our Tears and Sighs would be of no Signification —

Is it not better then, continued he, counting the Pearls, that I do not add to her Affliction by my Presence, and my Regrets, and dissipate all that remains in me of Sorrow by making use of this Opportunity which my good Fortune presents me — The Value of these Pearls may contribute to my Advancement in the World —

No body saw me enter, and I may go out with the same Secrecy; and when *Belisa* wakes, finding me not here, she will easily believe some Accident prevented my coming; and as the Garden-Door has remain'd so long open, will suppose some other Person entered and stole her Necklace, the Loss of which she will not dare to mention, through Fear of discovering the Appointment she made with me. *Gleontes* reasoned thus with himself in a very low Voice, yet loud enough for *Dorimond*, who was near him to distinguish every Word.

Never was Surprise equal to that of his to see so much Love, as *Gleontes* at his Entrance appeared possessed.



feſſed of, vaniſh ſo ſuddenly; and could not comprehend, how a Man born of an illuſtrious Race, and educated in the ſame Principles, could give way to ſuch an Eagerneſs of Gain, as ſooner or later is ſure to be attended with Diſgrace, and the loweſt Contempt; but as he had concealed himſelf to know by what means *Cleantes* had ſeduced the Heart of his Daughter, and not to be a Witneſs of his robbing her, the Rarity of the Fact calmed all the Agitations he had been in, and the Return of his Tranquillity redoubling his Curioſity, he reſolved to ſee the End of this Scene before he called any of the Family; pleaſing himſelf, that he had now an aſſured means to cure *Belifa* of all the Tenderneſs ſhe had for ſuch a Lover.

Our amorous Thief, after the Reflexions already recited, was turning toward the Door with the Necklace in his Hand, when he ſtopp'd on a ſudden, a new Thought juſt then ariſing in his Mind: But if *Belifa*, ſaid he, ſhould be indiſcreet enough to confeſs all, and the Suſpicion ſhould fall upon me before I have time to conceal my Theft, and it ſhould be found upon me I were utterly undone. With theſe Words he ſighed, and ſhook his Head, as if repenting of his guilty Enterpriſe; but after a little Pauſe, he aſſumed more Reſolution, and coming back to the Table broke the String which held the Pearls, and taking them up one by one, put them into his Mouth, and ſwallowed them regularly to the great Aſtoniſhment of *Dorimond*, who imagined himſelf as much aſleep as his Daughter, and that all he ſaw was no other than a Dream.

After *Cleantes* had taken all theſe rich Pills, with this Precaution, ſaid he, I deſy all their Accuſations:

and

and if *Dorimond* and his Daughter should take it in their Heads to suspect me, and make any Noise of the Affair, what I have done will put me in a condition to make them pay dearly for the Scandal they shall throw upon me. Then going out of the Parlour as softly as he could, he ran to the Garden-Door, but found it fast shut, *Janetta* having quitted her Mistress with that design. *Cleantes* was extremely surpris'd at this unexpected Impediment, and was making use of his utmost Efforts to get it opened, when he heard a great Cry throughout the House of *Thieves! Thieves! Thieves!* and immediately found himself encompassed by a great Number of Men and Women, among whom were *Dorimond* and *Clidamant*, this latter having been waked by the Noise. *Belisa* also starting from her Slumber with this Hurly-burly, no sooner recovered her Faculties than she missed her Necklace, and the Outcry of *Thieves, Thieves*, which every where resounded, making her imagine some Villain had taken the Opportunity of the Garden-Door being left open, and entered instead of *Cleantes*; she took up a Candle in her Hand, and having invented an Excuse for being out of Bed so late, ran into the Garden crying as loud as any of them, *Thieves! Thieves!* where are the *Thieves*? But how great was her Confusion, her Shock, when drawing near she found it was *Cleantes* himself that her Father accused of having taken her Necklace. Fear kept her silent for some time; she let the Candle fall from her Hand, and stood motionless as a Statue. *Clidamant*, who could not penetrate into this Mystery, and imagined that Love alone had conducted his Rival to that Place, intreated *Dorimond* to send away his People,  
and

and not expose *Cleantes* to their Reflexions. This was the first Moment that *Belisa* had looked on this young Gentleman with Pleasure; his interceding in this manner for a Person who would have been the Loss of all his Hopes appeared to her so truly generous and noble, as gained her Admiration if not her Love. *Darimond* whose chief Aim was to make his Daughter ashamed of the Passion she had for *Cleantes*, and who could not swallow the Loss of the Necklace with so much Ease as he had done the Pearls, persisted in loading him with the most severe Reproaches for a long time; but *Clidamant* continuing his Solicitations, he was at last prevailed upon to bid the Servants retire, and they four only went into the Parlour.

*Clidamant* having demanded, with the softest and most obliging Voice of *Cleantes*, what had brought him to the House of *Darimond* at such an Hour, and how he entered: The other was preparing to make some Reply, when *Belisa* not able to endure he should undergo the Scandal her Father threw upon him, fell at his feet, and bursting into Tears, confessed the secret Passion they both had for each other; told him, that flattering herself at first with the Hopes of his Consent, and seeing nothing that should not render his Alliance agreeable, she had indulged his Hopes and her own Inclinations, but that after he had commanded her to give that Reception to another, which she only wished to have allowed *Cleantes*, she had wrote to him, and made him an Appointment to come to the Garden-Door at Ten at Night, that they might consult on what they had best do to change a Resolution so fatal to their Peace. That waiting for him alone, and beyond the  
Hour,

Hour, she fell asleep, in which time doubtless some Thief had come in and taken her Necklace; and in-treated her Father, that however averse he might be to her Marriage with *Cleontes*, he would not charge him with so vile an Action as that he now detained him for.

*Dorimond* was so inflamed with Rage during this Recital, that he could scarce allow her Time to conclude, but when she had done so, after a thousand bitter Investives against Children, who presume to enter into such Engagements without the Permission of their Parents: What Excuse, cry'd he, will you be able to make for so inconsiderate, so ill placed a Passion, when it shall be proved that this *Cleontes*, this fine Gentleman, this Darling of your Heart is the very Thief that has robb'd you of something he values more than your Person? *Belisa* was astonished to hear her Father still accuse him, after she had related the Motives of his coming; but answered modestly, that she could not believe any such thing, but that if it were so, he merited only her Contempt.

During all this Discourse, *Cleontes* and *Clidamant* said not a Word; but the Confusion which was visible in the Face of the former was sufficient to prove him guilty, without his confessing himself so; *Clidamant* who kept his Eyes intent upon him, no longer doubted it, but his own Good-nature, and Consideration for *Belisa*, surmounted all the Scorn and Hate so mean a Vice raised in him. I am so deeply interested, said he to *Dorimond*, in the Confession your charming Daughter has made of preferring before me a Rival so little worthy of Esteem, that all kinds of Revenge might

might be excusable in me, and to bring this Man to publick Shame might perhaps be the least another in my place would advise you to inflict — But, Sir, the Glory of *Belisa* is too dear to me to permit this Adventure should be made the talk of the Town. I conjure you therefore to release him — never to mention the Necklace; and to —

How, interrupted *Dorimond* hastily, have I seen him commit such a Robbery, and swallow a Necklace of ten thousand Crowns, and let him go with Impunity? — No, no, continued he, I am not of a Humour to lose such a Sum in this manner — If *Lyfimon* and his other Sons will pay me the Value, I shall conceal all that has past, but am otherwise determined to take the utmost Rigour of the Law. After he had spoke these Words, he called the Governess of *Belisa*, and ordered her to go to the Father of *Cleontes*, to make him be awaked, and to desire he would come with his Sons that Moment to him on a Business of the utmost Importance.

She departed the same Moment, and *Cleontes* having by this time a little recovered himself from his first Perplexity, answered fiercely, that he should be rejoiced to have his Father and his Brothers Witnesses of the monstrous Injustice they did him in daring to accuse a Person of his Rank with a Crime so little possible for him to be guilty of — That it was base in *Dorimond* to make such a Pretence for refusing him his Daughter, and that he had only to be at Liberty to oblige him to a Reparation proportionable to the Affront he had offered him.



To all this *Dorimond* replied not, but by Smiles full of Contempt; and *Clidamant*, who knew not the Proofs he had for his Accusation, began to be impatient to see a young Gentleman treated in this fashion; in his heart blamed *Dorimond* for his Prejudice or Severity, and was about to testify his Sentiments to him on this Occasion, when all the Family of *Cleontes* entered, strangely amazed at the haste with which they had been sent for, and much more so when they beheld *Cleontes* there, who they thought had been at home in bed.

On this Occasion few Ceremonies past between them, they no sooner appeared than *Dorimond*, addressing himself to the Father, gave the whole Account of the Affair, relating succinctly the Discourses *Cleontes* had with himself, his different Reflexions, acted all his Motions; and concluded with shewing the fashion in which he flattered himself to have concealed his Theft.

The thing was so positive, and well circumstanced that it was impossible to contradict it; and *Lyfmond* calling to mind the first Inclinations of his Son, found them too much of a piece with this Fact, to have the Satisfaction of doubting it. His four worthy Sons, in a greater Consternation than can well be imagined, looked upon each other without the Power of uttering one Word; but *Lyfmond* after having mused a long time, at last broke silence in these Terms; I have nothing to answer, said he to *Dorimond*, to your Accusation of this unhappy Son, since you assure me you have seen every thing you have related. You must, however, give me Leave to defer taking any Resolutions concerning him, 'till I hear what Defence he is able to make  
for



for himself; I see that he will not declare the Truth before you: Perhaps he will be more sincere in another place; suffer therefore that I take him home, I will answer for his Appearance if it be necessary; and promise you upon my Honour, that your Pearls or the Value of them shall be restored; — Both of us have an equal Interest in keeping this Affair secret; and I think you know me enough to be persuaded I would make you Satisfaction, tho' it were to the Sum of my whole Substance, or my very Life.

*Clidamant*, who suffered infinitely for *Belisa* all the time of this Conversation, was the first that said nothing could be more just than the Demand of *Lyfmond*, and *Dorimond* perfectly convinced of his Integrity consented to his Desire. Then after reiterated Assurances of Secrecy on the one side, and Payment on the other, *Lyfmond* placed the guilty and confused *Cleontes* between his four Brothers, to the end he might not escape from them, and in this Order returned to his House.

*Dorimond* made his Daughter retire to her Chamber, and by the Advice of the truly enamoured and generous *Clidamant*, told all his Domesticks that he was extremely concerned at having treated *Cleontes* in that manner, who came not into his Garden but to avoid some Villains that had attacked him in the Street, and who doubtless were the same that had robb'd *Belisa* of her Necklace: This easily gained credit with every Body but the Governess and *Janetta* who knew the whole Truth, but were forbid to utter the least Syllable of it.

While *Belisa* reflected on every part of this Adventure, her Reason seemed lost in a Labyrinth of Per-

plexities, sometimes believing *Cleontes* innocent, and at other times guilty. The Reverence she had for her Father, and the Knowledge how great a Lover he was of Truth, made her tremble when she remembered that he said his own Eyes were Witnesses of the Fact, and for a Moment she even hated herself for having felt any Tenderness for a Man so abandoned, so meanly soul'd: But then the Prejudice which *Dorimond* had to him, his Desire of rendering him odious in her Eyes, returned to her mind in favour of *Cleontes*, and so divided her Imagination as made her in a Condition truly pitiable. The Behaviour of *Clidamant*, however, had won greatly on her, and she could not forbear avowing that, whether *Cleontes* were culpable or not; the other, by the consideration he testified for her Honour, and Generosity to his Rival in his Misfortune, was a Debt they could neither of them ever sufficiently pay.

This was a Night, which gave full Employment for all the Persons concerned in this little History: *Lysmond* having locked his transgressing Son into a Chamber, whence it was impossible for him to escape if he had endeavoured it, held a Council with the others on what was best for them to do; and to give them all the Light he could into the Truth, declared to them that unfortunate Propensity he had found in *Cleontes*, but 'till then had kept them in an intire Ignorance of: This Information was like a Dagger to the Hearts of every one of these noble-minded Youths: The quickest Sense of Shame and Honour mingling with their Rage, one was stifling *Cleontes* as a Monster, another for poisoning him, and all of them concluded that they ought to scruple nothing for the sending a Wretch out of the World,

World, whose Life threatned their whole Family with everlasting Infamy.

But the Father in whom natural Affection was not quite extinguished by this Action, represented to them that all these Violences were not only criminal, but would also be of no Effect to render back the Pearls to *Belisa*; the Price of which he could not pay without doing a considerable Detriment to his Family. But, said he, if *Cleontes* has really swallowed the Necklace, which I see no reason to doubt, I believe 'twill be easy for me to find an Expedient to recover it; and at the same time will punish him in such a manner, as will prevent him from ever being guilty of the like Crime again.

The four young Gentlemen testifying the utmost Impatience to know this wonderful Secret, *Lyfmond* told them it was only what was natural; that he would cause a very strong Medicine to be prepared, and force *Cleontes* to take it: Thus, said he, the violence of the Purgation will make a Restitution of the Pearls, and the horrible Pains he will endure in the Operation bring him into so low a State, that I am much deceived if he does not from thence forward become an honest Man. They were all extremely pleased with this Stratagem, and in spite of the Fury they were posselt of, could not keep themselves from laughing at the Idea of it. *Lyfmond* sent immediately for the Ingredients, and composed a Potion sufficient to have purged a whole Regiment, and when it was ready went to the Chamber of *Cleontes*, accompanied by his other Sons. They found him not undressed, but thrown across his Bed in a melancholy and dejected Posture; reflecting without

doubt on what he had done, and distracted to think, what would be the consequence of his Theft. He rose as soon as he beheld his Father enter, and was presently eased of the Suspence he had been in: *Lyfmond* had a Goblet in one Hand, and a Pistol in the other, and thus equipp'd, he accosted the trembling *Cleontes*. Since neither my Lessons, said he to him, my Remonstrances, my Example, and above all the Remembrance of that Blood whence you are descended, could have any weight with you to banish Inclinations so unworthy of them, we must put a stop to that Indulgence which otherwise would bring you to a Scaffold. As for your Life it matters not, I rather wish you had been strangled in your Infancy, but would not have the manner of your Death reflect your Infamy on a Family, which for so many Generations has subsisted without Reproach; therefore, continued he, take without Resistance what I present you with in this Vessel. 'Tis a Liquor will assist you to digest the Pills you have swallowed. Reply not, added he, perceiving he was about to speak; the least Syllable you utter condemns you to immediate Death. With these Words he stretched out the Hand to him that held the Potion, and with the other presented the Pistol to his Head.

The Tone in which he had spoke, and the Actions which accompanied his Discourse, left *Cleontes* no room to doubt if he was in earnest; he would have begg'd for Life, but fear of losing it tied his Tongue: He doubted not if it were Poison in the Goblet; but as Cowardise is for the most part the Companion of Guilt, he chose rather to die a lingering than an immediate Death; and thinking that there might be a Possibility

of expelling the Effects of the Liquor, but none of warding against the Pistol, if he should provoke his Father to make use of it, he fell upon his Knees, and taking the Goblet with a shaking Hand, drank off what it contained, without uttering one Word; but his Visage, pale and ghastly, as if the Pangs of Death were already on him, sufficiently spoke for him, to Persons who could not bring themselves so far to hate, as not to pity him.

However having obeyed the Commands of his Father, and being certain in his mind of inevitable Death, the Idea worked so strong on his Imagination as to render him unable to support himself: He sat down on the bed-side, and looking on *Lyfmond* with a dying Air, I am guilty, Sir, said he, I confess it. I took the Necklace from *Belisa*, and swallowed the thirty two Pearls of which it was composed: The fatal Temptation overcame my weaker Virtue, and render'd me unworthy to be called your Son. I despair of Pardon either from Heaven, or you; yet oh believe that I sincerely repent, and less for being the Cause of my own Death, than that I have, by my Crime, provoked my Father to become my Executioner.

You have so often repented, replied *Lyfmond*, that I must wait the Effects of what you have drank before I can believe you: for know, continued he, that in spite of your Degeneracy from all that's good, I cannot yet so far divest myself of the natural Affection I once had for you, as to give you Death with my own Hands: Your Life, at present, depends absolutely on yourself: the Potion you have taken, has this Virtue, that if you are firm in your Resolution of becoming an honest



Man, you will not die but restore to us all the Pearls, tho' with very violent Pains : but if your Repentance is insincere, you will expire in dreadful Torments, and nothing of your Theft appear. Thus is your Fate governed by your Conversion. You shall find I am still so much your Father as to assist you with my Cares ; neither your Brothers, nor my self will quit you, during this Operation, and the comfortable Broths and Cordials I have ordered for you, will help to fortify you in those Agonies you will presently begin to feel.

As we easily believe either what we greatly fear, or wish, the poor *Cleantes* gave credit to all was told him by his Father, and having been assured by him that his Life depended on the truth of his Repentance was certain that he should not die. But even while they spoke, the Strength of the Physick working an immediate Effect, he began to sweat great Drops, which were succeeded by such violent Pains as threw him into Convulsions ; thence into Swoons ; after which into such excessive Vomitings and Purgings, that all the Agonies described in the Separation of the Soul and Body could not be more terrible than those he suffered. In the short Intervals he had from Torment, he made a thousand Protestations of Honour and Integrity, believing by that means he should advance his Cure. He demanded every half quarter of an Hour if any of the Pearls appeared, and at last, the Potion having intirely finished its Course, they found the whole Number to the great Contentment of the Patient, who felt infinitely more joy in the rendering back his Theft, than in taking it.



The Father and Brothers continuing their Deception, no sooner found the Pearls than they made a thousand Acclamations, and running to *Cleantes* embraced him with Transport, crying out all at once, be of good Courage, you will now recover; and telling him that his Repentance had preserv'd him; but the poor Wretch was reduced to so weak and miserable a condition by the Violence of the Potion, that even their Caresses were a Persecution to him, and he fell into a Swoon, out of which he recover'd not but in a strong Fever. *Lyfimon*d, who knew the nature of the Drugs he had given him, expected no less, and therefore sent for a *Physician*, to whom he said that his Son having had a Fancy to take a Dose of Physick, in order to prevent any Distemper, it had been given him too strong for his Constitution, and had thrown him into this State.

While the Physician was considering what to prescribe, and two of the Sons of *Lyfimon*d waited to hear what Orders he would give, the other two went with their Father to the House of *Dorimon*d, and desired to speak with him in private. That Gentleman conducted them to his Closet, and they there informed him in what manner the Necklace had been recover'd, and the Person who had taken it chastised. They also returned him the Pearls, which had lost nothing of their Brightness in their Passage, and anew conjured him never to mention this Adventure. *Dorimon*d cou'd scarce restrain his Laughter at this Recital, but having the Art of concealing his Sentiments, whenever he thought it wou'd be disobliging to disclose them, promised *Lyfimon*d, all that

he desired of him; and having taken his leave of them, ran to the Apartment of *Belisa*, where he made *Clidamant* be called; and being all three shut in together, *Dorimond*, with a Voice frequently interrupted by excessive Laughter, recounted the whole Scene as he received it from the Mouth of the Father of *Cleontes*; and shewing the Pearls to *Belisa*, look there, said he, is not that your Necklace? Examine well the Pearls, I dare answer you will find them the same, and tell me if the Passion of *Cleontes* still retains the sweet Savour it was wont to your deceiv'd Apprehension.

*Belisa* who had, ever since the Accident happen'd, been able to think on nothing else, and had too much cause to fear *Cleontes* had been indeed the Thief, began to conceive the utmost Contempt for him; but being now perfectly convinced of it, she had no power to answer to her Father's Pleasantry, but pushing the Pearls from her with Disdain, threw her self on her Knees before *Dorimond*, and with her Eyes full of Tears, Cease, Sir, I conjure you, this Rallery, unless you wish to see me die with Shame. My own Reflexions cover me with the utmost Confusion. Pardon, I beseech you, the Prepossession that blinded my Reason in favour of that unworthy Man, and impute it to my Age and little Experience. I thought, alas! that Persons of an elevated Condition were never without Sentiments agreeable to their Birth. Youth and Vanity deceived me, and made me look on the Affectation of Merit, as Merit it self: But this Action of *Cleontes*, and the Generosity of *Clidamant* have undeceived me; the

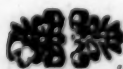
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one pretended to adore me and thought only of robbing me; the other, in spite of my Indifference, preserved that Respect for me, that he would not permit his Rival shou'd be disgraced, thro' the sole fear that my Honour might suffer by it. This noble Proceeding has won more upon my Heart, than all the Marks he had given me before of his Esteem. His real Worth appears with so much Lustre by the foil of *Cleontes's* meanness, that if the Discovery of my past Weakness has not diminished his Affection, and you continue to permit me, I will gladly repair my Fault by so perfect a Tenderness for him, that shall make both of you forget a Thing which ought no more to be regarded than as the Action of an Infant.

*Belisa* appeared so lovely in the Eyes of *Clidamant*, while speaking in this manner, that he waited only for the Reply of *Dorimond* to testify the Excess of his Love and Joy: He raised her from the Feet of her Father, and throwing himself at hers, protested that nothing in the World cou'd be capable of altering the Passion, and Consideration he had for her; and blessed a thousand times the Adventure of the Necklace, since it had engaged her to look upon him with a more favourable Eye: She in her turn thanked Heaven for the uncommon Drowsiness that had seized her that Night, and given *Cleontes* an Opportunity of discovering what he was; *Dorimond*, charmed with the present Behaviour of his Daughter, assured her he would remember nothing to her Disadvantage; and embracing them both, with the greatest Tenderness, told them their Marriage

age shou'd be celebrated within three Days. Accordingly he gave all necessary Orders for the Preparations; and when the Day arrived, the Ceremony was performed with a Magnificence suitable to the great Estates both the one and the other were possess'd of; and to the perfect Satisfaction of the married Pair, as well as all their Friends and Kindred.

*Cleantes* was all this time in a Condition which few People imagined he would be able to overcome; and that he did so at last, was wholly owing to his Youth and the Strength of his Constitution. But the Extremity he had been in having obliged him to do what the Approach of Death exacts from the most guilty, he had so much Horror for his past Conduct, and his Confusion was so great at the remembrance of *Belisa*, the Necklace and the Physick, that he cou'd not think of appearing in the World, or even among those of his own Family, after such an Adventure; and therefore resolv'd to shut himself up for ever in a Convent: He waited no longer than the Re-establishment of his Health before he took Orders, and became afterwards a shining Example of Piety and Devotion. So certain is it that what we think our greatest Misfortune, is often the Source of our greatest Happiness.





# NATURE

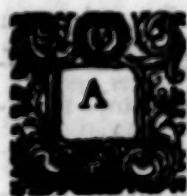
OUT-DONE BY

L O V E.

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NOVEL II.

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YOUNG Gentleman born in *Languedoc* and an Inhabitant of the City of *Montpellier*, was equally happy in the Goods of Fortune and of Nature; He was rich, amiable in his Person, witty in his Conversation, and his way of Living, together with his agreeable manner of Address, rendered him the greatest Ornament of his Province. The Ladies found all their Parties of Pleasure were insipid when *Timantes* was not there (for that was the Name of this accomplish'd Cavalier) and the Men thought they ought to undertake nothing without him. He was



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was intirely independent, and tho' no more than twenty two Years of Age, managed with exact Decorum the great Fortune left him by his Parents. Almost every Mother wish'd him her Son-in-law, every Aunt for her Nephew, and every Maid for her Husband: But *Timantes* had but one Heart, and was loth to dispose it beyond his Power of recalling it, or to enter into any Engagements, the breach of which wou'd render him unfaithful.

His Friends, who were often pressing him to Marriage, in vain represented to him, that to live happy it was not necessary that Love should accompany *Hymen*; that the one was only for *Pleasure*, the other for solid *Reason*, and that this last demanded no more than a Woman not deformed, and whose Estate being joined to his might make them pass their Time with as much Agreeableness as Grandeur. But *Timantes* relished not these Maxims, and all gay and roving as he was, cou'd not comprehend how People cou'd resolve to give themselves away for ever to a Person for whom they had no more than an Indifference; and therefore as he knew not how to accord the Pleasures of a free Condition with the Caution of a Husband, he remained firm in his Resolution not to become one, at least till he was sensible of a Passion very different from all he had yet experienced in favour of the fair Sex.

Among the various Beauties, in whose Company he frequently diverted himself, there was one who thought in a manner little different from him; and tho' the Modesty attached to Womanhood ought to have corrected her Inclinations, yet did the passionate  
Desire

Desire of following her own Humour overway all Considerations of Decorum.

This Lady of so particular a Taste was called *Zelonida*. She was of noble Birth, and had a Fortune sufficient to support the Grandeur of her Rank: Her Beauty was such as cou'd not fail of attracting the most insensible Hearts, nor were the Charms of her Wit at all inferior to those of her Person: She had neither Father nor Mother, but lived under the Conduct of an old Aunt whose Spouse had been her Guardian; and on his Death, she being of Age, all her Revenues came into her own Possession. The Perfections of her Mind and Form, joined to her vast Fortune, made her the Mistress of a thousand Hearts: Offers were continually made her, and some not disadvantageous ones; but as I have already said, an Enemy to all Constraint, she took delight in being loved, adored, and served, nay was not averse to recompense the Devoirs paid her, but then it must be in the manner she thought fit: The very Apprehensions of being obliged to give an Account of her Actions was intolerable to her, and she therefore refused submitting to the Marriage-Tyes with the same Obstinacy as *Timantes*. The Conformity of their Sentiments joined with the Charms each found in the other, formed between them so strict an Union, that they became almost inseparable; and both still maintaining their darling Independence, proved all the Sweetness of Love without any of its Pains.

As neither of them were of a Humour to conceal their Thoughts, the Passion which each felt was easily perceived by the other, nor were there any Formalities

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malities practised in the Declaration: *Timantes* was the first that spoke, and had the Satisfaction to find his Addresses were received with Pleasure; that nothing was expected from him contrary to the Liberty in which he desired to remain, and that *Zelonida* pretended to engage him by no Tyes but those of Inclination.

However, as in all kind of Courtship there are Protestations made, which seem to exact a kind of Fidelity not agreeable to the Coquet Humour of the one or Licentious of the other, *Zelonida* wou'd not enter into this Amour without making certain Conditions: I love you, said she; I find no Man more worthy than your self of all the Favours in my Power to grant; and I am persuaded I shall never change my Sentiments, if you do not go about to oblige me to change my Conduct: But I must inform you that I have no Aversion to Marriage, but because of the severe Necessity it wou'd lay me under of doing nothing without the Consent of a Husband—to converse with none but who he should approve—to prefer his Company to all others, and to be guided by him in all the Actions of my Life; and I confess to you, my dear *Timantes*, that if I must have the same Complaisance for a Galant, Love wou'd be as disagreeable to me as Marriage.

I will therefore lay open to you all my Soul, to the end you may have nothing to reproach me with hereafter. My greatest Pleasure is to excite Admiration; my Pride in beholding a Crowd of Lovers continually at my Feet: I freely accept the Balls, the Entertainments they make for me, permit them

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to treat me with all manner of Diversions, and perhaps allow them some Liberties, in order to engage them the more firmly to me, by the sweet Allurements of Hope: In fine, without loving any, my Ambition is to be loved by all; and in spite of the Tenderneſs I have for you, I pretend not to deprive my ſelf of my ordinary Amuſements——You muſt be ſatisfied with poſſeſſing my Heart intire; be aſſured that in what manner ſoever I act to others, my Love is only yours, and pretend not to ſuſpect or call in queſtion my Behaviour.

Neither is this Propoſal leſs advantageous to you than it is to me, ſince you may be certain of never being reproached for any of thoſe Galantries you are perpetually engaged in: Satisfied with knowing my ſelf Miſtreſs of your Heart, I ſhall ſee without Inquietude theſe Inconſtancies, thoſe Gaieties, which you could not quit without loſing, perhaps, ſome part of that Agreeableneſs which made me love you. On theſe Conditions, continued ſhe, I yield to give a Loofe to all that Love demands——Let us reſuſe nothing to the Ardor of the Flame with which we are mutually animated, and render our Contract firm by the Liberty we allow our ſelves.

Such a Diſcourſe would have alarmed any other than *Timantes*, but his Age and Temper made him too well ſatisfied with this Reſolution of *Zelonida's*, to endeavour to diſſuade her from it: There was ſomething ſo charming to him in the Idea of loving and being beloved by her, and at the ſame time having the full Liberty of loving wherever elſe he found an agreeable Object, that he accepted without  
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## 42 *Nature out-done by Love.*

hesitation the Proposal of his Mistress, and the Treaty between them was signed by a thousand tender Assurances of Constancy to each other, and Inconstancy to all the World besides.

Thus, by the whimsical Effects of Sympathy, that Passion, which, when founded on Honour, purifies the Heart and Manners, served only to plunge those of *Timantes* and *Zelonida* into greater Disorders. None were ever more endearing to each other than these two Lovers, nor nothing more commodious than their Amour, which continually produced some new Pleasures to their Friends, who notwithstanding did not scruple to speak with Freedom enough on the Conduct both of the one and the other. But *Zelonida* looked on her self as above being touch'd with any Discourses of that Nature; and *Timantes* knew that the Honour of a Person of his Sex did not depend upon his way of loving; so neither of them were at all concerned at the little Ralleries they were obliged to hear in all Companies. The Correspondence between them was too easy not to be continued, and in spite of the Inconstancies of *Timantes*, and the Coquetries of *Zelonida*, there was a kind of Fidelity observed by both of them; and what would have been most shocking to a true and worthy Passion, Habitude made them look on with Indifference: Whenever they met, it was with the utmost Transport, when they separated, it was without Pain——*Timantes* beheld the Advances *Zelonida* made to all the young and gay, without the least tincture of Jealousy; and *Zelonida* was frequently assured that *Timantes* was in the Arms of another, without thinking him the less worthy of her Affec-  
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tion : Nor did either of them ever make any Observations on the Conduct of the other——Their only aim was to please and be pleased, and for this end they shut their Eyes against every thing that seemed to oppose it.

This for some time was the Progress of their Love, which in the first Year produced a Fruit which was the Joy of the Father, but completed the Dishonour of the Mother. *Zelonida* no sooner found her self in that Condition, than, less fearful for her Reputation than for her Beauty, and imagining the constraint she must put on her self to conceal her Bigness, would take from her that genteel Air for which she was so much admired, resolved to deprive her self for a time of the Pleasures of the Town, and retire to a Country-seat she had about five Leagues from *Montpellier* ; to the end she might be more at liberty to do what was necessary for the Preservation of her Health and Attractions.

A Retreat of some Months appeared less disagreeable to her, than the perpetual Rack of concealing from the whole City the Proof of her ill Conduct : She spoke to *Timantes* of her Intention, and as they had agreed never to contradict each other, he consented to her Departure, and not only accompanied her himself, but also staid some Days with her in this Retirement. He could not, however, be long absent from his Friends and the Pleasures which attended him at *Montpellier* ; and therefore returned, perhaps, sooner than she wished, having now no other Amusement. While her Shape was not so visibly altered, as to hinder her from appearing, he frequently visited her, and carried with him

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him always some or other of their common Friends; but at last, pretending her self indisposed, and that Bathing was the Remedy prescribed her, she told all her Acquaintance, that she would willingly dispense with their Visits till she should be more recovered: *Timantes* himself, to give an Example to others, declared, he would not desire to see her till she had no farther need of those Operations, her Distemper obliged her to suffer. He kept his Word effectually, tho there was nothing he less intended when he spoke it; but something, which as yet he had no Idea of, happned in a short time after, to make him think no Happiness was to be found out of *Montpellier*.

There were three Months to come before *Zelonida* could expect to be delivered of the Burthen which caused her to retreat; and in that time, there arrived from *Toulouse* a young Beauty, the Lustre of whose Charms eclipsed all others. *Erminia*, for so she was called, was no more than eighteen Years old: She had lost her Mother in her Infancy, and her Father, who had a considerable Employment at *Toulouse*, being also dead, she remained the sole Inheretrix of a large Estate: Her Youth and Beauty obliged her after his Decease, to retire to the House of a Relation of her Mothers, whose high Virtue and Character in the World, rendered her Protection the surest *Asylum* for a Person of *Erminia's* Age.

The Name of this Lady was *Olimpia*; she was born at *Montpellier*, and had always lived in that City; but a Suit of Law having detain'd her near four Years at *Toulouse*, in that time she conceived so great a Tenderness for *Erminia* that her Behaviour to her wanted nothing

nothing of a Mother but the Severity. She had just concluded her Process, and got the better of her Antagonist, when the Father of *Erminia* died, and that young Beauty preferring her to all her other Kindred, for the Conductress of her Actions, she returned, as soon as her Affairs permitted her, to *Montpellier*, bringing with her this charming Maid, who was an intire Stranger in that Place.

As she had always been the only Object of a most tender Father's Love and Care, nothing had been wanting in her Education: Nature had endowed her with her choicest Gifts, and Art had embellished them with every thing that can render a Person of her Sex accomplished: Musick, Singing, Dancing, Painting, and Poetry, tho she excelled in all, were the least of her Perfections: There was something so astonishing in her Wit, and the Manner in which she expressed her self, that as learned as she was, she yet seemed to have an Elegance which could not have been taught her by others, but was born with her, and peculiar to her self. But if these amiable Qualities were sufficient to attract the Admiration of as many as were Witnesses of them; she had others of a thousand times more precious kind: She had Tenderness, Solidity, Sincerity, and a firmness of Resolution which never permitted her to hesitate, if she should obey the Dictates of her Will, or her Reason.

*Erminia* being such as I have described her, appeared at *Montpellier* like a new Star, on which the Eyes of all Mankind were fixed: *Olimpia*, who was greatly esteemed, was immediately after her Arrival visited by all the Persons of Figure of both Sexes; and

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*Timantes*, who by his Birth and Merit was among the number of those who were most considerable, was not the last who went to pay those Respects which were due to her. He saw the lovely *Erminia*, and from the first moment he cast his Eyes upon her, felt something at his Heart of which he had been ignorant till then. He had indeed been sufficiently accustomed to tender Inclinations; to see a beautiful Object was enough to inflame with a desire of Possession; but then no Awe, no Timidity, accompanied his Passion. He declared it with the same Facility with which he yielded to it: Love had been no more to him than a kind of Sport, which appeared pleasing, but not formidable; but on this occasion the trifling Part all vanished, and the serious took place: He was dazzled, struck dumb, disconcerted, his very Wishes were confined; in fine, that Passion, which by its Purity, its Truth, its Honour, is alone worthy of the Name of Love, now took the whole Possession of his Soul, and intirely extirpated those wandering, inconstant, and licentious Fires, to which he had hitherto devoted himself.

Three or four Visits intirely completed his Forgetfulness of *Zelonida* and all her Charms: Those he discovered every moment in the beautiful *Erminia*, inspired him with such a Contempt for all others, that when he reflected on his past Conduct, he wondered how he could ever abandon himself to Pleasures which had cost him so little trouble in acquiring.

The sudden Change there appeared in all his Deportment, his Assiduity at *Olympia's*, his Circumspecti-

on before *Erminia*, and his Diligence in finding out wherever that beautiful Person went, to the end that he might meet her there, gave his Friends sufficient occasion for Rallery ; every one predicting that this was the Shelve on which his Liberty would be wreck'd ; there was no need of their saying much to him, to persuade him to this belief : His Passion was now arrived to that pitch, that no body knew so well as himself, the Empire it had over him ; but the Modesty of *Erminia* forbidding him to declare himself to her, he would not confess it before those who pretended to penetrate into his Thoughts, but laboured all he could to make them think he had no other Sentiments for her, but those of Admiration and Esteem.

The beautiful and discreet *Erminia*, on the other side, had not looked on *Timantes* with Eyes of Indifference : Nothing was wanting in his Person or Address, to merit the Attention of the most insensible ; and as her young Heart had never loved before, and was ignorant both of the Advantages and Misfortunes of that Passion, she the more readily yielded to it as she thought it was sufficient to curb the Passions when they degenerated into Vices. The Interest she began to take in *Timantes*, made her privately inquire into his Character, the Nature of his Diversions, and his Attachments : The Picture that was given her of him, augmented her Inclination to love him, but gave her an adequate Share of Inquietude : The Correspondence he had with *Zelonida*, was not forgot by those she interrogated concerning him ; and it not entering into her Head that a Woman of that Lady's Rank and Fortune, could  
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be capable of abandoning her self to a dishonourable Passion, she doubted not but they were married, tho' for some Reasons it might be yet a Secret. This Imagination at first was a sensible Affliction to her ; but Reason, which on all Occasions stood her Friend, telling her, that she must vanquish this Inclination in its Infancy, she resolv'd to make use of her utmost Efforts for that end. Thus prepossessed by the Idea that he was the Right of another, she took the Complaisances with which he treated her, as the Effect of that natural Galantry, which she had heard he was never able to shake off.

All that surpris'd her, was, that his Humour having been described to her as gay, even to a fault, interprising and bold, she had never seen him but reserved, respectful, and rather more severe than indulgent to any Liberties taken by his Companions ; but then she reflected that the Presence of *Olimpia*, her Age and Virtue, might perhaps oblige him not to take the same Latitude before her, he did with others ; and it was but faintly that ever she attributed it to any other Motive ; her Prepossession on the score of *Zelonida* not permitting her to hope this Change of his Behaviour was owing not to *Olimpia*, but her charming self.

*Olimpia*, in the mean time, who loved *Erminia* as her own Daughter, and who wished to see her married both happily and great, judg'd *Timantes* the only Person worthy of her : Full of this Desire, she made the same Inquisitions concerning him that her beautiful Kinswoman had done, and her Experience of the World, join'd to what had been told her of the Character

rafter of *Zelonida*, gave her a clearer Light into that Adventure ; she doubted not but an honourable Engagement would utterly destroy all he had made with that Lady ; and heartily prayed the Charms of *Erminia* might have the Power to touch him. For this end she gave him all imaginable Opportunities of knowing the Perfections she was Mistress of : Balls and Concerts were frequent Entertainments in her House, in both which the lovely *Erminia* appeared with so good a Grace, that it was impossible to see or hear her without confessing she excelled all others in those Accomplishments : *Timantes* was not the only one who was sensible of the Force of her Charms ; but her Modesty knew so well how to correct the Fires her Eyes had kindled, that none had the Boldness to discover what they felt.

*Timantes* every Day more enamoured, employed all his Cares to render himself agreeable to *Olimpia* ; well knowing that her Approbation would be highly necessary for the Attainment of his Desires ; for, in fine, this declared Enemy to the Conjugal Bonds, now wished nothing more than to be linked in them, that he might pass his whole Life with *Erminia* ; and to arrive at that Felicity, left nothing undone, that he thought might be pleasing both to the one and the other, but imposed on himself an exact forbearance of every thing that might discover the reality of his Sentiments, till he was able to penetrate farther into those of the Person he adored. *Erminia* too, in spite of all her Resolutions, was not so well fixed in that of regarding *Timantes* with no more than

a bare Esteem, but that his Presence constrained her to recede.

The Complaisance *Olimpia* had for him, obliged her to treat him with the same, and by accustoming her self to see him often, she became to take so much Pleasure in his Society, that when any Accident prevented him from coming, she could not command the Inquietudes his Absence occasioned. In a word, Love more strong than Reason, triumphed over the Heart of this young Beauty ; and tho' she avoided either saying or doing any thing which might inform *Timantes* of the Conquest he had gained, he was too amorous, too observant of all her Movements, and too good a Judge of the Passion he felt within himself, not to see some little Marks of it in her.

All he now waited for, was to assume Courage to declare himself, when Chance presented him in a few Days with a favourable Opportunity of discovering somewhat farther into the Sentiments of his adored *Erminia*. One day going to visit *Olimpia*, he was just entering into her Apartment, when the beautiful *Erminia* came out with an Air of Melancholy, which alarmed him. This young Lady accosting him in the most charming manner ; *Olimpia*, said she, has ordered me to receive you here ; she finds her self extremely indisposed, and as she is not in a condition to see any Company to day, will oblige me to supply her place. Ah, how happy am I, cried *Timantes*, transported by his Passion ; command then, Madam, that no other Person may be admitted : Much Company will be equally incommodious to *Olimpia* here, as in her own Chamber, this Room being so very near,  
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that the Sound of their Voices must reach her Ears. But you forget, replied *Erminia*, smiling, that you are with me, and that it would be something odd to shut the Door against others, when it is open to you. It is true, said *Timantes*, unless they would be so kind to consider me as a second *Olimpia*—— I thought not of those Decorums—— But permit me, continued he, admirable *Erminia*, to take the Advantage of the only Moment has been offered me these three Months, to tell you that—— Tell me nothing, interrupted *Erminia*, blushing, that I ought not to hear—— *Timantes*, you are a dangerous Man, but I flatter my self with being enough worthy of your Esteem for you to speak to me in a Language, in which it is fit for me to reply. Ah what prevents you, resumed *Timantes*, from replying to a Love, the most pure, and most respectful that ever Heart was possess'd of?—— Yes, beautiful *Erminia*, continued he, with the utmost Vehemence, I adore you, but it is not a Passion which transports me to run from Beauty to Beauty; the Change of Objects has made a Change in my Sentiments: If I love you, and wish to be loved by you, 'tis as a Husband, a tender and most faithful Husband; I pretend not to that Glory, till I have convinced you I am not wholly unworthy of it; and if I have restrained the burning Impatience of my Soul for these three Months, it was only because I hoped to engage the wise and good *Olimpia*, to warrant the Sincerity of my Passion. Judge, Madam, of the Excess of it; judge of your Power, since you alone have made me sensible of the Folly of those Engagements formed only by

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the Wantonness of Youth, and Love of Pleasure—— I flattered my self you did not hate me so far as to combat *Olimpia's* good Intentions in my Favour, in case I were so happy as to obtain them, and that charming Idea has hitherto preserved me from Despair——Speak beautiful *Erminia*, added he after a Pause, I know your Virtue, I know your Wisdom, and will sacrifice even the utmost Transports of my Love to my Esteem for you.

I protest, answered *Erminia* with some Severity, I cannot comprehend how you can reconcile a Declaration of this nature, with your Engagements with *Zelonida*: It must be that you either design to surprise my Innocence, or would make trial of my Virtue; but deceive not your self, *Timantes*; both these are equally affrontive to me, and can deserve only my Disdain. *Timantes* was extremely surpris'd that she believed he was under any serious Obligations to *Zelonida*, and to root that Opinion intirely from her Mind, scrupled not to recount to her that moment all that had passed between that Lady and himself; but tho' he suited his Discourse as much as possible to the Modesty of her who heard him, yet could she not refrain from blushing several times during his Recital; and when he concluded with protesting he could only live for her; I believe, answered she, that you at present have some Esteem for me, by the Confidence you have reposed in me; I will therefore be no less free in discovering my Heart to you—— No, *Timantes*, continued she, holding her Handkerchief before her Face; I will not conceal from you, that if I were certain you were  
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at liberty, I would prefer you before all the Men in the World for my Husband : But if what you have told me as a Proof that you are not married to *Zelonida*, did in reality convince me you were not, the Pledge she has of your Affection gives her the greatest Right to you, and might oblige you to change your Conduct——I would not therefore be the Subject of Discourse, and should die with Grief to have my Name mentioned in such an Adventure——Break then intirely with her before you declare yourself to *Olimpia* ; and till then be content with my assuring you, I shall with Pleasure give you my Hand, when once I find yours is at your own Disposal, but till then never speak to me of Love.

*Timantes* found so much of mingled Tendernefs and Wisdom in this Discourse, that it redoubled his Love and Admiration of her ; and as he knew there was no Difficulty in breaking with *Zelonida*, he readily consented to all she exacted from him ; and their Conversation being soon after, interrupted by the Arrival of several Visitors, he took his Leave with a Heart full of Love and Hope.

It was now near four Months since *Erminia* had come to *Montpellier*, in which time *Zelonida* had brought into the World that Infant which had been the Occasion of her quitting the Town ; and finding that *Timantes*, to whom she constantly wrote, testify'd no great Impatience to see her, she took all necessary cares so far as related to the Duties of Religion, as well as to the Nourishment of the new-born Daughter ; and as soon as she was baptized and put into the Hands of a Nurse, sent them both to *Ti-*

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*mantes*, who received them with Pleasure, his Passion for *Erminia* not having extinguished in him the Emotions of Nature.

Charmed with seeing himself a Father, he made very rich Presents to the Nurse, and assured her, he would augment his Liberalities according to the care she took of this Infant. He had not seen the Mother of a long time, but had often wrote, and always pretended some extraordinary Business, which would not dispense with his quitting *Montpellier*. But *Zelonida* knew the World too well, to suffer herself to be so easily deceived : The very Stile of his Letters long before the Birth of the Child, convinced her there was a Change in his Affection ; and she sent Persons from the Country, who were to be Spies upon his Actions : By them she was presently informed that she had a Rival ; but that it was a Rival who had as much Wisdom and Modesty as she had little.

*Zelonida* picqued to find her self the Victim of a lawful and honourable Passion, resolved to revenge her self in a very particular manner ; not that she retained the same Tenderness for him as in the Beginning of their Intrigue : How strong so ever the Passion of a Coquet may be at first, it is never lasting ; but whether they love or not, they cannot suffer themselves to be forsaken ; the Loss of a Slave is to them a more sensible Disgrace than all their irregular Conduct can draw upon them.

While he continued her Admirer, she easily pardoned his Addresses to others, as she took the same Liberty her self, and as they were made only to Ladies

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of her own Disposition, and consequently had nothing to engage a serious Esteem; she was certain he would return to her: But to hear he had now a true Attachment, a Passion founded on Virtue, and which had no Aim but Marriage, filled her with Emotions of Spite and Hatred, which she was not able, nor indeed gave her self any pain to surmount.

She was in these Sentiments some time before she was delivered, but knew so well how to conceal them, that she made not the least Reproach to *Timantes* for his long Absence, nor took the least notice of what she had been told concerning *Erminia*; which making him imagine she knew nothing of that Affair, when she sent her Daughter to him, he thought himself obliged to go to see her, and to congratulate her safe Delivery.

*Zelonida*, who had her Reasons for hindring him from coming into the Country, no sooner heard his Intent, than she sent him word, there was no need of taking that Journey, for she should shortly return to *Montpellier*. He was very well pleased to find himself dispensed with from a Duty so little agreeable to his Inclinations, and gave up every Moment of his Time to entertaining the beautiful *Erminia*, to whom *Olimpia* had now discovered the Views she had on the score of *Timantes*: That charming Maid thanked her in the tenderest manner for the Concern she was in for her Welfare, and then related to her all the Conversation she had with *Timantes* on that Day in which her Indisposition prevented her from seeing him; then testify'd to her the fear she was in, that *Zelonida* had a Right to dispute with her the Heart

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of *Timantes*: 'Tho' that Lady, said she, be a Coquet, and seems to have little Sentiments of Honour, yet is she nobly born; and on the account of her Family, as well as of the Infant she is about to bring into the World, methinks has a Pretence to render all other Engagements void. She could not pronounce these Words without being several times interrupted by Sighs; but *Olimpia* so well assured her, by giving her a great Number of Examples, in which, Intrigues of that nature had no Force to put a stop to serious Engagements on either side, that the tender *Erminia*, no longer listened to any Dictates but those of her Inclination, and permitted all that the first Sight of *Timantes* had inspired, to renew its Empire in her Heart.

There were, however, some Moments, in which the Excess of her Delicacy represented to her as a very great Affliction, that *Timantes* had given to another such a Pledge of his Affection, as ordinarily was the Effect of the most sacred Union; but *Olimpia*, to whom she always communicated her Thoughts, calmed those Disquiets in her Soul, as often as they rose to torment her; and this young Charmer, on her part, wishing nothing more than to be the Spouse of *Timantes*, without giving any Occasion for Reflexion in being so, used her utmost Efforts to banish from her Mind all that might contradict that Hope. If *Timantes* was a Widower, said *Olimpia* to her one day, and had Children by his former Marriage, would you be so unjust, my dear *Erminia*, as to hate them? Would not the great Esteem you have for the Father have some Influence to make you regard with

Tenderness what was part of him? Without doubt, Madam, replied the other; nay, I love *Timantes* enough to give the utmost of my Cares and Tenderness even to the Daughter of *Zelonida*, if I am ever happy enough to be his Wife.

It was in this manner they passed their Time, and the fortunate *Timantes* taking the Advantage of the favourable Dispositions they had towards him, pressed his Suit so far, as to be able at last to obtain a Confession from the beautiful *Erminia*, that she loved no less than she was loved. A Condescension so eagerly desired, and so long sued for, was not received without a thousand and a thousand Transports of Joy; and impatient to complete his Wishes, he beseeched *Olimpia* by her wise Remonstrances to overcome all the remaining Scruples of *Erminia*, and oblige her to consent to their Marriage, that it might be concluded before the return of *Zelonida* to *Montpellier*.

*Erminia* was a long time before she resolved, but in the end, Love triumphed over every thing, and she permitted him to give Orders for the necessary Preparations for this Union; while they waited for the happy Day, *Timantes* would needs divert the Time with Parties of Pleasure, Balls, Concerts, and Feasts, in all which he spared no Magnificence which might testify the Greatness of his Love and Esteem.

There now remained no more than four or five Days to that which was to make them one for ever, when *Timantes* was seized with a Disease no less violent than sudden. Judge of the Trouble of *Olimpia*, and the Grievs of *Erminia*; neither the one nor the other would stir from him, the latter having the com-



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mand of the House as being on the point of being the intire Mistress. The Sickness of *Timantes*, dangerous as it was, could not hinder him from being sensible of the tender Interest *Erminia* took in his Life, and comparing her Cares, her Attachment, her Wisdom, and Modesty with all that had charmed him in *Zelonida*, he blessed Heaven for having delivered him from that blind Passion; and feared Death chiefly, because it would separate him for ever from the only Person worthy of his Love.

On the seventh Day, all endeavours proving unsuccessful for his Recovery, the Physicians of the Body quitted him to give place to those of the Soul: This dreadful Sentence being pronounced before *Erminia*, she had too much Religion to oppose an Action of which she knew the Value; but as she had set her whole Heart upon *Timantes*, and given herself up to the flattering Idea of living many happy Years with him, she could not be told he was on the point of quitting her for ever without such Transports of Grief as may much more easily be conceived than described. *Olimpia*, to prevent any Interruption to be given him in those precious Moments, quitted the House, and obliged the disconsolate *Erminia* to accompany her; and while they returned Home, in a State little less pitiable than that of the dying *Timantes*; one of the most learned, wise, and pious of the Priesthood was sent for to *Timantes*, who, notwithstanding the Irregularities of his Youth had Principles not unworthy of the best of Men, did on this Occasion all that was necessary for his dying a true Catholick: but as among those Things of which he must disburthen his Conscience, he

was obliged to mention his Correspondence with *Zelonida*, and the Consequence of their Loves, he was extremely surpris'd to hear this reverend Father exact a Promise from him to espouse that Lady in case he should recover; and to be told that he could not engage himself to any other, having a Child whose Settlement and Honour in the World could not be established but by his Marriage with the Mother.

*Timantes* was not now in a State of reasoning, these were not Moments for Argument, and believing himself dying, he submitted to every thing rather than lose the Merit of his Confession: But as it is common for those Comforts which are applied to the Soul, to have an Effect on the Body; he was no sooner in a way to die well, than there appeared hopes of his Life. *Olimpia* and *Erminia*, who had retired not to be witness of that melancholy Ceremony, returned not to his House, but sent every quarter of an Hour to know his Condition, and it was with a Joy, as inexpressible as their Grief had been, that they heard he was out of Danger: Chearfulness now resumed its place in the Heart of *Erminia*, and as Decorum would not permit her to visit him without *Olimpia*, and that Lady thought it improper to go 'till his Health was more fully established, she pass'd all her Days either at the foot of the Altar, or retired in her own Apartment, without seeing any Company whatever.

It was not in this manner *Zelonida* behaved; she had returned to *Montpellier* in the beginning of *Timantes*'s Indisposition, and tho' the whole Town seem'd interested in his Fate, by the general Esteem they had for him, she alone appear'd indifferent, and scarce ever  
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mentioned his Name. As she could not be ignorant that he was in a short time to espouse *Erminia*, they believed it solely owing to the Picque of being forsaken, and that she still loved him too well to endure the Thoughts of seeing him another's without the most sensible Grief; but they were deceived, *Zelonida* had recalled her Heart with the same Facility she had bestowed it, and content with the secret Revenge she had taken, and of which he himself was yet ignorant, she thought of him, and heard him spoken of with the same Coolness and Negligence as she would have done that of the most ordinary Acquaintance.

As for him, in regaining his Health, he lost his Repose, persecuted by *Love* and *Nature*; he would not have known to which he should yield, if the Duties of his Religion, and the solemn Promise he made before Absolution had not determined him in favour of the latter. To efface the blemish of an unhappy Birth from his Daughter, he must give himself to a Woman he neither loved, nor could esteem; and if he should marry her whom he adored, and who so well merited all he could do for her, that innocent Babe must be the Victim of his Happiness — To be united with the one, and to forsake the other were equally dreadful to him, and gave him Torments which took from him the Power of paying a due Gratitude to Heaven for his Recovery, and he could think on nothing but the two dreadful Tasks he had bound himself to perform.

However, being able to go abroad, and his Duty as well as his Inclination obliging him to visit *Olimpia*, and to thank that Lady and the beautiful *Erminia* for the Cares they had taken on his Account, he went  
with

with an Intention to conceal from them the Disquiets of his Mind, and to let nothing in this first Interview appear but the Passion with which that lovely Maid had inspired him, hoping that they would not expect he should press the Marriage 'till he should be more fully restored to the Man he was before his Sickness, and that Time might assist him with those Resolutions he had but too much need of in this Exigence.

*Olimpia* received him with the same Transports of Joy as she would have done had he been her Son, and after the first Testimonies of Esteem and Gratitude were over, she conducted him to the Apartment of *Erminia*: The meeting of these Lovers had something in it extremely singular: *Erminia* no sooner perceived him entering than the brightest Joy diffused itself all over her Face, while at the same time a crystal Torrent gush'd from her Eyes; her Heart yet full of Grief for the fears of his Death, could testify the Pleasure she had to see him living, no otherwise than by her Tears; and *Timantes*, agitated in the most cruel manner, by Love, Despair, Remorse, and Gratitude, fell at her Feet without the Power of uttering one Word: *Olimpia* who imagined her Presence might put a Constraint upon them, made a Pretence to quit the Room, Things between them being in a Situation which exempted them from the Decorums practised by others.

But *Timantes* quite overcome with the Violence of his secret Emotions, remain'd in the same Posture with his Eyes fixed on those of *Erminia* without being able yet to speak to her. What a Surprise was it to this amiable Lady to see him in this State! *Timantes*, said she to him with the softest and most engaging Air,  
does

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does this Silence, and the Melancholy I read in your Countenance accord with the Pleasure of a meeting I so lately was forbid to hope? As for me, if you have seen me shed Tears, they were occasion'd only through excess of Joy, and I have had so much of Grief that this Effect of my Satisfaction may be pardon'd. Ah, Madam! cried *Timantes*, those precious Tears, those Marks of your Goodness, which ought to complete all my Felicity, are a thousand times more cruel to me than those Torments which brought me to the Gates of Death. These Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, than he repented of having said them; his Transports had compelled him to speak in this manner even in spite of himself, and the State in which he saw *Erminia* made him know that there is nothing to be risked with those who greatly love, and have no less a Share of Wit and Spirit.

This beautiful Lady finding herself ready to faint, threw herself down in an easy Chair as a Person overwhelmed with the most terrible Misfortune; what! said she, with a Sigh as if the Breath that formed it meant to extract her Soul, is my Tenderness more cruel to you than Death? Instead of being charmed to see me, and that Heaven permits you to live for me, you seem only to regret that you were not separated from me for ever.— Ah, *Timantes*! what Language is this? and what have I not room to suspect from it? At these Words she gave a loose to her Tears, which in a Moment covered all her Face; and *Timantes* desperate to think of his Imprudence, and much more so for the Cause that made him commit it, vainly endeavoured to repair his Fault, by a thousand Protestations of Fidelity and  
Love:



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Love: The discerning *Erminia* saw there was something in his Soul which contradicted his Words, and beginning to imagine some part of her Misfortune would not suffer him to proceed, 'till he had explained the meaning of Words she so little expected to hear from him.

Never Man was in greater Perplexity than he now found himself; but at last, the Sincerity of his Heart, and the Purity of his Intentions in regard of *Erminia*, gave him Courage to declare the whole Truth: He resolved not only to obey her, but also to intreat her Advice on what he ought to do in a Juncture so ruinous to their mutual Satisfaction; and having conjured her to listen to him with more Pity than Anger; Adorable *Erminia*, continued he, Heaven is my Witness that I never truly loved any but yourself, and that my Passion is accompanied with so perfect an Esteem, that in espousing you I should not so much think I had taken a *Wife*, as acquired a faithful *Friend* whose Sincerity and Tendernefs would make all the Happiness of my Life. I speak not to you now, added he, with a Voice broken with Sighs, as a Man that hopes to be your Husband, but as a Friend who would sacrifice every thing for you. Then he recounted to her, without Disguise, the unhappy Situation he was in: He painted to her in the most lively Colours how unworthy it would be in him, not to give an honourable Name to his Daughter, and that as the Misfortune of her Birth could no way be repaired but by espousing her Mother, he found himself under that cruel Necessity; and also that the holy Father in assisting him in the last and most solemn Duties of Religion had exacted from him

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a Promise of making her his Wife, after having convinced him by undeniable Arguments that he ought to do so.

This, Madam, said he, is the miserable Condition to which I am reduced: what can I do, by what unknown, unthought of, Maxim can I be relieved? this is a Misfortune into which I fell, merely through Ignorance, yet do I suffer all that the most premeditated Crimes deserve:—In my Acquaintance with *Zelonida*, I had no other View than Pleasure, and never imagined it would draw upon me any solid Engagement: But the Infant I have by her has changed the face of Things, and they assure me, that neither my Honour nor my Religion will permit me to be the Cause of Infamy to her to whom I have given Being; the Mother being equal to me in Birth and Fortune, and at her own Disposal as well as myself. Yet notwithstanding all this, pursued he, I never can love but you, can never be happy unless united to you — something sure is due to myself — 'tis too severe a Sacrifice they would exact from me — Oh, then vouchsafe to be my Conductress in this distracting Path, where I confess my Reason is bewilder'd. Love, Honour, Conscience, Nature, and all the Aids of Man, by their different Emotions serve but to perplex me more; and 'tis from you, from you alone I can have Ease.

The beautiful and discreet *Erminia*, who gave an extreme Attention to this Recital without suffering herself to be interrupted by the Emotions of any Passion, was so sensible of the Despair of *Timantes* by his manner of expressing himself, that she in a manner forgot her own: Her Tears ceased, and her ordinary Resolution

tion resumed its wonted Empire in her Soul: She thought nothing cou'd be so mean as to dissuade him from an Action in which she cou'd not help avowing his Honour was deeply interested; and though her Love for him exceeded all that generally bears that Name, yet she chose rather to sacrifice it to the Glory of her Lover, than suffer him to sacrifice his Conscience to his Passion; And therefore, after a short Pause, answer'd in these Terms.

I have always judged, said she, with a Sigh which she was not able to restrain, that a Maid of *Zelonida's* Rank in the World, ought not to be treated as a vulgar Person; and the more she has transgress'd against her Modesty, the more, I find, you are obliged to repair a Fault of which you were the sole Occasion: I confess that I ought never to have banished this Idea from my Mind as a Defence from a Passion now but too well established—— Yes, continued she, using her utmost Efforts to suppress her Sighs, it is not in my Power to cease to love you: I find you in every thing too worthy for me to repent of the Kindness I have for you, unhappy as it makes me—— But if I cannot overcome my Tenderness, I know, at least, how to prescribe Bounds to it.—— Therefore, *Timantes*, resume your Tranquillity—— do what Honour and Conscience demand from you in favour of *Zelonida* and her Daughter—— I give you back the Vows you have made to me, and recal mine but to quit the World for ever—— I will not reproach you, that on the first Declaration of your Love, I remonstrated to you what even then my Heart predicted, I only beg you will be  
silent

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silent on the true Occasion of our breaking off — leave to my self the Care of my own Glory, since I sacrifice every thing else to yours; and permit that this Change in our Affairs may seem owing to me alone — My Behaviour will instruct you what to do—But above all, I wou'd have you testify some Grief when I declare my Resolution; I am satisfy'd it will not be counterfeit, for I easily perceive you are no less unfortunate than *Erminia* — Adieu, *Timantes*, added she, waving her Hand, may that Disquiet which must be eternal to me, be soon forgot by you — But this Proceeding will, I doubt, but too much remind you of the Difference between *Zelonida* and the lost *Erminia*.

With these Words she withdrew hastily to her Closet, and shutting the Door after her, lest the desolate *Timantes* full of Admiration, more amorous than ever, and quite besides himself with Despair: He spoke to her a long time through the Door, but she neither open'd it, nor gave any Answer to what he said; and this unhappy Lover, fearing to be surpris'd in that Agitation, went out of the House without well knowing what he did: He pass'd the Remainder of the Day in the most terrible Confusion of Mind, nor did the Night afford him any more Repose: The Resolution he had taken to go to *Zelonida* the next Day would not suffer him to taste the Sweets of Sleep one Moment. But, in fine, believing that the more he retarded this Visit, the more Repugnance to it he should find in himself, he went in the Morning to her House, after having been absent from her near six Months.

*Zelo-*

*Zelonida* hearing he was there, ordered he should be admitted, and received him with a grave Politeness, and so much Ceremony as very much disconcerted him ; but imagining that Jealousy and Spite had made her assume an Air thus cold and reserved, he took but little Notice of it ; and having seated himself in a Chair just opposite to her, and desired her to order her People to withdraw that he might communicate something to her, they were no sooner alone than he began to speak in this manner.

I believe, Madam, said he, you will be a little surpris'd at the Language I shall now address you in : You have always known me so great a Lover of Liberty, and Enemy of Marriage, that you cannot hear without Astonishment that I am now become wholly the reverse---but, Madam, there is a Time for all Things---I have seen you also in the same Sentiments, but am persuaded you are too wise to retain them still ; and flatter my self you will even assist me in intirely banishing from my Mind those Errors of Youth : The dear Pledge we have of our mutual Tenderneſs obliges both the one and the other to think with more Solidity ; and it is for her Sake, for the Sake of your own Glory and also for mine, that I now come with an Intent to offer you my Hand and Faith, and to intreat you will vouchsafe me yours---Let us put that innocent Creature into a Condition, which may not, hereafter, bring a Blush upon her Face for having received her Being from us----Let us have nothing to reproach our selves with for having refused her a Good which intirely depends on us ; and by the sacred Ceremonies  
of



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of Marriage put an End to those Discourses which the too great Freedom of our past Conduct has occasioned. We are equal in Birth; our Estates united sufficient to support a Pomp superior to what we need be ambitious of, and to render our Daughter the greatest Fortune in *Provence*: Therefore, beautiful *Zelonida*, since it is to our mutual Interest, Happiness, and Honour to terminate this Affair, I cannot think you will hesitate if you shou'd consent.

During all this Discourse, *Zelonida* appeared in the greatest Surprise; and when she perceived he had given over speaking, I believe, said she to him with a haughty and reserved Air, that my Complaisance in hearing all you have said with Patience may deserve more respectful Treatment from you for the future, and that you will never more have the Presumption to entertain me with such Fooleries——  
 What is it you tell me of Marriage, of a Pledge of mutual Love, of a Daughter to whom you must give an Estate?——Do you know to whom you speak? Or do you take me for some other Person?——  
 What is it to me if you have been an Enemy to Marriage, or are now reconciled to it?——Indeed, *Timantes*, I cannot comprehend the Meaning of all this—I never had any Concern with your Affections, nor regarded you any farther than as an agreeable Acquaintance——A Man of Gallantry, and whose Birth and Wit rendred you worthy of some Esteem. But certainly your late Sickness has deprived you of your Reason—It must be so, your Head is wrong, and I should pity you—for I cannot think this Behaviour

haviour a premeditated Insult----but whatever it be, you will obtain nothing from me on the Score you mention.

If *Timantes* had felt the severest Inquietudes in bringing himself to make her this Proposal, the Boldness of *Zelonida*, and the Horror she inspired in him, were yet for some Moments more alarming: He was seized with an unequalled Astonishment, and cou'd not comprehend how such a monstrous Assurance could have place in a Female Mind: What, Madam, said he, has six Months time made you forget a Commerce of two Years, and the Birth of a Daughter? Audacious Man! interrupted *Zelonida* rising in a Fury, I shall try whether you may be permitted to affront me in this manner with Impunity; ---- but I tell you once more, I impute the Offence you commit against me to the Loss of your Reason; therefore be gone, and endeavour to regain your Senses before you see me again.

It is true indeed, replied *Timantes*, quitting his Seat also, that he must be intirely abandoned by his Reason who would espouse *Zelonida*; and the Step which I have taken is so shameful to me that I can never too much repent me of it. He went out of the Room as soon as he had spoke these Words; and *Zelonida*, very well pleased to be rid of him, gave her self no Pain either for his Contempt or Esteem.

As for him, he was so lost in Amazement at what had now befallen him that he scarce cou'd think himself awake: The more he reflected, the less he was able to reconcile such Impudence and Falshood

in a Woman nobly born. While he was full of the disturb'd Ideas this Adventure had rais'd in him, he met one of his most intimate Friends, who perceiving he was greatly agitated, demanded the Reason; on which *Timantes*, without any Scruple, related to him the whole Progress of his Affair with *Zelonida*, and the Conversation he now had held with her. *Damis*, for so this Gentleman was called, found something so pleasant in the Story that he could not keep himself from laughing out of measure: But, my dear *Timantes*, said he, why did you make such an Offer? Since in the Terms you are with *Erminia*, you cou'd not sure design to marry *Zelonida*. I had my Reasons, replied the other coldly. Well then, resumed *Damis*, if you have the thing really at Heart, nothing is more easy than for you to confront *Zelonida*: Her Daughter is doubtless registered under her Name and yours; send therefore for the Extract of her Baptism, and give her an intire Confusion. I will never see her more, replied *Timantes*, but I will follow your Advice, to the end I may consult what I had best do for my little Daughter. Then returning to his House, with a Mind and Air much more serene than what both were at his leaving it, he dispatched some of his People immediately into the Country where *Zelonida* had made the Child be baptized, and ordered them to bring him the Extract from the Register of the Parish.

He had no sooner given these Commands than he ran to *Olimpia's*; he found that Lady with *Erminia*, and both of them extremely melancholy; but the former,

mer, on perceiving him enter, cried out, Come, come, *Timantes*, you have been already too long absent: See here a Person, added she, pointing to *Erminia*, who has need of your Counsel and your Assistance; for whether it be feigned, or real, I know not, but all this Morning she has talked of nothing but a Cloister, a Retreat from the Follies and Deceptions of the World---the Uncertainty of human Blessings, and the Remorse for having broke a Vow, she pretends to have made, of becoming a Recluse: I conjure you, my dear *Timantes*, to expel these melancholy Vapours---but I know you are too much interested not to employ all your Endeavours for that Purpose. Mine have been ineffectual.

No, no, charming *Erminia*, said he, flying to the Place where she was sitting, and throwing himself at her Feet, with an Air all satisfied and tender, it shall not be permitted you to break the Tyes which hold us to each other---There is nothing can dispense with you from being mine --But, continued he, the wise *Olimpia* is too worthy of our Confidence not to be made acquainted with a Mystery, which at last puts an End to both our Discontents. Then, without giving her Time to reply, he made an exact Recital to *Olimpia*, of all that had passed between *Erminia*, *Zelonida* and himself: Thus, added he, there is no longer any Obstacle to my Happiness: The Justice of Heaven knowing that *Zelonida* was unworthy of the Sacrifice I would have made her, permitted her to act in so extraordinary and unnatural a fashion, to restore me to my dear, my most adored *Erminia*,

*Olimpia*

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*Olimpia* was equally surpris'd at this Adventure, and the Secret they had made of it; but charmed to find it had so happy a Consequence, retard not then, said she, any longer your Marriage, and let me have the Satisfaction, before I die, to see tho'se two, who are most dear to me in the World, united together.

And what will then become of that little Innocent? said *Erminia*, tenderly. I am extremely touched for her Fate, replied *Timantes*; but since *Zelonida* refuses to render her Birth legitimate, what can I do for her? She must be among the Number of those who have no Name, no Kindred, and seem to come into the World only to fill the Number of the Miserable. They had some farther Discourse on this Subject, and it was at last agreed on that she should receive her Education in a Convent, and take on her the Habit when she arrived at the Age appointed for Initiation. After this, Love and Joy took up all their Moments, and the beautiful *Erminia* yielded to the Solicitations of her Kinswoman and her Lover, to resume her former Gaiety.

The next Day *Timantes's* People returned with the Extract of his Daughter's Baptism: But what became of this amazed Lover when he found that the malicious *Zelonida* had presented her under the Name of *Erminia* instead of her own! His Rage was so excessive that there was no Violence of which he was not capable against that wicked Woman, to revenge the innocent *Erminia* so injured, so affronted. He ran to the House of the former with a Design to give the utmost loose to his Resentment; but as she imagined



gined he would be soon informed of the Effect of her Malice, she quitted *Montpellier* the Night after he saw her, and was gone to an Estate she had above twenty Leagues off.

The desperate *Timantes* not knowing what Course to take, went directly to *Erminia*, and following the natural Openness and Sincerity of his Heart, related to her and *Olimpia* the unworthy and treacherous Stratagem *Zelonida* had put in practice. He a thousand times over demanded Pardon of the virtuous *Erminia* for this Outrage, and conjured her to take on him what Vengeance she thought proper. This beautiful Lady blush'd almost to Death at the Recital of this new Incident ; but as she knew him intirely innocent of the Design, Cease, *Timantes*, said she, to afflict yourself : She who could have sacrificed all the Happiness of her Life to your *Glory*, is also capable of as great Things for your *Repose* ; and since *Zelonida* has thought fit to make me a Mother before my Time, I will accept the Title in your favour : Satisfied of my Innocence, I fear not that this Action will sully the Purity of it. Deeds of this nature cannot always be concealed, the whole Truth will one Day come out ; and I find it much more noble for me to adopt an Infant which is not my own, than it is shameful for *Zelonida* to have given it Birth, and afterwards renounce it.

'Tis utterly impossible to express the Admiration of *Timantes* at so illustrious and uncommon a Proof of Love for him. Oh Heaven ! cry'd he, transported, what a beautiful Contrast of Characters between the divine *Erminia*, and the vicious, the imprudent *Zelonida*!

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*da!* Adorable *Erminia!* how ought I to regret the Years I have passed without you! in what manner can I be able to recompense such distinguished Virtues! By continuing to love me, answered she: 'tis all I ask, and all I want to give me perfect Happiness. Many Hours were taken up in mutual Demonstrations of Love, Joy, and Gratitude, and there now remaining no Impediment to their Marriage, a Day was appointed for the Celebration of it.

The Birth, Fortune, and above all the Passion of *Timantes*, and the Merits of *Erminia*, obliged him to have it solemnized with all imaginable Magnificence; and his beautiful Bride resolving that the Ceremony of declaring herself Mother to the Daughter of *Zelonida* should be publicly performed, this Action attracted the Praise and Admiration of all *Montpellier*; *Timantes* and his Friends having taken care the whole Truth should be made known, 'tis hard to say which exceeded their Esteem for *Erminia*, or their Contempt of *Zelonida*, who being informed of all that passed, durst never more return to the City.

As for the lovely Wife of *Timantes*, she no sooner took on her the Name of Mother, than she felt the natural Affection of one, and employ'd all her Cares to render the Daughter of *Timantes* worthy of what she had done for her: Heaven so well succeeded her pious Endeavours to prevent any Discourse which might be to the detriment of this young Maid, that in time every body seemed to have forgot she derived her Being from any other than the incomparable *Erminia*.

*Timantes*

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*Timantes* enchanted with the Virtue and Sweetness of his Spouse, lived with her in the most perfect Intelligence, and proved by his Constancy that Love and Marriage are not incompatible. Thus Love more strong in *Erminia* than Nature in *Zeluïda*, obliged the one to declare herself a Mother without being so, while Revenge and Vice destroy'd in the other all the Emotions of Blood, and Consideration of Divine or Human Laws.





THE  
P R U D E.

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NOVEL III.

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**T**RUE Virtue is accompanied with an Innocence which shews itself in all the Actions of the Person possess of it: a Woman of real Modesty, conscious of the Purity of her Intentions does not always keep a strict Guard over herself in little Things: She acts no Evil, and therefore fears not Censure, nor thinks a severe Decorum is exacted from her.

False Virtue on the contrary is a perpetual Constraint to those that wear that Mask: a sort of Fear and Circumspection may be seen in the least of their Actions; and as their Aim is not to avoid Evil but to be thought to do so, they neither look, nor speak, nor move, without having before consulted in what manner. An Incapacity

capacity in *themselves*, of resisting Temptations, makes them imagine the same in *others*; and for the better Concealment of the Disorders in their own Conduct they make no scruple of censuring the most regular: what they despair of imitating they use their utmost Efforts to destroy; and by affecting an exterior Gravity, think themselves authorised to condemn the most innocent Liberties as criminal. A good Woman rarely believes, and never speaks to the Disadvantage of her Sex, and will rather pity than condemn those Errors which are too publick to be concealed: Whereas the *Prude* exults at an Opportunity of Scandal, and persuaded that her own Miscarriages are sufficiently screen'd by her Precautions, makes it her whole Business to pry into, and expatiate on those of her Neighbour. But the difference of these Characters will be best exemplified in two Persons, whose real Names I shall conceal under those of *Celia* and *Berelise*.

*Celia* was young, beautiful, well-shaped, had a great share of Wit, was of a gay and sprightly Temper, and had a thousand agreeable Turns in Conversation, which rendered her Society enchanting to all of her Acquaintance. But to these Perfections were added others of a more solid and valuable Nature; she was virtuous without Affectation, wise without desiring to appear so, and sincere, without Rudeness; she made all the Happiness of a Husband whom she adored, and by whom she was adored, and as a high Birth and great Fortune accompanied her Accomplishments, she never denied herself any Pleasure that a Woman of her Age and Quality could indulge without Prejudice to her Reputation. Balls, Operas, Comedies, Banquets, and Parties of



Pleasure, in their turns took up her time; and wherever she appeared, she gave that Chearfulness which she always found within herself: *Dorantes* her Husband, was perfectly well acquainted with her Virtue, and pretended not to lay the least Constraint upon her Humour: whenever she was in any Engagement without him, satisfied of her Conduct he demanded not who were her Companions in it; but then on the other hand she never failed to inform him, not because she imagined he would have expected her to do so, but because it was a Pleasure to herself to entertain him with all the little News she could. But this happen'd very seldom, their Friends were so sensible of the Desire they had to be together, that both the one and the other was always invited to all the Amusements they proposed, except at such times that they knew *Dorantes* was obliged to attend the Court by reason of a great Employment he had there. 'Tis certain that *Celia* was never so gay, or took so great a Liberty in Behaviour, as when *Dorantes* was Witness of her Actions, and *Dorantes* never so galant as when the Eyes of *Celia* were the Judges of his Conduct.

'Tis easy to judge by the Character of *Celia* that she was a Lady whose Society afforded too much Pleasure not to make her be loved and esteemed by all People of Discernment of both Sexes, and that her House was a continual Rendezvous for all the Gay and Amiable.

In the same Street with *Celia*, and just opposite to her House, was that of *Berelise*, a rich Widow, but whose Charms being on the decline, attracted few Visitors but such who come on the footing of old Acquaintance,

tance, and could afford her only such serious and insipid Entertainments, as were little agreeable to the real Inclinations of this Lady. The Pleasures of the World indeed had quitted her, but she could not quit the Pleasures without extreme Regret, tho' she pretended the contrary in all her Discourse: Loudly condemning all those who lived in a manner different from herself, treating as Coquets all whose Beauty attracted those Praises which could not justly be refused them, and continually traducing their Conduct: affecting the severest Virtue, regarding the most pure Passion as a Breach of Modesty, and exclaiming against all manner of Galantries, tho' internally no Enemy to it in the utmost Extent.

As she chose the Company of her old and grave Friends, but when she had no Opportunity of enjoying that of others more agreeable to the secret Inclinations of her Heart, she frequently visited where she knew the most gay and galant of both Sexes assembled: but not to contradict the austere Virtue she pretended, she went not into any of these Houses but to make long Sermons on Honour and Reputation: tearing to pieces the Characters of the Absent, and under the pretence of friendly Admonitions lashing the Conduct of the Present.

This was a Character which made her Company as little desired by her own Sex, as her want of Beauty did by the other: those of her own Neighbourhood shunn'd her as much as possible, yet would she intrude herself, where ever she could, for no other purpose than the Satisfaction of ridiculing the most innocent Passages: When not admitted to their Entertainments she

would sit whole Days at her Windows to observe what Persons came to them, and place Spies to follow wherever they went. But among all those who excited her Envy, the young and beautiful *Celia* had the greatest Share : She represented her Chearfulness as Boldness, her way of Dressing as Coquetry, her innocent Freedoms as Irregularities, and the Complaisance of *Dorantes* as Blindness and want of Judgment : In fine, there were no Terms of dishonourable or ridiculous, which she did not give to the Actions of both the Husband and the Wife.

*Celia* was soon informed of all this, not only by her Friends, but by the Behaviour of *Berelise* herself ; whose Age giving her a Privilege of speaking, would often reprimand with a kind of bitter Eagerness those Things which she pretended to dislike in her Conduct ; and often told *Dorantes*, in her Presence, that he allowed her too much Liberty. This Gentleman, who verily believed she had no less Virtue than she affected, took her Remonstrances in good part ; but said that being perfectly convinced of the Discretion of his Wife, he thought that he ought not to lay any Constraint upon her : that nothing could be a greater Affront to Innocence than Suspicion : that a Woman ought not to have a Watch set upon her Conduct who had never done any thing to occasion a doubt of its Regularity ; and that having as much Reason to esteem, as love *Celia*, he knew his Honour intirely safe in her Hands.

But these Answers, far from imposing Silence on the *Prude*, served only to heighten her Malice ; she maintained that a Man of Sense ought not to carry the Esteem and Love he had for a Wife so far as not to examine

amine with the strictest Eye into the most minute Particulars of her Life: that the more he valued her, the more he ought to take care she should continue worthy of it, and should not, as he did, suffer her to keep so much Company, especially of the younger sort: that all these Feasts, Balls, and Entertainments were of an unspeakable Prejudice to her Reputation, and that such a Magnificence of Dress, Jewels, and other superfluous Ornaments were a wasteful Expence of Time and Money; and did not become a Woman who would be thought to have no other Aim than to please her Husband.

To all this *Dorantes* replied with Mildness, imagining still that this Excess of Severity was only owing to her Age, and therefore argued with her only in a polite Manner, that is, he opposed not what she said, but changed not, in the least, his Behaviour to *Celia*. This beautiful Person however, who had always been very merry on the Lessons of *Berelise*, thinking it a thing of no Importance, could not avoid being a little piqued when she found her Aim was to render her Husband jealous, and inspecting, and by consequence destroy all that sweet and agreeable Harmony in which they lived, and therefore resolved to use her utmost Application to find out the Cause of her persisting in such a Behaviour.

She had too much Wit and Penetration to be long ignorant of the Character of this Widow; 'till now she had not given herself the leisure to examine into it; but she no sooner set about it, than she found that *Berelise* was one of those who would sacrifice even Virtue's self to appear more virtuous than others, and thought in

blackning the Conduct of her Neighbours, she gave a double Whiteness to her own. Persuaded of this Truth, she communicated it to *Dorantes* as well to erase out of his Mind any Ideas the Discourse of *Berelise* might have raised in it, as to have the Pleasure of rallying with that Vivacity and Delicacy, she was so much Mistress of, the Affectation of that *Prude*.

*Dorantes* was charmed with her manner of expressing the Sentiments she had on the scrupulous Virtue of *Berelise*, but would have dissuaded her from judging her otherwise than she appeared: Not being able to alter his Opinion, that all the Severity of that Widow was no more than what was common for Persons of her Age to testify against the Amusements of Youth, who ordinarily condemned what they could no longer share. *Celia* could not relish this kind Reasoning, and seeing farther than her Spouse into the real Motives of *Berelise's* Behaviour, could not be easy 'till she had found the means of convincing him of the Falsity of her Pretensions, and some way or other revenged herself of the Satyrick Reflexions she had launched into, against her in all Companies.

This Resolution having settled itself in her Mind, she scarce thought of any thing beside; and one Day as she was very full of it, a young Lady, named *Amintha*, came to visit her: the Conformity of their Humours had united these two in the most strict Friendship even from their Infancy; they were both extremely beautiful, gay, witty, and good-natured, no other difference between them than that the one was married, and the other a Virgin, and living under the Government of a Mother, who avoiding the two Extremes of  
Severity,



Severity, or over much Indulgence, had the Art to render herself beloved and feared by her Children in such sort as that their greatest Pleasure seemed to consist in their Obedience to her Orders, and their chief Repugnance against those Things which they thought would be disobliging to her. She was a Widow and Mistress of a considerable Estate, her Family was composed of no more than a Son and a Daughter; the former was in the Army, and distinguished himself by his Valour and Magnificence from all the young Cavaliers of his Rank; the young *Amintba's* Character I have already given, and shall add that her Beauty, Birth, and Fortune made her be looked upon as a Match not inferior to any of the Nobility; but her Mother having enjoyed the Sweets of a most happy Marriage; loving, and being beloved by her worthy Husband 'till Death deprived her of him, resolved if possible, not to render her Daughter less felicitous in that State than herself had been; and this occasioned so much Difficulty in the Choice of a Son-in-law, that *Amintba* had almost arrived at the Age of Twenty without any Person being recommended to her by her Mother; as this young Beauty had never known what it was to love, and thought herself happy in the innocent Liberties she was permitted to take, Marriage was a thing to which she did not give the least Attention, nor once wished to change her present way of Life.

The Society of *Celia* was the dearest Consideration that employed her Thoughts, and these two amiable Friends, whenever they were together, had nothing in view but Joy and Diversion, and when they were not at publick Shews, or Parties of Pleasure, they invented some-

something of their own immediately, which well compensated for the want of those Delights they could not have at that time. *Celia* no sooner saw *Amintba* enter, than having embraced her, my dear *Amintba*, said she, with her accustomed Gaiety, I am always charmed to see you, but more particularly so to-day; I find my self in so whimsical and fantastical a Humour that nothing but your Presence could have restored me to my self.

You speak with an Air, answered *Amintba*, in the same Tone, that gives me no room to believe there is any change in you; and if you are thus, when in an Ill-humour, I shall prefer it to the most agreeable Moments of all other Women: But pursued she smiling, may I not know for what reason you imagine yourself thus disconcerted? Oh! replied *Celia*, I do not pretend to conceal it from you, the *Prude* opposite to us is the Cause: *Berelise* is the Object; and I am so picqued at the Aspersions she has thrown upon me, and the ill Counsel she has given to *Dorantes*, that for these three Days I have breath'd nothing but Revenge against her. No, continued she, I cannot believe the austere Virtue she affects is real, and should have the highest Satisfaction in discovering some Affair on the score of that Woman, that might overwhelm her with Shame and Confusion.

If that be all required for your Contentment, said *Amintba*, you have reason, my dear *Celia*, to tell me that my Company is alone capable of dissipating your Ill-humour; since I know those Things of *Berelise*, which I believe no other of your Acquaintance are informed of; and which will prove how justly you think  
on

on her—— 'Tis not, indeed, added she, with a scornful Smile, for her to preach up Maxims of Virtue, which even at that Age she is incapable of practising herself.

These few Words rejoiced the very Soul of *Celia*, and the Hope of having it in her power to convince *Dorantes* and all her Friends, of the Hypocrisy of *Berslife*, adding to her natural Gaiety, made her say a thousand pleasant things on the Occasion. *Amintba*, whose Contempt of such a Behaviour was not at all inferior to that of her fair Friend, nor had a less share of Wit, replied with the same Spirit; and for near a quarter of an Hour their Conversation had a Vivacity which gave neither of them time to enter into a serious Discourse.

But *Celia*'s Curiosity at last prevailing, she gave truce to those violent Emotions of Laughter, which till then had interrupted the Voice of both, and demanded several times of *Amintba*, before she was able to reply, if it were true indeed, that the Wise, the Grave, the Virtuous, the Antiquated *Berslife* had a Lover?

Nothing is more certain, answered the other, as soon as she could command her self enough to speak. This Widow, so reserved, so much above all the little Follies of the tender Passion, and so averse to pardon them in Youth, is in this advanced Age passionately in love with a young Cavalier, who, they say, has many Accomplishments, that render him worthy of a better Fate. Why does he not seek it then? interrupted *Celia*. I will tell you, resumed *Amintba*, the whole Source and Progress of this Adventure, if you will have patience. *Lysander*, for that is his Name, is handsome,

son, well made, has a great deal of Wit, and will one day be Master of a considerable Estate, which is now embarrassed by the Disorder in which his Father left his Affairs at his Death : A considerable Sum of Money being requisite for disintangling his Territories, he at present enjoys but a very moderate Revenue ; and 'tis that, we imagine, has given him Thoughts of espousing the Widow, who has a large Fortune in her own Hands, as well as a Dowry, and might enable him to recover his Inheritance. One of my Mother's Women has a Nephew in the Service of *Berelise*, and from her I learned all the Circumstances of this Intrigue, the Boy every day acquainting her with it, and mocking the Affectation of his old Mistress, who behaves with her Lover as a young and beautiful Person would do, that stood in fear of her Parents not approving her Choice ; permitting him never to visit her but at Night, and writing to him every day, that some Accident or other had like to have discovered their Interviews. This Boy is employed to carry the Letters, and bring back Answers from *Lyfander* : His Youth, and supposed Ignorance in these matters, making her more readily confide in him than any other of her Domesticks, but never Woman was more unhappily deceived ; he has not only the Infidelity which is natural enough to his Years, but also a certain Smartness which teaches him how to represent an Amour like this, in the most ridiculous Colours : I must confess, I had a contemptible Notion of a Person, who could think of sacrificing his whole Life to such a Creature as *Berelise*, but the Woman I mentioned having shewn him to me one evening, as he

was going to the House of that Prude, I saw nothing in him which did not contradict the Opinion I had conceived of his mercenary Nature ; there was something in his Air, so grand, so noble, that from that moment I began to pity those Misfortunes which alone could have reduced him to make such a Choice.

Ah ! I am charmed, cried *Celia* with a great Sigh, as one who had extremely constrained her self to keep Silence, I am enchanted with this Discovery ! But how shall we do to procure some of the Letters of *Bere-life* ? the Stile must certainly be particular ; these sort of Women never express themselves like others——What a Satisfaction would it be to have in my hands those undeniable Proofs of her disssembled Virtue ! *Amintba*, my dear *Amintba*, continued she with the utmost Eagerness, you shall stay and lie with me to night ; *Dorantes* is out of Town, and will not return in some Days ; you must not refuse me your Company till then, and during his Absence we will contrive together some Stratagem to get one of these Love-letters, and shew him when he comes home : and to have the more liberty of consulting what is best to do in this Affair, we will go and take a Walk in the *Tuilleries*, that we may not be interrupted by any Visitors, or by *Bere-life* her self, who has persecuted me with her Company ever since my Husband's Departure.

This no sooner was proposed than executed, *Amintha* only exacting that they should call at her Mothers to let her know, she intended to stay some time with *Celia* : The Horses were immediately put into the



the Coach, and they drove to the House of that Lady, where they obtained the Permission they desired, and then went to the *Tuilleries*, and chose one of the most retired Walks, that they might with the more liberty entertain themselves with the Loves of *Berelise*. *Celia* had come abroad with so much Precipitation, that she intirely neglected all Thoughts of adjusting her Dress, and appeared the more plain, as *Amintha*, knowing she was always furrounded with a great deal of Company, had taken an extraordinary pains in ornamenting herself that Day; the Charms of this young Beauty therefore, so much illustrated, hindred those of the other from being taken notice of. *Amintha*, as they were walking, perceived it, and smiling on her amiable Companion; my dear *Celia*, said she, if I had at all reflected on what we were doing, I should either have plucked off some of these Jewels, or reminded you of new modelling your Dress—— We have not the Air of two Friends, and if People judge by the Habits, as they generally do, I shall be taken for the Mistress, and you for my Servant. 'Tis no matter, replied *Celia*, laughing heartily, then I am not so great a Coquet as *Berelise* would represent me—— I must confess indeed I would not be disagreeable, but am ambitious of no new Conquests; my Heart and Hand are already given, and in spite of our Prude, I have not the least Desire to change their Situation. As for your part, my dear *Amintha*, you are unmarried, and ought not to conceal those Beauties which may attract a Heart worthy of you, and I would gladly pass some time under you as a Servant, if it might contribute to  
your

your gaining a Husband who might render your Fate as felicitous as mine.

While they were talking in this manner, they saw very near them, an agreeable Cavalier, who in passing seemed to look upon *Amintha* with an Air that denoted her Charms made some Impression on his Heart: He made several Turns in order to behold her the more perfectly, and every time his Eyes declared he was more full of Admiration than before. The Ladies being deeply engaged in talk at first observed him not, but after he had crossed the Walk three or four times, and contriv'd so as to keep them continually in his sight for a considerable time; his Behaviour was too particular not to be taken notice of, and *Amintha* looking more heedfully upon him, presently knew he was that *Lyfander* whom her Mother's Servant had shewed to her as the Lover of *Berelise*; she no sooner discovered he was that Person, than she informed *Celia* of it; and that Lady, who had the most fertile Invention in the World for those things which might afford any Diversion, immediately found an Opportunity in this Adventure, which she was not willing to neglect.

My dear *Amintha*, said she to her, every thing, methinks, conspires to assist me in my just Revenge: *Lyfander* finds something in your Attractions vastly different from those of *Berelise*: Let us seat our selves on a Bank, and if he is as much charmed with you as I imagine he is, he will find some Pretence to speak to us: You shall pass for me, and for Heaven's sake neglect nothing that may secure your Conquest, and oblige him to sacrifice this Widow to us; then  
let

let me alone to manage the rest. *Amintha*, no less gay than *Celia*, found something so pleasant in this little Deception, that she hesitated not to comply with the Intreaty of her Friend, and they immediately sat down. *Lysander*, whose Eyes, from the first Moment he had cast them on *Amintha*, had been fixed upon her, and whose Heart was really struck with the Lustre of her Charms, no sooner saw them placed, than after making a short Turn, he drew nearer to them, and bowing in the most respectful and graceful manner, seated himself by the side of *Amintha*, who was the only Person he regarded, taking *Celia* for no other than one of her Women.

The extreme Pleasantness of the Air and Season made the first Subject of their Conversation: But *Lysander* perceiving a certain Gaiety and Freedom in the Air and Discourse of *Amintha*, which flattered him with a Belief there would be no great Difficulty in obliging her to listen to an Entertainment of a different nature, and pressed by the Impatience of that Passion with which he was already inflamed, I cannot, Madam, said he, sufficiently express my Astonishment, that a Beauty which ought to be the Admiration of the whole World, can appear in the *Tuilleries* without a Train of Adorers, and that Fate should allot me alone the happy Opportunity of addressing you.

*Amintha* replied to this Galantry in the same manner. I am not desirous of Company at all times, said she, and for that reason chose this retired Walk: However, I'm not displeased that Chance, or Fate, or what you please to call it, has sent me a Cavalier, whose

whose Society I should not hesitate to prefer before all those whom I see yonder conducting other Ladies. This obliging Compliment was not unanswered by another yet more so, and the Conversation between them growing still more free, *Lyfander*, with an Air between the Serious and the Gay, made a sort of a Declaration of the Passion she had inspired him with, and the young *Amintha* replying in a manner which gave him the most flattering Hopes, he at last went so far as to beg leave to accompany her home, and that she would permit him to visit her the next Day. *Amintha* then pretending to consult on that Affair with her Servant, spoke in a low Voice to *Celia*, who having instructed her in a few Words what she would have her do, I have an Equipage waits for me, said she, but notwithstanding will not refuse your going with me, on condition you will not think it strange that I oblige you to take your leave as soon as we come to the Gate, and that you promise not to come to my House to morrow till it grows dark; because, continued she, I have a Neighbour that would not fail to make a thousand ill-natured Reflexions, if she should see I received the Visits of a Cavalier, such as your self, during the Absence of my Husband. This Air of Secrecy confirming *Lyfander*, that his Addresses would not be displeasing to her, promised to perform exactly what she desired of him; and it now growing late, and *Amintha* testifying an Inclination to retire, he led her to her Coach, and by her permission went into it with her, where *Celia* continuing her Character, placed herself in a respectful manner opposite to them.

*Lyfander*

*Lyfander* was so taken up with the Wit and Beauty of *Amintba*, that the Coach was at *Celia's* Gate, before he perceived he was in the Street where *Berelise* lived; but having alighted before they entered the Court-Yard at the request of *Amintba*, he soon discovered where he was, and was not a little surprised to see himself near enough to that Lady's House to be known by her or her Servants, had any of them been at the Windows; but as it was late, and the Hour at which she usually supped, he had the Opportunity of retiring without being discovered, which he did with some precipitation after he had taken leave of *Amintba*, and said several obliging things to *Celia*, in order to engage her in his Interests.

These three Persons separated with an equal Satisfaction: *Lyfander* was full of Love and Hope: *Celia* highly satisfied with the Progress she had made toward her Revenge on *Berelise*: And *Amintba* well enough pleased with her Conquest, to wish it might be sincere. These two Friends were no sooner alone, than *Celia* laughing, demanded of *Amintba* if she did not find something in this Adventure extremely pleasant? Nothing can be more so, replied the other, but after all, what will be the Consequence? You make me act a Character, my dear *Celia*, which is not a little dangerous for me: If *Lyfander* judges by Appearances, my Facility cannot but give him a very ill Opinion of me; he must regard me only as a transient Amusement just capable of giving him some Diversion after those constrained Moments he is obliged to pass with the Widow; and in this Idea it is impossible he can either love or esteem me,  
and



and to confess the Truth, this Consideration shocks me; and on the contrary, if in spite of my Coquet Behaviour, he should be posselt of a real Passion for me, I should have reason to reproach my self as long as I lived, for having engaged him in it merely for my Diversion.

Here are fine Reflexions indeed, cried *Celia*, with an Air half serious; but notwithstanding the Delicacy of your Sentiments, permit me to tell you, my dear *Amintha*, that they are out of season; whatever Opinion *Lyfander* may have of you while he knows you not, and is also ignorant of our Design, he will be undeceived when hereafter he shall be made fully acquainted with both; and if he is truly in Love, as I see no cause to doubt he is, he will rejoice to sacrifice *Berelise* to the most amiable Person in the World. He comes here to morrow Night; you shall still pass as the Mistress of the House, I will introduce him as your Servant and Confident; and when, by your engaging manner of treating him, you shall have put him in a condition to refuse you nothing, then shall you engage him to quit *Berelise* for ever, to prove the Sincerity of his Passion: He will not fail to promise you, but for the greater Assurance you must exact from him a Sacrifice of all the Letters he has received from that Prude; and when we are in possession of those Witnesses of her false Virtue and Hypocrisy, then, my dear *Amintha*, will we declare all the Truth to the amazed *Lyfander*,

But, interrupted *Amintha* blushing, if *Lyfander* should happen to please me, what would you do for him and me? Ah! cried *Celia* hastily, I wish it were

So indeed, that would render the Adventure complete. As all this Conversation was in a pleasant Tone, and served only to animate these two beautiful Friends to pursue their Design, they never once considered the Consequences ; their Youth, and the Vivacity of their Humours not giving them leisure to reflect on the Decorums their Conditions should have engaged them to observe, they thought of nothing but the Pleasure of detecting *Berelise*: With those Ideas they went to sleep, with those they awoke, and half the next Day was passed in preparing for the Reception of *Lyfander*.

But that Cavalier was not without Agitation ; the Passion he was possessed of for his new Mistress was not the less vehement for its want of Purity, and the Happiness he flattered himself with in the pursuit of this Intrigue, rendered the Thoughts of *Berelise* more disagreeable to him than ever: He was, however, very much perplexed to conceal this Adventure from her ; all the Engagements he had with her were wholly on the score of Interest, and as his Affairs made her a necessary Match for him, he knew how dangerous it would be to him to give her any Cause of Jealousy ; and therefore looked on it as a most whimsical and unlucky Effect of his Fortune, that the only Person he loved, and the only one it was his Business to pretend to love, should be such near Neighbours. These Considerations at first gave him some pain ; but then reflecting the Secrecy *Amintha* had made him promise to observe, and the Precautions that were to be taken for his Entrance to her House, he began to be a little more assured ; and resolving

to disguise himself whenever he went thither so as not to be known, he began at last to abandon himself wholly to the Pleasure of loving, and of being beloved by so charming a Person as *Amintha*; and though he could not absolve himself for the Irregularity of his Conduct in entering into an Affair of this nature; that he had with *Berelise* was too disagreeable for a Man of his Age and fine Taste, and he found a new Delight in the Contrast between them. A little Vanity also mingled with his Love, the Equipage of *Amintha*, her Jewels, and Magnificence of Dress giving him no room to doubt if she was of Quality, added to her natural Charms, that which, with some Men, is of it self sufficient to excuse every thing. In fine, he imagined this Adventure would bring him nothing but the most exalted Happiness that Love has the power of bestowing, and waited with the utmost Impatience for the Hour of his Appointment: *Amintha* and *Celia* were in little less all the time; the one for completing her hoped Revenge on *Berelise*, and the other instigated by some secret Emotions, of which she her self was ignorant from what Source derived.

The Time drawing nigh for *Lysander's* Approach, *Celia* put on the Habit of a Chamber-maid, and dressed the beautiful *Amintha* in one of her most rich and becoming Robes, to the end she might represent her intirely. All things were ready for this Scene, when the Cavalier arrived wrapt up in his Cloke, the Cape of which was muffled over his Face, to avoid being distinguished by *Berelise*, in case she should happen to be at any of her Windows. But how  
was

was it possible for him to escape the sight of a Woman who passed the greatest part of her Time in prying into the Actions of her Neighbours. She was then at a little Casement, where unperceived by any body, she could easily see all that passed from one end of the Street to the other, and saw *Lyfander*, without knowing him, go into the House of *Dorantes*. The Absence of that Gentleman, and the Hour in which this Visit was made, joined to the Privacy with which he was introduced, gave her room immediately to judge it was no other than a Lover of *Celia*; and this Discovery gave her no less Satisfaction than to have seen her own at her feet—— She now thought the Reputation and eternal Repose of *Celia* were intirely in her power, and that she knew how to ruin her infallibly not only with her Husband but with the whole World, whenever she found it proper to reveal what she knew.

While she was feasting the Wolf of Malice in her Bosom, by contriving in what manner she should publish what she had seen, *Lyfander* was conducted by *Celia* into her Closet, where he found *Amintha* sparkling with a thousand before undiscovered Charms; he no sooner saw her, than he fell upon his knees, and endeavoured to prove the Violence of his Passion by the most tender Expressions, when *Amintha* interrupted him, and with a Voice ravishingly sweet, but which notwithstanding had something in it of Fierceness, Judge not, said she, by Appearances, *Lyfander*, I know you, and without being seen by you, have frequently observed your Actions—— Believe not, that if ignorant who you are, I should have permit-

ted you to enter my House. No, in spite of the Inclination which influences my Heart in your Favour, I should not have admitted such a Visit from a Stranger. There is no particular of your Life or Fortune, or even your Correspondence with *Berelise*, of which I am unacquainted; and I confess to you, *Lysander*, that I am not of a Humour to share with that Lady in any thing. I easily enter into those Reasons which oblige you to improve an Opportunity with a Woman capable of making your Fortune; you will also tell me perhaps that it will be Prudence in you to continue your Addresses to her the better to conceal your Acquaintance with me; but, *Lysander*, be assured that I expect your whole Heart and your Confidence. *Lysander* was extremely surprised to find his Designs on *Berelise* so well known; but his Love for *Amintha* growing stronger every Moment, he denied not his Amour with *Berelise*, disguised neither the Motives nor the Circumstances of the whole Affair; and transported by his Passion, told her, he would submit to any thing she should command, to prove his Heart, his Vows, his Desires, and that Confidence she demanded were intirely hers. This amiable Lady, taking Advantage of his present Eagerness, replied that she gave little Faith either to Promises or Oaths, that she must have other Assurances before she could be convinced of his Sincerity: and that he must expect nothing from her 'till he had let her see all the Letters he had received from *Berelise*. That she would only read and then return them, but that this Sacrifice was necessary to convince her, he never would make any thing a Secret to her.



The amorous *Lyfander* was no longer in a state of Reasoning: *Amintha* accompanied her Discourse with so many Graces that, tho' he found an extreme Repugnance in complying with this Request, it was not in his Power to refuse her. His Passion was arrived at that high degree, that he thought he could not purchase at too great a Price the Heart she had made him hope; and therefore paused not to grant every thing she should require, but told her he would go home and fetch the Letters that same Moment if she permitted him to leave her.

As this was the whole Extent of all these fair Friends had wished to bring about, *Amintha* replied, that the Readiness with which he consented had doubled the Obligation. There passed no more between them on that score, he went out of the House with the same Circumspection that had been observed at his Entrance, and presently after, returned, bringing with him those tender Marks of the austere Wisdom of the Prude *Berolise*. But while he was flattering himself, that the Sacrifice he was about to make would intirely complete his Happiness, the Husband of *Celia* having finished the Business which had caused his Absence, much sooner than he expected, came home; he alighted from his Coach at the end of the Street, intending to walk to his House, and agreeably surprise his Wife who looked not for him so soon. As he was pursuing this innocent Design, he saw by the Light of the Moon, which then shone very bright, a Cavalier with his Face covered with his Cloak, and sliding along in a kind of mysterious manner, as if afraid of being seen by any who happen'd to meet him; and perceiving he turned his Head every  
Moment

Moment towards that Side of the Way on which was the House of *Berulife*, a Curiosity arose in him of finding out, if it was not for her all this Precaution was taken: This made him double his Steps, and follow directly those of the *Incognita*, imagining to himself an extreme Pleasure in discovering an amorous Intrigue of a Woman who so loudly exclaimed against all Amusements of that kind.

But how great was the Astonishment of this, 'till now, unsuspecting Husband, when he saw the Cavalier enter his own House introduced by a Woman who seemed to be an Attendant on his Wife, and conducted without any Light up a Pair of Back-Stairs which led to the Apartment of *Celia*. In spite of all the Confidence he had in her, he was not master of his first Emotions; a Rage mingled with Horror almost deprived him of his Reason, but recovering himself as well as he was able, and resolving to be convinced he went in after them, but finding they had shut the Door at the Bottom of the Staircase, he opened it softly with a Master-key which he always carried about him; and ascending the Stairs, he groped his way into a Chamber adjoining to the Cabinet of *Celia*. That amiable Lady who came from conducting *Lysander*, seeing the Glimpse of a Man whom she thought she knew not, for there was no Light but what passed obliquely from the Window of a distant Gallery, was a little alarmed, and went about to push him abruptly from the Place, he pushed her in his Turn, still taking her for the Chambermaid, and being stronger made his way to the Cabinet; where deceived by the Habit, and *Amintha's* Posture, her Face being turned the other way, he thought he saw his

Wife and the *Incognito*, whom he had followed, at her Feet, and tenderly kissing her Hand.

At this Object, intirely incapable of all Reflexion, he endeavoured to throw off *Celia* who was behind, and had caught him round the Waste to prevent his Entrance: She now saw him by the Light which came from the Closet, and letting go her hold turned quick upon him, and threw her Arms about his Neck, then fell into such a Fit of Laughter as made him immediately know her also: but not being able to recover himself in a Moment from his first Agitations, he could not comprehend by what Inchantment he held his Wife between his Arms, and at the same time thought he saw her in her Closet giving a tender Audience to another. *Celia*, who penetrated into the Cause of his Perplexity, redoubled her Caresses and her Laughter, and drawing him into a Chamber farther removed from the Place where *Amintha* and *Lyfander* were, she recounted to him the whole Adventure in as few Words as she could, but with that Gaiety and good Grace which was inseparable from every thing she said. I have now, said she, a greater Spite than ever against *Berelise*, since you had never suffered even these short Pains of Jealousy which I have been Witness of, if it had not been for her Discourse; and I will never forgive you, my dear *Dorantes*, continued she, if you do not assist me in exposing this Hypocrite for the Faults which she would fix on others.

*Dorantes* was greatly confused to have suspected the Virtue of his Wife, and more so that she should surprise him in Thoughts so contrary to the Esteem which was her due. He embraced her with the most perfect

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Tenderness, and assured her he would do any thing she desired for the Reparation of her Wrong. The only Request then I have to make, said that beautiful Lady, is that you will go immediately to *Berelise*, and bring her here to Supper, that we may have the Pleasure of detecting her false Virtue before some Company whom I will take care to invite, and who perhaps would not otherwise so easily believe it. *Dorantes* consented, and went that Moment to the *Prude*.

She was alone, and not having seen the Person, whom she supposed was the Lover of *Celia*, go out of the House, readily believed he was to stay there the whole Night, and was thinking on the properest means to advertise *Dorantes* of it, when he entered into her Apartment. At first their Conversation was only on indifferent Things, but *Berelise*, who was impatient to utter what she knew, began in a little time to reproach him for having staid so long from his Wife, whose Youth and uncommon Vivacity of Temper, she said, demanded more Precaution than he took. To this, he replied, that the Prudence of *Celia* left him nothing to fear as to her Conduct, and had not his Impatience to see her brought him to Town, he should not have returned so soon.

The Malice of *Berelise* grew but the more keen on his appearing so cool on the Affair, and having now sufficient matter, as she thought, to work upon; *Celia*, said she, is very happy in being able to preserve in you this good Opinion of her Prudence, notwithstanding the Passion she testifies for general Admiration. *Dorantes* could not now keep himself from being amazed at the Boldness of this Woman, and a little piqued at

the Reflexion she made, Madam, replied he, I believe one may more frequently find true Virtue under the Appearance of Gaiety, even tho' it should extend as far as Coquetry, than in those who affect the most Austerity and Sanctity of Manners. These Words would have daunted any other than the Widow, but she imagining herself secure, answered only in Invectives on a too great Dependency, and with a Smile which disclosed the utmost Spite, gave him such broad Hints of what she had seen, that he could not but understand what 'twas she meant: he affected to believe her, seemed extremely troubled, and conjured her to explain herself.

The cruel *Berelife* desired no more, and immediately gave him a Detail of the whole Secret, as she imagined it, amplified, and illustrated with a thousand provoking Circumstances of her own inventing: She assured him that since his Absence there had not passed a Night without this Galant being introduced into his House, and did not scruple to say that even her own Eyes through the Windows had been Witnesses of Actions to his Dishonour. *Dorantes* had here no need of counterfeiting the most violent Resentment; he was indeed possessed of it, tho' not against the innocent *Celia*, but her unworthy Accuser. How monstrous, cry'd he, is Woman when abandoned by all Sense of Honour! she was so far from endeavouring to abate the Fury she had raised, that she continued her Endeavours to add to it, if possible, by all the biting Words that Hate and Malice could inspire her with. She had railed herself almost out of Breath, when he unable to endure her Hypocrisy any longer, and believing it was  
also



also time for the Execution of their Plot, interrupted her by saying with the most troubled and melancholy Tone: Ah, Madam! forsake me not, I beseech you in this cruel juncture, and since you have had the Goodness to remove that Vail so long cast over my Eyes, vouchsafe to continue me the Services of a sincere Friend. 'Tis necessary to correct *Celia* without ruining her Reputation, since my own Honour depends upon it. I fear I should not be able to command my Passion were I to enter alone, and should be guilty of some Extravagance which would but too much publish what I could wish might be buried in eternal Oblivion: Do me the Favour, therefore, Madam, to accompany me: *Celia* respects and fears you, and your Presence will fill her with a Shame and Confusion, which will more contribute to reclaiming her, than all the Violence I am capable of; and the high Idea of your Virtue making her look into herself, force her to imitate your Example.

The *Prude* enchanted to have this Authority over the Woman whom she most hated in the World, accepted the Proposal of *Dorantes*, and exulted within herself at the Thoughts of her approaching Triumph: She waited not for being desired a second Time, nor for any Adjustment of Dress, but gave him her Hand, and the same Moment he conducted her to his House.

He opened the Door with his own Key, and then carried her into a low Parlour, where he left her, saying, he would go and see how he could best introduce her, and then ran to *Celia* to inform her what he had done, who thanked him, and let him know she had prepared every thing, and all that now remained was

for him to lead *Berelise* to the Closet, where *Amintha* and *Lyfander* still continued. He told her, he would act his Part to the Life, and having quitted her, returned to the Widow with the Air of a Man overwhelmed with Grief. Ah, Madam! said he, what have I seen! the Cavalier you mentioned is still with my Wife: — I have now nothing more to manage — the Proof is too plain — Come, let us go together, and confound the ungrateful, the perfidious Wretches — they know not yet they are betray'd; therefore to surprise them the easier, and prevent the vile Abuser of my Bed from making his Escape, we will go up the Back-Stairs which lead to the Closet where they are. With these Words he went before her to shew her the way, and brought her into the Chamber before mentioned, which had a full View of all was done in the Closet. *Berelise* had no sooner cast her Eyes that way than she thought she saw *Lyfander*; but believing she was deceived looked again, when *Dorantes* taking her by the Arm, drew her to a Place where the Light of the Tapers made them perfectly distinguish every thing, she no longer doubted if it was her Lover she beheld at the Feet of the supposed *Celia*: At this fatal View a mortal Coldness invaded all her Limbs, and she could scarce sustain herself from falling, when chance, to disconcert her the more, ordered it so, that the Moment of her drawing near enough to hear what was said, was that in which *Lyfander* impatient to obtain the Recompense of his Passion, protested to *Amintha* that he never loved but her. This was sufficient to assure our *Prude* that she was forsaken, but what an Addition to her Misfortune when she heard him further explain himself in these

Terms.

**Terms.** Yes, charming *Celia*, said he, if the Sacrifice I have already made you of all the Letters of *Berelise*, is not sufficient to prove the Sincerity of my Passion, I am ready to do it with my Life. *Dorantes* then looking full in the Face of this *Prude*, you perceive, Madam, said he, he loves none but my Wife, am I not the most unfortunate of all Mankind? As he spoke this, he drew her still nearer to the Cabinet, and the old Lady resisted him not in the hope of finding some Consolation in the Shame of her Rival. But what became of her, when disappointed in this also, she knew *Amintba* in the Habit of *Celia*, and that same Moment saw *Celia* herself, accompanied with several Ladies, enter at another Door! the jealous, and malicious *Berelise* could not support this last Stroke of her ill Fate; and gave so great a Shriek that *Lysander* who was on his Knees to *Amintba*, started from the Posture he was in, and turning his Head, saw with an extreme Surprise that she had been Witness of the Contempt with which he had treated her Character, and the Favours she had bestowed on him; but wholly unable to prefer her to the Person he adored, or to say any thing to justify himself, he put his Hat before his Face to conceal the Disorder this Adventure had put him in. *Dorantes*, who knew what a Man of Honour must suffer on such an Occasion, ran to him, and having embraced, led him into another Chamber, and informed him of what had been done by two young Ladies, gay, thoughtless, and vindictive, leaving the *Prude* to endure the Rallery of *Celia* and her Companions, who observed no measure in their Reproaches.

*Berelise* almost bursting with Despair and Rage, was compelled to suffer all they said to her without being able to make any Reply : She would have left the Room, but the Fury of her Passion blinded her so far as to render her unable to find the Door, 'till *Celia* and the other Ladies directed her, and reconducted her to her House, giving her with a loud Voice all the Names that her Hypocrisy merited, and advising her never more to censure the Virtue of others who better knew how to practise it than herself. After they were pretty well fatigued with this Employment they returned to *Amintha*, who thought she had done enough to oblige *Celia*, and that the Character of Virgin did not permit her to take those Liberties which married Women might do without hazarding any thing.

*Celia* and her Friends could not presently recover themselves from the violent Fit of Laughter this Adventure had occasioned ; but perceiving *Amintha* had a more serious Air than ordinary, they demanded the Cause, and if the Fate of *Berelise* had touched her so much as to make her sorry for the Confusion they had given her. That beautiful Lady could not forbear smiling at this Discourse. No, answered she, that Pity which is natural to me, extends not to that wicked Woman ; but I cannot deny but that the Condition of *Lysander* gives me some Pain : he sees the Destruction of all his Hopes at once : He had particular Interests in being well with *Berelise*, and I have too much convinced her of his Infidelity for her ever to see him more ; he believed himself beloved by *Celia*, and that he should enjoy the Pleasure of an agreeable Intrigue,  
but

but he now finds instead of a real Adventure, only a chimerical Happiness, and a Mistress in Idea.

It belongs to you, Madam, cried *Dorantes*, who appeared that Moment with *Lysander*, as she spoke these Words; it belongs to you alone to repair the Misfortunes of *Lysander*: It is true that he believed he loved *Celia* in the charming *Amintha*, but as it is only the Name he was enamoured of, the Loss will not be much; and if the Shame of *Berelise* gives him some Pain it is only such as is attached to the Principles of a Man of Honour, who cannot easily contribute to the Confusion of a Sex, which in spite of the Faults of some among them ought to be respected: However he is not less resolved to sacrifice to *Amintha* all he promised to the Name of *Celia*, if you vouchsafe to continue in reality that Acceptance of his Services you pretended to do.

Yes, Madam, said *Lysander*, throwing himself at her Feet, since my Adoration of you could alone have brought about the Revenge of your Friend, let that Revenge be favourable to the most faithful of Mankind — You have engaged me to love, let me not be wretched by that Love; but permit me to hope I may one Day hear from your Mouth the same Confession seriously, as you have made me in Sport. — This Discourse, continued he, perceiving her Blush, ought not to alarm you, because in learning your Name, I have also learned in what manner you must be adored; and all the Condescension I beg of you is to permit *Dorantes* to inform Madam, your Mother, of my Sentiments, and to endeavour to prevail on her to consent to my Felicity.

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The charming *Amintha*, who had always found in her Heart a secret Inclination for *Lyfander*, was so divided between that, and the Uncertainty in what manner she should answer, that it was not in her power to speak at all ; and the sprightly *Celia*, impatient at her Silence, Fy, my dear *Amintha*, said she, either reply presently, or I shall do it for you, and take your Place for a moment as you have taken mine, to tell *Dorantes*, that you give him a Power ample, without bounds, without exceptions, to neglect nothing that may render the most amiable *Maid* that ever was, the happiest and most charming of *Women*, in being the Spouse of *Lyfander*.

This Sally of *Celia*'s Wit making all the Company laugh, dissipated the little Confusion *Amintha* had been in, and this beautiful Lady smiling as well as the rest ; you speak so well, my dear *Celia*, said she, that it is not in my power to contradict you ; and I find myself obliged to tell *Lyfander*, that I shall think myself very happy, if my little Fortune can repair the Loss of his Hopes in *Berelise*.

These Words accompanied with infinite Graces, made *Lyfander* look upon himself as the most fortunate of all Mankind ; he testify'd his Joy by all the Transports his Respect would permit. *Dorantes* retained all this amiable Company to Supper, after which the two Lovers separated, equally charmed with one another. The next day, *Dorantes* and *Celia* waited on the Mother of *Amintha*, according to the Promise they had made *Lyfander* ; the former having fully informed himself of that Cavalier's Affairs, gave a Detail of them to her ; and endeavouring to prove that he  
would

would be very rich in some time ; the Mother of *Amintha* interrupted him, and said, I know *Lyfander* and his Family, I have nothing to object on that score, and your Recommendation is sufficient to make me consent to what you wish ; but I must let you know that my Husband had the most tender Affection for me before Marriage, that I loved him also ; and having proved that the greatest Happiness of Marriage is the Union of Hearts, I would give my Daughter to one who should be worthy of her Affection by that he had for her—— Thus there remains no more for my Consent, than to know if *Lyfander* loves *Amintha*, and if he is beloved by her.

*Celia*, charmed with these Sentiments, assured her, that no other Motive should have engaged their Solicitation ; and assured her, that nothing could be more perfect than the Passion on his side, and the Tenderness on hers. This prudent Mother then no longer scrupled to subscribe to what they desired of her : *Domesticks* went to fetch *Lyfander*, and *Celia* the beautiful *Amintha*, and every thing was transacted with so much Generosity and Ease both by the one Party and the other, that the same day all Agreements were drawn up between them, and the Time prefixed for the Marriage, which, about a Week after, was solemnized with all the Joy and Magnificence imaginable. *Celia*, to whose Revenge on *Berelise* this Union contributed, felt little less Satisfaction than the two Lovers ; as for that Prude, the Knowledge of her late Adventure having reached the Ears of all that knew her, Shame for that Detection, and Envy for the Happiness of *Lyfander* and *Amintha*, threw her into such an Excess  
of

of Despair, that not able to brook either the Contempt of the World, or the sight of that Respect the others were treated with, she retired into a Convent, where she endeavoured to practise sincerely those Virtues, of which she before had but affected the Character. *Celia* and *Amintha*, having nothing wherewith to reproach themselves, changed nothing of their Conduct any further, than in avoiding those things which might give room for malicious Tongues to represent as criminal, through the fear of finding another *Prude*, on whom they might not be able to revenge themselves with so much Facility.





# THE HAPPY EXCHANGE.

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## NOVEL IV.

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**I**T is a Truth, which, methinks, admits no room for question, that Marriages are decreed in Heaven, and premeditated a long time before they are concluded here below ; since we every day see Examples of Contracts made, and others broken off, without being able to assign the least Reason for either. If this Union depended solely on the Will of Man, we should find more Conformity in the Characters and Humours of the Wedded, for every one would doubtless make choice of what he thought best for him ; but the Eternal Wisdom orders things as they are for the general Good of Humankind, to the end that the Good may correct the Bad, and serve as an Example

to

to them, and the Bad may be an Exercise of Patience to the Good : Thus by this judicious Mingling the Wicked are not always joined, nor the Beautiful with the Beautiful, the Virtuous with the Virtuous, the Rich with the Rich, nor the Poor with the Poor ; for that would destroy Harmony, and involve Civil Society in a Disorder more dreadful to Mankind, than that which we see in private Families, where the Principals are ill-match'd, according to our frail Reason, but wisely according to that of the unerring Disposer of all things.

If Divine Providence should leave intirely to Man the Disposál of himself, into what Depths of Misery would not his Passion sometimes precipitate him ! always a Slave to his Senses, hurried by Love, or by Ambition, and sometimes by both at the same time : In pursuit of the Gratification of those Desires, he would fall into a Gulph of Ills from which he could never be relieved, and find by sad Experience that Maturity requires Restraint from an overruling Power, in great things, as much as Childhood does in others. How frequently do we see those most doted on before Marriage, most detested after that Engagement ? It is therefore highly reasonable to believe, that Providence does all for the best, not only to prove the Weakness of all human Designs in frustrating us of what we imagine just ready to be accomplished, and bringing those things to pass which we neither desired nor thought possible, but also to shew, that what we think most convenient for us, is not so ; and that two Persons who persuade themselves they are born for each other, are generally destined for others, by the  
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## *The Happy Exchange.* 113

all-powerful and impenetrable Decrees of Heaven ; and this I believe will be evident in the little History I am about to give you.

Two Gentlemen, whom I shall call by the Names of *Philintus* and *Trafimont*, having been, from their most tender Years, Companions in all those Studies and Exercises necessary for those of a high Birth, and who would have an Education answerable to it, contracted a Friendship with each other, which was the more solid as it was founded on a reciprocal Merit : And tho' their Humours were extremely different, and their Sentiments sometimes directly opposite ; yet as they exactly agreed in the Principals of Honour, Generosity, and Probity, their Union continued perfectly strict, notwithstanding the Contrast of their Tempers.

*Philintus* was serious, grave, moderate in his Passions, and undertook nothing without having first reflected on the Consequence. *Trafimont*, on the contrary, was lively, gay, and a little too ready to follow the Dictates of his Inclination. In other things one had little the Advantage of the other ; they were both well-shaped, agreeable, witty, and learned, both near the same Age, neither of them exceeding six or seven and twenty ; both without Father or Mother ; both unmarried ; and tho' born in *Provence*, both Inhabitants of *Paris* ; that City above all others affording Opportunities, not only of improving, but likewise of making an honourable use of the Accomplishments they had acquired. As they had very considerable Estates, their Friends were continually pressing them to Marriage, and many noble and beautiful Ladies were proposed.

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But both the one and the other appeared so difficult on this Article, that neither of them could resolve to engage himself. *Philintus* maintained, that nothing but the most tender and mutual Passion could render that State a Blessing, and protested he could not be capable of giving his Heart, but where Beauty, Virtue, Wit, and Softness, joined their Forces to demand it. *Trafimont*, less delicate, troubled not himself about the Graces either of Mind, or Form of her who should be his Companion for life; but was for leaving it to Chance to determine for him; saying frequently, that his Hour was not yet come, whenever it arrived, he must take his fate; and when he found himself over much solicited by those who wished to see him honourably established; well, said he to those that talked to him, if I must have a Wife, let any of you provide one for me. But this was a Commission which none being ambitious of undertaking, as dreading the Consequences of such an Affair, they resolved to forbear urging him any farther.

The difference of their Sentiments on this score, used frequently to give occasion for many Disputes between the two Friends; but neither being able to make the other recede from his Opinion, it was at last agreed never to talk more on a Topick to which they were both as yet intirely Strangers: For some days they mutually observed their Promise, and *Philintus* was beginning to imagine they should both die Batchelors, when early one morning *Trafimont* came to his House, and told him with his ordinary Unconcern and Gaiety, that he had found a Wife, and should leave *Paris* in four days, in order to be married.

*Philin-*

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*Philintus* was a little surpris'd to hear him speak in this manner, but not doubting if it was an Affair which had been negotiating some time, and that his Passion had oblig'd him to keep it secret, could not forbear making him some little Reproaches for his want of Confidence: I thought, said he, that I had merited less Reserve, and that you were enough persuad'd in the Interest I take in every thing that regards you, not to have made a Mystery to me of a Passion which I have a thousand times wish'd to see you engag'd in, if it were only to oblige you to quit an Opinion I have always condemn'd.

My dear *Philintus*, replied *Trasimont*, without changing his Tone, thou owest me no Upbraidings on that score; I have conceal'd nothing from thee, for indeed I had no Secret to preserve: I am still in the same Sentiments, in spite of your Disapprobation; Love has not had the least power over my Heart; and if I did not sooner acquaint thee with my intended Marriage, it was because I knew it not my self, till late last night; and the difference of these few Hours, I think, may well be allow'd to the difference of our Interests, without breach either of Friendship or Confidence. Well then, cried *Philintus*, who is the Lady who is to be happy enough to engage your Hand without being able to reach your Heart? That, answered *Trasimont*, you shall be inform'd of, as soon as the Post can bring you notice; for as yet I am an intire Stranger to her.

*Philintus* could not keep himself from laughing at this Discourse, and looking on *Trasimont* with an Air of Surprise, What! said he, are you going to be married

ried to one you don't know? Yes, replied the other, one of my Friends, who knows what my Sentiments are on that Affair, writes me word, that he has found a Lady for me, and the more to conform to my Notions, will tell me nothing of the Charms of her he has made choice on, her Name, Family, nor Fortune: But I believe I may venture to depend on his Judgment, and therefore am resolute to depart for the Place where I may find the Object destined for my future Partner. There is something so pleasingly whimsical, methinks, continued he, laughing heartily, in this way of concluding a Marriage, that I am impatient till it is intirely accomplished.

Say no more, interrupted *Philintus*, almost angry, say no more; I cannot bear a Man like you, should even think in this manner——— What! would you engage your self without being informed if the Person designed for you, is not the Disgrace of Nature, if her Humour be not contrary to yours, and her Virtue not unsullied? Indeed, *Trasimont*, this Conduct is too ridiculous to be pardonable, and I should think I failed in all the Laws of Friendship, if I should suffer you to prosecute such an Intention.

You may do what you please, said *Trasimont*, growing a little more serious, but I cannot dispense with my self from accepting the Offer of my Friend. Besides, of what service, pray, would be the Informations you wish me to have? A Wife is always handsome enough for a Husband: If I demand if she is wise or virtuous, will they tell me she is not? And if she is, can they assure me she will always continue so?——— Of what importance is the Knowledge of her

her Name and Family before the Contract? I shall be told it time enough to quarter our Arms together; and as to her Birth or Fortune, would it not be affrontive to my Friend, to ask any Questions on that score, since it is to be supposed he knows what is convenient for me?

Moreover, my dear *Philintus*, to speak sincerely to you, I think it the greatest Error in the World to be too inquisitive about the Woman you intend to marry: Those who have given themselves most trouble on that Article, have been often most deceived; therefore the best way is to choose hoodwink: If she proves handsome, so much the better for my Eyes; if she be not, so much the better for my Repose; but if I must be informed of all these things before Marriage, be certain I should never marry at all.

What is it that forces you? said *Philintus*: Reason, replied *Trasmont*: it is a thing that should be done one time or another, and therefore as well now as hereafter. Besides, a single Life brings with it a thousand Inconveniencies for a Man of my Humour: One cannot say the least fine thing to a Maid, but she presently imagines she has gained a Conquest, perhaps, communicates what you have said to her Father, he talks gravely to you on what you meant but in jest; and you afterwards pass for false or ungrateful—— If you use no Galantries, you are looked upon as unpolite, and if you do, they are looked upon as in Love—— In fine, an unmarried Man is the But, against whom all who want a Husband shoot their Darts—— No three of them can assemble together, but you are the Subject of their Chit-chat—— Your  
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Looks, your Words, your very Prayers are called in question, and whatever Chapel you frequent, it must be for the sake of such, or such a mortal Saint—— Oh how perplexing is all this!—— Whereas, when a Man is engaged to one, all the rest knowing the tie he is under, give no other Interpretation than they ought to his Actions—— I know very well, my dear *Philintus*, that this is not your System; you will have love for your Conductor, and confide your Destiny in his Choice of a Wife—— But remember, my good Friend, that Love is blind, and that as ridiculous as you think my way of proceeding, it may, perhaps, render me more happy than your self: You follow a Guide who gropes in the dark, and a thousand to one falls into a Precipice—— My Steps are directed by Chance, of which I know all the Turns: I cannot be deceived in my Expectations, because I demand no more than that is pleased to allow me, and shall be satisfied with whatever I find. Indeed, said *Philintus*, with an ironical Air, you carry your little Curiosity to a length pretty extraordinary, to be ignorant of the Place where you would be, and depart without knowing your Way. No, as for that, replied *Trafimont*, with his accustomed Gaiety, I know that I go to *Cain*, and that it is there I am to be married.

One of my Friends, resumed *Philintus*, and who is also a distant Relation, has a very fine Seat near *Cain*; he has a thousand times invited me to see him there, and to engage my Company told me he had a Sister with him, whose Charms might perhaps make me desirous of quitting a single Life: The Picture  
he

he gave me of her in his Letter, would have certainly drawn me to see the Original, could I have prevailed with my self to leave you. But as you are going that Journey, I see nothing should prevent me from the Pleasure of accompanying you, unless you have any Reasons to forbid me being Witness of your Marriage: And to encourage you to accept of my Company, I must inform you, that there are some Emotions in my Heart, which make me imagine I shall find, in my Friend's Sister, the Person to whom Love has destined me.

I wish it may happen so, my dear *Philintus*, replied *Trasimont*; how pleased should I be, that we both changed our Conditions at the same time; but I foresee with much Concern, that I shall have well-grown Children, before you can be thoroughly convinced of all the good Qualities of your Mistress. *Philintus* answered not to this Rallery but by a Smile; and as in effect his Heart was a little touched with the Recital which several Persons had given him of the Perfections of this Lady, and that he had also a desire of beholding the Person to whom *Trasimont* should espouse himself, he resolved to depart with him; and when they had concluded upon it, the other demanded of him the Name of the Gentleman to whom he went.

This Curiosity, said *Philintus*, is a little odd in a Man who knows not the Name of her who is to be his Wife; therefore, my dear *Trasimont*, permit me to imitate your Friend of *Cain*, and not reveal a thing which would be of little Importance to know; and, as you are ignorant of her who is to be your own Wife, be content with learning who is proposed to

to me, when I have found nothing against her. Tho' that may be long enough, replied *Trafimont*, I consent; but to punish thy unseasonable Caution, I will oblige thee for once, to depend on Chance as I do, and suffer me to conduct thee without letting thee know where 'tis thou art going. These kind of Secrets divert me in such a manner, that I look upon it as a happy Prediction.

*Philintus* perceiving it would be fruitless to press him farther, and who imagined he could not carry him greatly out of his way, since the Friend he intended to visit, lived but a few Miles from *Cain*, yielded to every thing, and they then took leave of each other to prepare for their Departure as soon as possible.

As it was in the Heat of Summer, and no Impatience accompanied their Journey, they agreed to have but one Equipage, that they might enjoy themselves the more at their Ease, and to travel always by Night, to the end they might share all the Pleasure of the Season without any of the Inconveniencies. To please *Trafimont*, *Philintus* promised to mention this Affair to no Person in the World; and both the one and the other quitted *Paris* without any of their Friends being apprized of their Design. They supped with a great deal of Company the Night before their Departure, and every one being retired in Expectation of seeing them again the next Day, the two Friends went into the Coach of *Philintus* to which he had ordered six Horses to be put, and began their Journey attended only by a Coachman and Postilion, two Led-Horses, and two Lacquies.

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They travelled chearfully, and without any Accident 'till they arrived at *Roan*, which was soon after Day-break; and tarried there to take the Repose that was necessary 'till it was Night; then prosecuted their Journey without shewing themselves in the City; but they had no sooner entered the Forests with which *Roan* is encompassed, than all the Stars were hid in Clouds, and the whole Firmament covered with a most terrible Darknefs, which was immediately succeeded by a Tempest more violent than can be expressed: Rain, Hail, Thunder, Lightning, and a Wind that seemed to blow from every part of the Compass at once assail'd them, the Horses started, foamed, and broke their Braces, the Coachman and Postilion no longer had any command of them; and running with the utmost Rapidity headlong into the thickest part of the Forest, the Coach having no farther Passage, broke down with the Violence of the Shock.

*Philintus* and *Trafimont*, however, received no other hurt than that they sustained through the Apprehensions of the danger they were in: but happy was it for them that the Thicknefs of the Trees prevented the Coach from being dragged any farther by the wild Impetuosity of the Horses; they now had time to get out of the Doors, and set their Feet upon the Ground; but it was not in their Power to advance; the Rain and Hail fell in such abundanee that they knew not which way to turn. *Philintus* was downright peevish at this Accident, and could not keep himself from making pretty severe Reflexions on the Caprice of his Friend to travel in the Night. *Trafimont*, on the contrary, laughed all the time, and the more *Philintus* reproached, the

more he was diverted. While the Coachman, Postilion, and Lacqueys were up to their Arms in Mud and Water groping about, and endeavouring to disengage the Horses from their Harnesses, *Philintus* asked *Trafimont* what he intended to do, and if he would terminate or prosecute this fine Journey? for my part, continued he, I am not disposed to pass the Night in this Forest, nor expose myself to worse Dangers than the Inconveniencies of the Air; I am resolved to take a Horse, and suffer myself to be guided by his Instinct, to get out of this dreadful Place as soon as possible.

*Trafimont*, notwithstanding his Gaiety, could not but acknowledge this Advice was good: They had a great deal of Gold, and several Bills of Exchange about them, which he, no more than *Philintus*, was willing to lose; and therefore having ordered their People, to make the best of their way 'till they found some Habitation where they might dry themselves, and afterwards return with proper Persons to get the Coach out of the Forest, they mounted their Horses with a Design not to quit each other; but the Paths having many Windings, and the Horses no Reins, their Riders had not the least command of them; and in spite of their Efforts they were presently separated, and in a short time absolutely lost each other, and took Roads directly opposite. The Temper of *Trafimont* was too lively to permit him to make many Reflexions on this last Misfortune; but in hopes of arriving at last, at some Place where he might repose himself, travelled the whole Night without stopping, and in the Morning reached a large Village, called *Amontville*.



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He inquired of the first Person he saw, if there was not some House in this Place where he might find good Entertainment; and happily for him, the Person he addressed was one of the Domesticks of a Gentleman who was Master of a fine Seat, in which a continual Round of Pleasures, Mirth, and Hospitality abounded. This Servant, perceiving *Trafimont* was very richly dressed, tho' in a Riding-Habit, had a large and valuable Diamond on his Finger, and in all his Air and Deportment appeared a Person of Condition, reply'd, that *Lisidor* his Master had Accommodations at the Service of all Men of Honour, and that if he would permit him to go and acquaint him with his Distress, he doubted not but he would be agreeably received.

*Trafimont* highly pleased with this Offer, thanked the Domestick, and intreated him to acquaint his Master that it was a Gentleman of *Paris*, named *Trafimont*, who would be glad to enjoy under his Roof that Repose, which the Fatigue of a most dreadful Journey had render'd necessary. The Servant rather flew than ran with this Message, and delivered it to *Lisidor*, not omitting to inform him of the Graces with which it was accompanied: On which the Gentleman immediately sent him back to *Trafimont*, conjuring him not to think of going into any other House, and soon after following his Man confirmed by word of Mouth his former Invitation. *Trafimont* alighted from his Horse, and advanced toward him with an Air, which assured *Lisidor* his Servant had not been deceived in his Conjectures as to the Quality of this Guest; and yielding in Politeness and Good-manners to no Person upon Earth. He assured him, that he thought himself extremely

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tremely happy in this Opportunity of being useful to a Gentleman of his Appearance.

*Trafimont* answered this Compliment with others, which merited a no less favourable Reception, and then recounted to him how he had lost his Way in the Forest of *Hali*, and in what manner he had been separated from his People, his Equipage, and a Friend who was going with him to *Caïn*, but without mentioning his Name. *Lisidor* told him, he should be glad if any thing in his House could make him forget this Accident, and the City of *Caïn*; but if it was any Affair of Importance which demanded his Presence at that Place, he had an Equipage and Men at his Service to attend him thither. In speaking these Words, he led him into the House, where all the Domesticks had Orders to wait on him as their Master.

They conducted him into a magnificent Apartment, where all Things requisite for a Person fatigued as he was, were immediately presented to him; after which *Lisidor* took his Leave, that his Guest might have Liberty to take a little Rest, and himself to make those Preparations against his waking, which he thought his Quality and Merit exacted from him. *Trafimont* was so pleased with this Adventure, that the Thoughts of it were almost sufficient for his Refreshment; he lay down on a fine Couch indeed, but gave a very little time to sleep, through the Impatience of seeing *Lisidor* again, and knowing who they were that accompanied him in that beautiful Retreat. He no sooner awoke than he found a Valet ready to attend him; and as his Habit, tho' magnificent, was not fit for him to put on, another no less rich was provided for him: While he was dressing,

## *The Happy Exchange.* 125

ing, he asked many Questions concerning *Lisidor*, his Family, and his Amusements; to which the Valet replied, that his Master was yet unmarried, but had a Sister lived with him who was a great Fortune, young, witty, and the most celebrated Beauty in all *Normandy*; that the Conformity in the Humours of these two had rendered them extremely dear to each other, and their Generosity, Gaiety, and Freedom of Behaviour to every one else that had the Pleasure of knowing them; that their House was the Rendezvous of all the polite Persons of both Sexes in the Neighbourhood, and a perpetual Scene of Harmony and Delight.

This Discourse ended with the use of the Toilet, but made such an Impression on the Heart of *Trafimont*, that he felt a Curiosity which was not natural to him. The desire of seeing the fair Sister of *Lisidor*, obliged him to make a more than ordinary haste in dressing; and he was no sooner in a Condition to appear, than he went out of his Apartment in order to seek his noble Host.

He met him coming towards him with the same Design; they saluted and embraced each other with a Tenderness, which seemed the Effect of ancient Amity, rather than the Civility of a new Acquaintance. If the good Mien of *Trafimont*, fatigued as he was at his Arrival, had acquired the Esteem of *Lisidor*, how graceful must he appear to him after his Repose! That Sprightliness, that Gaiety, that Air of Freedom which accompanied all his Actions, heightened now by a certain Eagerness with which he was animated, made him be looked upon as the most amiable of all Mankind. After the first Compliments were over, do not believe,

said *Lisidor*, that I intreated you to accept of my House to be alone with me here : I flatter my self you will find Company which may in part compensate for the want of those you go to seek in *Cain* : I assure you they have at least this Merit, that they burn with Impatience to partake the Happiness I possess in so agreeable a Guest.

Who is with *Lisidor*, answered *Trafimont*, has certainly nothing left to wish : yet you will pardon me, if I become your Petitioner for Leave to pay my Respects to a very beautiful Lady, who I am told is here. *Lisidor* then told him, that he came with an Intention to conduct him to her Apartment, where all the Company waited with Impatience for his Presence. In finishing these Words, he led him through a magnificent Gallery which parted the Lodgings he had assigned for him from those of *Eliza*, for so his Sister was called. At the Voice of *Lisidor* the Doors flew open, and that Gentleman, who still held *Trafimont* by the Hand, presented him to his Sister, who in the midst of six or seven beautiful Ladies that were with her, appeared to *Trafimont* the only Object worthy of his regard.

She rose from her Seat, and advanced to receive him with an Air of Gaiety and Freedom, which is rarely to be found in *Provence*, and served to confirm that Admiration which the first Moment of beholding her had inspired. The Accident which has happened to you, said she, in a Tone the most ravishingly sweet, is so favourable to us, that we cannot condole with you upon it; and would much more wish you might never be able to find your way from *Amontville*, than that you had not lost it in coming higher. I should, Ma-

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## *The Happy Exchange.* 127

jam, answered *Trafimont*, be the most ungrateful of all Men to the Goodness of Fate, if I did not think with Pleasure on my late Fatigues, since they have led me to a Blessing I could not have received without them.— But, continued he, it is by strait and thorny Passages alone we can arrive at Heaven.

Tho' *Trafimont* pronounced these Words in a manner which rendered it easy to discover the Situation of his Soul, they were answered but as common Galantry, and the Conversation becoming general, *Eliza* neglected not to testify she had no less a share of Wit than Beauty, and accompanied all the sprightly Things she said with so much Softness, that our indifferent Traveller could not keep himself from regarding her with something that differed but little from Adoration; and he who but some Hours before thought Love intirely unessential to Marriage, now found that his greatest Happiness would be to inspire her with it, and to be united to her. This Passion, to which he had always been a Stranger, assumed in a Moment so absolute an Empire over him, that he wholly forgot *Philintus*, his Friend at *Caën*, or his intended Nuptials there. Nor was he the only Person that experienced a sudden Change of Sentiment; *Eliza* having never seen any thing capable of charming her, had 'till now continued in an implicate Resignation to the Will of her Brother for the Choice of a Husband for her, found something so enchanting in the Person, Wit, and Humour of *Trafimont*, as informed her she could not without great Difficulty be brought to approve of any other. In fine, she had received an Impression at first sight of him little different from what she had given, and these reci-



procal Prepossession animating them both with a Desire of pleasing, added new Graces to every thing they said and did; and furnished *Lisidor* and the rest of the Company with a thousand Opportunities to exercise their Wit, which they did in a manner equally pleasing to themselves, and those to whom it was addressed.

The Morning passed over in this fashion, and the Dinner which followed having a little more improved their Knowledge of each other, *Lisidor* and *Trafimont* behaved as if they never intended to be separated more: The Entertainment was very magnificent, and the Cheerfulness equal to the Liberality that gave it, and as there was a pretty deal of Company, and *Eliza* expected more in the Afternoon, *Lisidor* was resolved to conclude the Day with a Ball, the better to regale his new Friend. He had a Symphony in his own House, every one of his Domesticks having been instructed to play on some Instrument.

Soon after Dinner they adjourned into a spacious Hall, where the Light of the Day being intirely shut out, a great number of Wax-Tapers in crystal Sockets reflecting one upon another in a thousand different Squares cut in the Glass, made the Place seem illuminated with so many Galaxies of little Suns; and was of infinite Advantage to the Beauty of the Ladies, who sat beneath on Seats of Crimson Velvet, embroidered with Gold and Silver, 'till the Ball began. At last the Musick struck up, and the amiable *Eliza* danced, before outshining all the Charmers near her, but in that Exercise discovered such new and inconceivable Graces as intirely compleated her Conquest over the Heart of *Trafimont*, and being no longer master of his Trans-

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ports, Ah *Lisidor*! cried he, embracing him, I but wandered in the Forest of *Hall*, to be intirely lost in *Amontville*.

So much the better, replied the other; I wish from my Soul, that it were only in my Sister's power to bring you to the way you would be in—— But to find it, you must not quit us so soon as you design—— The Humour of which you seem to be, makes me imagine no other Business than Pleasure calls you to *Cain*; therefore if this Place is capable of affording any, I beg you will not go in search of it elsewhere. This Request was too agreeable to *Trafimont* to be refused; he was truly in Love, and thought of nothing more than the means of remaining at *Amontville*, without appearing to desire it. But the better to conceal his Inclination, he excused himself from complying with the obliging Invitation of *Lisidor* through the fear, he said, of incommoding him, having no Servants of his own with him. But the Brother of *Eliza*, who was as uneasy at the Thoughts of losing him, as the other was at the Decorum which forbade his stay, pressed him in such a manner, that banishing all Ceremony, he followed his own Wishes in seeming to yield to those of his Friend.

The beautiful *Eliza*, who having ended her Dance, stood near them during the latter part of this Discourse, no sooner heard the grant of *Trafimont*, than her Eyes sparkled with a Joy which informed him of part of his Happiness: His Love thus fed by Hope, from that instant augmented, and the Warmth of his Passion joined to that of his Temper, giving him no time for

Reflexion, he resolved to declare it as soon as he could find a convenient Opportunity.

Feasts, Balls, Concerts, and various kinds of Sports continued in this House near fifteen Days, without the least mention of *Trafimont's* Departure, or his being able to open his Heart to *Eliza*, who in spite of the Tenderness she had for him, and that which she well knew she had inspired him with, carefully avoided all Occasions of speaking to him alone: *Trafimont* perceived it, and as his Passion took up all his Thoughts, and he was impatient to declare himself, he was too diligent to be always unsuccessful, and having found the lucky moment, resolved it should not escape him.

The young *Eliza*, who had not behaved in this manner but to follow the Advice of her Brother, having satisfied what he desired of her, gave the enamoured Stranger the liberty of explaining himself to her on the fifteenth Day after his Arrival. They had just risen from Table, and the Company separating, every one according to their Inclination, *Eliza* went alone into the Garden; *Trafimont* immediately followed her, and this beautiful Maid hearing the Footsteps of some body behind her, turned suddenly upon him, and seeing who it was, What, *Trafimont*, cried she, feigning a Surprise, have you quitted *Lisidor*, who cannot support a moment's Absence from you without Pain?

I cannot think my self separated from him when I approach you, Madam, answered he, and if you will permit me to acquaint you with a Design I have formed to attach my self to *Lisidor* for my whole Life, you will be able to judge of my Gratitude for all his Goodness. Such a Design, said she, blushing,  
must

must certainly be very advantageous to us; you will doubtless find my Brother disposed to second you; and as all he approves is pleasing to me, it is not necessary to inform me first. Pardon me, Madam, replied *Trafimont*, hastily, you must be told that I adore you before he knows it, since it is from you I ought to obtain Permission to declare my self to him. Methinks, resumed she smiling, you should rather act in a contrary manner; and be satisfied in his Thoughts before you consulted mine: But the beginning of our Acquaintance was so little regular, that the Progress cannot but correspond; and this last Project has a little the Air of your first going out of your Way—— Follow then the same Path, and as you have spoke to me, now speak to *Lisidor*; you have my leave to do so, and I wish you a favourable Answer. She had no sooner uttered these Words, than she turned hastily from him, and gave him not time to testify his Joy at this charming Confession. He had too much Vivacity of Humour to brook Delay in any thing he desired, and therefore ran to find *Lisidor*, who had left the Company at play in the Parlour, and was retired to his Cabinet on some private Affairs.

*Trafimont*, who was now become familiar in the House, entered without Ceremony, and accosting him with his ordinary Gaiety, Pardon me, said he, that I interrupt your Solitude; but I cannot resolve to depart hence without confiding a Secret in you, which I had told you three days after my Arrival, if I had not feared it would have prevented me from the Pleasure of staying here so long. I cannot comprehend, replied *Lisidor*, that any thing in the World is capable  
of

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of making me wish to lose your Company ; and if what you have to tell me will be the Cause of driving you hence, I beg you will never let me know it.

'Tis in your power to detain me for ever, refused *Trafimont*, smiling ; nor do I wish any thing with half that Ardency—— But what can an unknown Person hope, who has the Temerity to violate the Laws of Hospitality in adoring your lovely Sister, and who adds to this Presumption that of demanding her of you?—— This, *Lisidor*, is the Secret I had to communicate ; I know you are not sufficiently acquainted with my Affairs, to give me an immediate Answer according to my Desires, but it will be easy for you to inform your self what I am, and I believe that——

Hold, *Trafimont* ! interrupted *Lisidor*, embracing him, it is not for People, such as we are, to go about to deny what we are aiming at. I am charmed to find you love my Sister, and indeed perceived it in the first days of your Acquaintance ; I also saw you were not indifferent to her, but ignorant of your Fortune and Condition ; yet having conceived a true Friendship for you, I desired her to avoid giving you an Opportunity to declare your self, till I was inform'd of every thing concerning you, and at the same time found means to oblige you to continue with us. Every thing has succeeded according to my Wish, I know who you are, and esteem your Alliance as an Honour to us : Therefore, my dear *Trafimont*, what you call your Happiness, now depends solely on your self ; all that I desire to know more than I do concerning you, is to hear from your own Mouth the Truth

of



of your Arrival at *Amontville*, and what Affair called you at that time to *Cain*?

The transported Lover was perfectly overcome with Joy at the Discourse of *Lisidor*: He began with thanking him a thousand and a thousand times for the prepossession he had in his favour; and dwelt the longer on this Article, to give himself time to consider in what manner he should answer the other. He was unwilling to name *Philintus*, fearing that he might be known by *Lisidor*, or some of his Friends, who might write to him an Account of this Adventure; and the Rallery he expected from him in return for such a sudden Alteration in his Sentiments, gave him so much Confusion, that he resolved, if possible, to keep him ignorant of the whole Affair, till it was intirely over: For this reason also he had never sent to *Philintus*, who he doubted not was at *Cain* with the Gentleman, of whom he had heard him speak.

Therefore having made those Acknowledgments he thought due to the generous Proceeding of *Lisidor*, he told him without disguise, that he had left *Paris* in company of a particular Friend; that the Coach breaking in the Forest of *Hall* by the force of the Storm, they got on Horseback, but being separated by the Night and Tempestuousness of the Air, they wandred without being able to rejoin each other; that he was persuaded his Companion was gone to a Person near *Cain*; but as for himself he had absolutely lost the Road he should have taken, and reaching *Amontville*, a Place he neither knew, nor any Person in it, he had the good fortune to address himself to one of his Domesticks. As to the Affair that called me to *Cain*,

I will freely confess to you, continued he, that I was going with a design of being married there ; a Lady was proposed to me, but I never either saw her, or heard her Name, therefore have no Engagement that can oblige me to continue my Intentions of an Alliance there, or hinder that I so passionately desire to make with the beautiful *Eliza*.

*Lisidor* was content with this Recital, and willing to be no less sincere than *Trasimont*, confessed in his turn, that he had delayed thus long the Marriage of his Sister, in the hope of uniting her to a Friend, for whom he had a particular Esteem ; but that the young *Eliza* having testified an extreme Repugnance to engage her self, without knowing the Person who should be her Spouse, and had never seen his Friend ; he had often pressed him by Letters to come to *Amontville*, but had never received from him any but light and indirect Answers, which made him judge the Alliance not convenient for him. The great Esteem, continued he, which I conceived for you at first sight, made me immediately wish that an Acquaintance with my Sister might give you those Sentiments in her favour, which the Picture I drew of her to my Friend failed to inspire ; my Desires were answered, I soon perceived you liked her, but because I would do nothing rashly, I wrote once more to the Person I at first designed for her, and at the same time ordered the Messenger to inform himself concerning you ; he returned but yesterday, and acquaints me that my Friend has quitted *Paris*, without making any Confident of the Place of his Retreat ; and brought me a Character of you, which is more than sufficient to make me  
intreat

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intreat you not to retard the Honour you design my Sister.

After this mutual Confidence, the two Friends having embraced each other, regulated every thing necessary for the intended Nuptials; and then *Lisidor* presented *Trafimont* to *Eliza* as the Man who in a few days would be her Husband. These two Lovers equally charmed with each other, testified by their Joy that they could not be too soon united; and *Lisidor* therefore got every thing ready in a Week, at the end of which the Ceremony was performed, with all imaginable Decency, but no Hurry, or other Diversions, than those they ordinarily partook in the House of *Lisidor*. It was however to the great Contentment of the wedded Pair, and those Friends, whom *Lisidor* desired should be Witnesses of the Ceremony.

Let us now leave *Trafimont* to indulge in the Sweetness of a happy Marriage, and see what became of *Philius*, whose wandring conducted him also to a Fate not less agreeable.

When he was separated from *Trafimont*, and the continued Violence of the Tempest permitted him not to make any Efforts to rejoin him, he was obliged to content himself with going the way his Horse should take, without endeavouring to turn him. The Storm appeasing by degrees, and the Night wearing off, he perceived with Joy that he was got into the Road which lead to *Ponteau-de-mer*, and flattering himself that *Trafimont* either had or would pass that Way, hesitated not to go directly thither. He arrived about ten in the Morning, without any Accident, and went into an Inn,

Inn, where he judged his People would bring his Equipage.

He gave the remainder of the Day, and the whole Night following to Repose, and early the next Morning all who had set out with him from *Paris*, except *Trafimont*, arrived: He demanded if they had heard nothing of him, but none being able to give him any Intelligence, he imagined he had gone another Way, and might by this time be in *Cain*. Believing he should infallibly meet him there, he staid but three days at *Pontau-de-mer* in order to refresh his Horses, and have his Coach repaired from the Damage it had received in the Forest of *Hali*; on the fourth he quitted it, and arrived at *Cain* in a short time. He set up his Equipage, and lodged at the Sign of St. *John* a famous House of Entertainment, where all Travellers of Condition resort. He sent his People through the City to inquire after *Trafimont*; but all their Search being in vain, and *Philintus* being ignorant of the Name of the Person to whom he had intended to go, knew not any means to hear news of him, and began to grow weary of Expectation; he therefore resolved to quit *Cain*, and make a visit to that Friend, who had so often invited him.

He had been in this City near fifteen days, when on the Eve of that designed for his Departure, happening to be at the Door, giving some Orders to one of his Lacqueys, he saw a Gentleman of his Acquaintance pass by, called *Therames*; charmed with the meeting a Person for whom he had a great Esteem, he ran to him, embraced him, and demanded of him, what had brought him to *Cain*, and what Adventures had made him so negli-

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negligent of his Friends in *Paris*, as not to have wrote to them in five Years.

*Therames* answered at the same time to his Careless and his Questions: we were both so young, said he, when we were acquainted, that I flatter'd not my self you retained any Remembrance of me: The Difference of our Occupations, our Amusements, and our Societies, made me believe you had forgot the Friendship formerly between us---You know I was destin'd to the long Robe, you to the Sword; I was obliged to establish my self in *Provence*, and *Paris* was your Choice: However, in these five Years that I have not seen you, I have heard speak of you in a manner which has greatly augmented my Esteem, and made me wish a thousand times that I might have an Opportunity of returning to *Paris*, or that some Affair might bring you here, that I might have the Pleasure of renewing an Acquaintance, of which my Youth and Studies before kept me from knowing all the Value.

I am married in this Country, continued he, and have a considerable Employment here; but the Season inviting me to partake the Pleasures of the Country, I quitted the City in the Beginning of the Spring, and am now at a Seat I have at *Nôtre Dame de Délivrance*, which is not above two Leagues hence; the Beauty of its Situation being on the Banks of the Sea, renders it extremely delightful: To add to that, I am never without good Company; I came not now to *Cais* but to conduct two Ladies who are Friends of my Wife, and have promised to pass the Remainder of the Summer with us. Therefore, *Philintus*, added he,



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if you wou'd prove that you have forgiven my late Indifference, do me the Favour to go with us.

*Therames* urged his Intreaty in so tender a manner, and *Philintus* had so strong a Desire to continue some time in the Country, that he was easily prevailed upon to change his Design of going elsewhere: He was also the more ready to comply, because he still imagined that *Trafimont* wou'd come to *Caën*, and that being within two Leagues of that Place he cou'd not but hear News of him. Therefore having accepted the Offer of *Therames*, they again embraced, and gave each other a thousand new Protestations of Friendship. After which *Philintus* offered his Coach to *Therames* for the use of the Ladies whom he was to conduct; to which he replied, that he had brought his own, but that it being large enough to contain no more than three Persons, he would take the Advantage of his, that they might be all together. He then desired him to order the Horses to be ready, and went from him that Moment to apprize the Ladies.

*Philintus* did as he desired, and taking one Lacquey with him, left the other at *Caën*, in order to wait for *Trafimont*. When all was ready, *Therames* went with him into the Coach, and ordered it to drive where the Company expected him.

As they were going, *Therames* informed *Philintus* that these Ladies were a Mother and Daughter, that the former was a Widow of a very considerable Estate, and the Daughter was the only Fruit of a very happy Marriage, and a young Lady in whom to the Gifts  
of

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of Fortune were added all the Charms of Nature. With these Words they found themselves at the Door, and the two Friends being alighted, *Therames* conducted *Philintus* to the Apartment of *Feliciana*, for that was the Name of the Mother, and presented him to her as the best of his Friends, whom Chance had sent for an Augmentation of their Pleasures.

*Feliciana*, who was a Lady of great Merit and Understanding, received him in the most polite manner; his Air modest, wise, and grave, prepossessed her in his favour more than the Words of *Therames*, though she had a very good Opinion of his Judgment. When the first Civilities were over, I see, said she to *Therames*, that you are impatient to be gone, and that all those Moments are lost to you, that are not passed with *Thetomira*——Well, your Passion is too laudable not to be comply'd with——See, continued she to one of her Women, if *Flora* is ready, and let her know we wait only for her. She had scarce finished these Words, when a large folding Door was opened from another Room, and the beautiful *Flora* appear'd more bright and dazzling than the Star which ushers in the Day: *Philintus* was quite surpris'd and went back some Steps, but immediately advancing, I know not, Madam, said he to *Feliciana*, if it is not dangerous travelling with you, since it is certain a Heart must run a great risque of losing itself in Company of the incomparable *Flora*. My Daughter, replied that Lady with a Smile, has never carry'd any very far as yet; and if she should begin with yours, I promise to serve it as a Guide. During this Conversation, the amiable *Flora*, who expected no body but *Therames*, beheld

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beheld *Philintus* with a kind of Satisfaction which she had never felt before, and was not now able to restrain.

*Philintus*, who regarded her with no less Attention, made her Blush more than once at the meeting of their Eyes in this mutual Examination. Having nothing more to wait for, *Therames* gave his Hand to *Felicia*, and *Philintus* to the young *Flora*. They went all four into the Coach, and never Journey seemed so short to the Friend of *Trafalgar*. While it continued, the Conversation turned on a thousand different Subjects, in all which every one discovered a great Share of Wit and Penetration; but that of *Flora* appeared so extraordinary in a Person of her Age, that *Philintus* was perfectly enchanted with it; It might be justly said indeed that Nature had exhausted all her Treasures to adorn the Mind and Form of this young Beauty: Her Age exceeded not seventeen, nothing cou'd be more delicate than her Complexion; her Eyes the finest blue in the World, and full of mingled Majesty and Sweetness; her Hair and Eye-brows black, thick, and shining; a fine made Nose; admirable Teeth, and the sweetest Mouth Imagination can conceive: Her Neck, her Breast, her Hands and Arms most exactly proportioned, and as white as Alabaster; yet were all these the least of her Perfections, those of her Conversation being as much superior to those of her Person, as her Person was to the most indifferent of her Sex.

It is easy to judge a Person thus charming cou'd not but inspire a very great Passion in a Man such as *Philintus*, who had never loved before, only because he cou'd

cou'd not find that Complication of Graces he wish'd the Person whom he should choose might be posselt of, and now in reality beheld: And tho' he yet had not discovered all the Merits of this admirable Maid, yet he saw enough to make him become the most enamour'd of all Mankind. Yet resolving, if possible, not to yield himself intirely, till he should be better informed of every thing concerning the Object of his Passion, he endeavour'd to conceal it under an Air of Galantry: *Therames*, however, who had experienced in himself all the force of Love, perceiv'd a part of what pass'd in the Heart of *Philintus*, notwithstanding his Constraint; the Looks of a Person truly charmed, speak more than they have Permission to do, and *Therames* read enough in those of *Philintus*, to make him form a Design which hereafter he made known. In order to it, however, he began with talking of the Family of *Philintus* to *Felician*a, as if only to inform her, and then desired him to acquaint them with the Motives of his coming to *Cæn*.

*Philintus* infligated by an Emotion with which he was unacquainted, gave them an ample Account of all they desired to know: And without a Design to do so made a Detail of all his Lands and Revenues; but in this Discourse having occasion to mention *Gera*stus his Father, *Felician*a on a sudden interrupted him with a more than ordinary Vivacity; What! said she to him, are you the Son of *Gera*stus? the noble, the good, the wise *Gera*stus, whose admirable Genius, profound Learning, and strict Honour, rendered him the Oracle of *Bretagne*, and Arbitrator of the  
greatest

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greatest Affairs? It is so advantageous to me, Madam, reply'd *Philintus*, that the Author of my Being is known to you in this amiable Light, that however vain it may appear in me to avow my self his Son, the Title is too honourable for me to conceal it. Ah *Philintus*! cried *Felician*, you are dearer to me than you can imagine—but know that *Gerasus* and my late Spouse were of the same Province, they were bred up together, and united from their most tender Years in a Friendship which ended not but with their Lives: Some important Affairs having brought *Felician* my Husband into *Normandy*, he became enamour'd of me, and obtained me of my Family on condition he would settle at *Cain*. Love renders all things easy, he consented to all they demanded of him; and in the course of the first Years of our Marriage he continually entertained me with the extreme Regret he had for being separated from his dear *Gerasus*, for whom he inspired me with the most particular Esteem.

They constantly wrote to each other: I saw all their Letters, and was charmed with those of *Gerasus*. Some Years after the Birth of *Flora*, my Husband had an unhappy Law-suit with one of his Kinsmen, which threatned no less fatal a Consequence, than to render my Daughter the most unhappy Person in the World. The cruel Process was already entered when it came into the mind of *Felician* to propose an Arbitration, and named *Gerasus*, for that purpose, to his Adversary.

His Reputation had reached even to this Province, and tho' both Parties feared the Success of their Cause,  
each



each thought better of it when in the Hands of a Man of such undoubted Wisdom and Probity, and consented with an equal Satisfaction. My Spouse and his Adversary having made their Agreement with all necessary Formalities, departed together for *Rennes*, where *Geraſtus* lived. I will not go about to describe the Joy of these two Friends meeting after so long an Absence, nor of what passed in this remarkable Arbitration; the Recital wou'd be too long: It will be sufficient for you to know, that by the Judgment of *Geraſtus* my Husband gained his Cause in as ample a manner as he cou'd desire; and the other having bound himself to stand to this Decision, was obliged intirely to relinquish his Pretensions. When it was over, *Feliciant* returned to *Caen*, no less transported with having seen his Friend, than with the Good he had procured him, by which my Daughter is at present posselt of a very considerable Fortune. Judge then, *Philintus*, if the Son of a Man, to whom I owe the Happiness of what is dearest to me in the World, ought to be indifferent to me.

While *Feliciant* was speaking, *Philintus* listened to her with a Joy which added new Fires to his Eyes: It seemed to him that every Word united him more strongly to *Flora*, and when this Lady had finished her little Narrative, there was nothing tender and obliging that he omitted, to testify the Excess of his Satisfaction at the Thoughts that his Father had been serviceable to her.

This Adventure having banished all Constraint among them, these four Persons arrived at the House of

*Theramus*

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*Therames* with a Gaiety, which diffused itself thro' the least of their Actions.

*Theomira* received her Spouse and his Friends with the same good Humour; and *Philintus* had his part in the Friendship with which she met *Felician* and *Flora*; *Therames* having informed her in a few Words who he was, and in what manner he had happened to meet with this Friend. In fine, there was none of this Company, whose Politeness did not make them perfectly easy, and behave to each other, as if they had long been intimate Acquaintance. But *Therames* now renewing his Request of knowing what had brought *Philintus* to *Cain*, that Gentleman not willing to discover the Frailties of *Trafmont*, made no mention of him; but said he was going to *Amontville* with a design to pass some time with a Friend he had in that Place: He then told them of the Storm, the breaking his Coach in the Forest, which had occasioned his coming to *Cain* without intending it, or knowing there was any Person in that City whom he should be glad to meet. As there was nothing but what was natural in this Recital, they asked no farther Questions; and eight Days passed over with an equal Satisfaction to all Parties. *Philintus*, in this time, had so well studied the beautiful *Flora*, that finding her every way worthy his most serious Attachment, he resolved to discover his Sentiments to *Therames*, and employ him to search into those of the Mother and Daughter; tho' both the one and the other behaved to him in a manner, which assured him he was truly esteemed by them.

But

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But the admirable *Flora* accompanied the Marks of Distinction she gave him with so much Modesty and Reserve, that he durst not flatter himself with the Hope that Tenderness had any Part in her Actions: And that Circumspection, which is always incident to a violent Passion, rendred him incapable of declaring his Love to her; so that to observe all the Rules, he had recourse to *Therames*; and to speak to him with most Freedom, he went one Morning to seek him in his Closet, but being told he was gone to walk in a fine Park he had behind the House, he follow'd him there; but as he passed through an Alley, which led towards a Summer-house, he heard the Voice of *Felician*a, and, as he thought, pronouncing his Name. The Situation of his Mind, at this time, rendring him more than ordinarily curious, he went softly towards the Summer-house, and saw *Therames* and that Lady seated with their Backs to the Side on which he stood, so that they could not perceive him. They seemed to be in very deep Discourse, and prosecuting what they had been saying, he heard *Felician*a reply to *Therames* in these Terms. I confess to you, said she, that I sincerely wish your Conjectures may not be without Foundation: *Flora*, if I am not greatly mistaken, has the same Sentiments with me: But I am in continual Apprehensions of the Arrival of your Friend; for though there be nothing promised, yet it will be a Mortification to have made Advances in such an Affair, and afterwards fall off.

I see no manner of Reason to believe any thing farther will happen on that Score, said *Therames*; I hear no News of him; and I am very certain, tho' he is a

worthy Man, that you will lose nothing by exchanging him for *Philintus*; therefore, Madam, I wou'd advise you not to hesitate on the matter, in case he makes the Proposals I imagine he will shortly do.

As *Therames* was speaking, he moved his Body, so as he must have seen *Philintus*, if he had cast his Eyes that way; but the other perceiving it, immediately quitted his Place, and, making a long Tour, returned to the Summer-house by another Path, at the End of which he perceived *Theomira* and *Flora* coming to join *Therames* and *Feliciana*. It was very difficult for him to conceal the Trouble with which he was agitated; the Discourse of *Feliciana* having made him imagine that *Flora* was already promised to some more happy Man. Great Passions are never without great Disquiets, and that of *Philintus* was too sincere and ardent, not to be accompanied with all those Emotions which are ordinarily the Consequences; Fear and Jealousy making him feel in that Moment all the Cruelties they have power to inflict.

He made use, however, of his utmost Efforts to prevent the Disorders of his Soul from appearing in his Eyes; and accosted the Ladies, as he thought, with his accustomed Composure; but, in spite of his Constraint, the amiable *Flora* perceived his Melancholy. Nothing can escape the Eyes of those who truly love; and this beautiful Lady had been engaged in a Conversation with *Theomira*, which obliged her to redouble her Attention on all the Actions of *Philintus*. That tender Friend, having dived into the Secret of her Heart, she had just confessed to her the Inclination

tion she had for this new Friend of *Therames*, and the other had assured her of the Love of *Philintus*, in a manner, which left her no room to doubt, if she had not something more than bare Conjecture for that Assertion. Her Eyes, however, were endeavouring to search in those of *Philintus* the Certainty of a Truth so necessary to her Repose, when she found that Sadness there, which had been occasioned by the Discourse of *Felician*.

The Change she saw in him very much disquieted her; and as it is common with Love to render his Votaries most wretched in Imagination, when in reality they are most happy, *Philintus* supposed that *Flora's* Reserve that Day proceeded from her Expectation of his Rival; and that beautiful Maid imputed his Melancholy to the little Charms he found in that Place. These Sentiments in both, rendred the Conversation very dull on one part and the other: *Felician*, taken up with her Meditations, said little; and *Therames*, studying by what means he should oblige *Philintus* to explain himself, walked without speaking one Word; and *Theomira* was the only Person whose Thoughts were enough at Liberty to wonder at the Behaviour of the others. Some Friends, however, coming unexpectedly in, relieved her from the Perplexity she was in, and gave *Therames* an Opportunity to draw *Philintus* apart, that he might entertain him without Witnesses.

As he had the same Design, they were immediately separated from the others; and when they were at too great a Distance to be over-heard; Well, my dear *Philintus*, said *Therames*, what do you think



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of *Felliciana* and *Flora*? do you not find something singular in your Adventure with them?

I think, replied *Philintus*, that you are extremely happy, to possess, whenever you please, the Company of Persons of such Merit; and that, if I were to follow the Dictates of my Heart, it would be never to be separated from them. Now I should be charmed, resumed *Therames*, looking earnestly on him, if such a thing might happen! I should have no need to regret that I have been so long a time without testifying to you the Esteem which is your Due, if the Moment of our re-establishing our Friendship might render you Possessor of the incomparable *Flora*. So kind a Wish, said *Philintus*, engages me to confess to you, that never Man was inflamed with a more violent Passion than I am for that lovely Maid; but for her Possession, continued he, with a deep Sigh, it would ill become you to flatter me, since you know she is already destined for another.

*Therames* appeared a little surpris'd at these Words, and demanding the Reason of them, the other declared to him the Beginning and Progress of his Passion, and what he had overheard of his Conversation with *Felliciana*, when he sought an Opportunity of speaking to him alone.

Those cruel Words, continued he, having destroyed all the Hope I had conceived, makes me look on my Acquaintance with these Ladies, with Eyes less content than yours. Oh! said *Therames*, with a Smile, I have no Design to be content alone; and since by an Accident you are informed of part of what I had to say to you, I have nothing now to tell you but what is agreeable.

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able. My dear *Philintus*, continued he, you have charmed *Felicianna*, and she wishes nothing more ardently, than to give you with her Daughter that Fortune which *Gerastus* preserved for her: Her sole Disquiet is the Fear that *Flora* has not been able to inspire you with the same Sentiments, or that you are already under some other Engagement. Therefore, if your Sentiments correspond with her's, your Happiness is certain: It is true that *Theomira* and my self, having long been intimate with this agreeable Family, I was desirous of having *Flora* married to a young Gentleman whom I very much esteem; and that *Felicianna* had promised to receive him, on my Recommendation, for her Son-in-law; but the Advances I made to him on that score, having been answered in a manner which absolves me from taking any farther notice of the Affair, there is nothing to hinder you from taking his Place; and I cannot but say I am heartily glad of the Negligence he has shewn, since it gives me occasion to render you the like Service.

He must be as passionately in Love as *Philintus* was, who can conceive the Excess of his Joy at this Discourse; it shewed it self with that Vchেমence, that he talked with *Theomira* for a long time as if he had been speaking to *Felicianna* or her Daughter. This sincere Friend, to complete his Happiness, assured him that the Day should not pass over, without the Determination of every thing he desired; and with this they went and rejoined the Company. The present Satisfaction, that reigned in the Mind of the transported *Philintus*, having intirely banished all the Heaviness that lately hung upon his Brow; he now appeared

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with all his Graces to the Eyes of *Flora* and *Felician*. This latter not doubting but *Therames* had spoke to him, by the Looks of both the one and the other, gave *Philintus*, as soon as she could conveniently, an Opportunity of entertaining her: He failed not to take the Advantage, and disguising nothing of his Sentiments, had the Pleasure to find they were approved. This Lady, willing to testify how much she desired the Completion of his Wishes, made *Flora* be called; and taking her by the Hand, Daughter, said she smiling, to punish you for not making me the Confident of your secret Inclination, I command you to receive *Philintus* for your Husband, and to tell him, before me, that you love him, as much as you are beloved.

Ah! charming *Flora*, cried *Philintus*, make not this Confession through Obedience—— Let me rather renounce all the Felicity that is promised me, than owe it to any other Motive than your Inclination. This lovely Maid had been so confus'd during the Discourse of her Mother, that all her Face was covered with a Fire which redoubled that of her Eyes; but seeing in those of *Felician*, that she expected she should explain her self; The Commands of Madam, replied she, never were a Constraint upon me, and since it is her Will, I confess that I joyfully submit to the Orders she now gives me. *Philintus* could find no Words to thank this ready Condescension in both: He threw himself at their feet, and sometimes embracing the Knees of the Mother, and sometimes those of the Daughter, more testified his Gratitude by those silent Transports, than he could have done by the most eloquent Expressions.

*Felician*

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*Felician*a embraced him ; and to add to his Felicity, left him at Liberty to entertain the beautiful *Flora* alone, who seeing nothing to hinder her from making known her Tenderness, took no care to conceal it from him who had inspired her with it. Never were there more happy Moments than those the enamoured *Philintus* and his charming Mistress enjoy'd : *Therames* and *Theomira* took a sincere part in their Contentment, and to render it perfect, resolved to return to *Caën* to hasten the Nuptials, which was executed without any delay three Days afterwards.

After they had satisfied all the necessary Formalities on these Occasions, when one of the Parties is at a distance from his Habitation, the Marriage was solemnized with all the Magnificence befitting Persons of Condition. *Philintus* remained near two Months at *Caën* with his fair Spouse ; but his domestick Affairs recalling him to *Paris*, he prepared every thing for their Departure, and that of *Felician*a who would not be separated from them.

During his Sojourn with *Therames*, he had often pressed to know the Name of the Person for whom he had designed *Flora* before his Arrival ; but *Therames* always excused himself, telling him he would not give him any Occasion for Coldness to a Man whom he might possibly some time or other be acquainted with ; and as his Friend was ignorant of the Name of *Flora*, it was just her Husband should be so of his, to the end neither might have any Thoughts of the matter if they should ever meet, which was not at all improbable. *Philintus*, whose Desires were always regulated by Reason, yielded to that of his Friend, and so intirely abolished

lished all Curiosity on that Article, that he never mentioned it even to *Flora*, who on her part had so little Relish for that Marriage, that she had almost forgot it had ever been talked on to her.

*Philintus* having found the Servant whom he left at *Caën*, without hearing any News of *Trafimont*, began a little to resent the Indifference he shewed on his Account, and returned to *Paris* after three Months Absence: He could not however so much banish the Remembrance of their former Friendship, as to neglect sending to his House to inquire if the Domesticks he had left behind had any certain Intelligence of him; and from the Person whom he employ'd in this Message, he learnt that he had arrived just eight Days before, and to his great Surprise that he was married.

This News made him judge that he had too much Business on his Hands to think of ought beside; and all his Anger was in a moment dissipated; he ran to his House impatient to embrace him; and *Trafimont* no sooner perceived him, than receiving him with open Arms; Ah, my dear *Philintus*, cry'd he, I have changed my Sentiments, and am in a Confusion at the sight of you, which merits more your Pity than your Indignation.

I pardon every thing, reply'd *Philintus*, since you are married; but 'tis on Condition that we resume our former Friendship, and that our Wives shall be united in the same Amity we are. What! cry'd *Trafimont*, are you also married? Yes, reply'd *Philintus* laughing, your Forgetfulness of me has procured me a Wife with whom I am enchanted! — A Wife who is in every thing just such a one as I always said I could alone make



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make my Choice; and as I hear yours is extremely amiable, I ardently wish they may love each other no less than we have done.

I am too much ravished with this News, said *Trafimont*, to be wanting in my Acknowledgments to her who has made you change your State: My Spouse is gone out, but the moment she returns we will wait upon you. *Philintus* was unwilling to yield to him in Politeness, and therefore intreated that *Flora* might prevent her; but he was obliged to submit to what the other had resolved. With this they parted, and *Philintus* went home to prepare *Flora* for this Visit, which he told her would be made by the Wife of the dearest Friend he had on Earth, who had been married in his Absence.

He had scarce finished his Discourse when he saw *Trafimont*, holding *Eliza* by the Hand: the two Ladies embraced, as Persons who mutually wished to be more nearly acquainted, and said a thousand obliging Things on the Beauty of each other. But when in talking familiarly, *Philintus* called *Trafimont* by his Name, and *Trafimont*, *Philintus*, the beautiful *Eliza* and *Flora* blushed so excessively, and appeared in so great a Perplexity, that their Husbands seized with a sudden Motion of Jealousy, of which they were not Masters, asked pretty hastily, and both at once, what had occasioned the Trouble they saw in them. The modest *Flora* had not the Power of answering first, but *Eliza* more gay and assured, cry'd presently, I am ignorant of the Motive of Madam's Confusion; but I confess mine arises at the Name of *Philintus*, it being that of the Cavalier for whom my Brother designed

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me, before the Arrival of my dear *Trafimont* at *Amontville*.

A like Accident occasioned my Surprise, said *Flora*, the Name of *Trafimont* having been often repeated by *Therames* to *Felician*a and myself, as that of the Person he wished to be my Husband. What, was it at the House of *Therames* you were married? What, is it the Sister of *Lisidor* you have espoused? cry'd *Trafimont* and *Philintus* both together. Indeed, added the former, this is the most pleasant Adventure in the World: I find, my dear *Philintus*, we have both married the intended Wife of the other. Then the two Friends made a reciprocal Detail of all had happened to each since their Departure from *Paris*, acknowledging that by a happy Exchange they had met with those who alone had the Power to make them blest, and that a Wisdom superior to their own had ordered Things in this manner for their common good. And this Example may serve as a proof that the Premeditations of Man, however certain they may appear, can never have any other End than that which Providence thinks fit to give them.





THE  
TRIUMPH *of* VIRTUE.

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NOVEL V.

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**I**N one of the most beautiful Cities in all France, after that of *Paris*, lived two Sisters, to whom I shall give the Names of *Lucinda* and *Dorothea*. *Lucinda* was a Widow, rich, handsome, and of an Age which had not yet deprived her of the Pleasure of being admired, tho' she was past what we call Youth. Their Parents being dead, *Dorothea*, who was in her Bloom of Beauty, thought her Innocence could no where find a more safe and honourable Asylum than the House of *Lucinda*, who, being many Years older, was regarded by her more like a Mother than a Sister.

*Lucinda* was infinitely pleased, that *Dorothea* preferred her House to a Convent, which had been the only Re-

treas

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treat she could have chose if she had been without a Sister, having no Aunt nor any old Person of her Kindred living ; but natural Affection had the least part in the Satisfaction of this Widow : She loved the Gaieties of the World, and her Age not permitting her, without incurring Censure, to enjoy them in so full an Extent as she desired, she imagined the Company of the young *Dorothea* would deliver her from this Constraint ; and that, being a very celebrated Beauty, she could not fail of attracting a great number of Adorers, and by consequence all the Amusements which ordinarily attend Love and Galantry.

In this View, she received with open Arms the beautiful *Dorothea*, who sensible of the kind Welcome of her Sister, answered it by all that Gratitude and Friendship could inspire, tho' she presently perceived that the difference of their Characters and Inclinations would one Day create a Misunderstanding between them in effect : Never Humours were more opposite, *Lucinda* was gay, thoughtless, and passionate ; a great Coquet, and willing to purchase Admiration at what rate soever : *Dorothea*, on the contrary, was meek, humble, modest, reserved, and more careful to conceal the precious Gifts she had received from Nature, than *Lucinda* was to augment her's by all the helps of Art. The one, thinking all Merit consisted in a beauteous Outside, took no care of embellishing the interior Part ; the other, regarding the Charms of her Person with an intire Indifference, spent the best part of her Time in cultivating her Mind, and so improved herself in the most valuable and lasting Accomplishments, that few, if any, ever arrived nearer to Perfection. To give her  
true

true Character, one must say that her *Beauty* could alone be exceeded by her *Wit*, and her *Wit* by her *Piety*, and that her *Charity* was the Crown of her other admirable Qualities.

'Tis easy, therefore, to imagine that *Dorothea*, such as I have described her, could not live with *Lucinda* in the Fashion with which that Lady had flattered herself: The one loved Company, the other Solitude; *Lucinda* fulfilled the Duties of Religion for the sake of Form, *Dorothea* through Inclination; and while a continual Round of gay Delights employed *Lucinda's* Hours, *Dorothea* was prostrate at the foot of the Altar, or visiting and relieving the Sick and Miserable.

This Behaviour, so rare to be found in a Person of her Age, in spite of all the care she took to keep it secret, was immediately noised through all the Town, by the Praises of those who considered it with a due Admiration, or by the Raileries of *Lucinda*, who surprised to the greatest degree, to find in her Sister a Disposition so little favourable to her Desires, incessantly ridiculed the Severity of her Manners, and her Contempt of the World: And as many came to visit her, in the hope of obtaining a Sight of this incomparable Maid, she thought she could not better excuse herself for not being able to prevail on her to appear, than by lanching out a thousand biting and satirick Reflexions on her Conduct. Several were of her Opinion, and briskly criticised on this Fondness of Devotion, which they went so far as even to term Hypocrisy; but the most understanding among them, seemed neither to admire, nor disapprove it, and contented themselves with believing that the Youth and little Experience of *Doro-*  
*thea*



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*thea* had not yet given her a Relish for the Pleasures of the World, and that a few more Years would make a Change in her Inclinations.

This beautiful and discreet Lady was punctually informed of all was said at her Sister's in her Absence, by some Friends who knew her Value, and perfectly esteemed her; but she remained unshaken at all their Discourses; and without being disturbed at what Names they gave her Piety, continued as she had begun. *Lucinda* perceiving her Company every Day diminished, because they never found her lovely Sister with her, grew almost outrageous, and resolved to make a Change in *Dorothea*, whatever should be the consequence; and believing Love would be the most certain Means, set her whole Wits to work to bring in her way some handsome young Cavalier, whom she thought most capable of inspiring her with that Passion.

*Cleander* is the Name I shall give to the most agreeable of all those who frequented the House of *Lucinda*: He was a Person formed by Nature to attract Hearts the least sensible of Tenderness: His Birth was illustrious, his Fortune very great, and the Qualities of his Mind infinitely superior to all his other Advantages. A Lady, with whom *Lucinda* was extremely intimate, had introduced him to her Acquaintance; and as he was the most agreeable Companion, and followed to all those Places, where he was familiar enough to engage a Welcome for his Friends, he had formed a select Assembly who accustomed themselves to pass two Days every Week at *Lucinda's* in all the various Pleasures that Wit, Wealth and Gaiety can invent or procure. But the greatest part of them not seeing *Dorothea*, unless

less by chance, and beginning to be tired of the Widow's Company, came not so often; *Cleander* alone was constant in his Visits being attached by particular and secret Reasons: The Beauty of *Dorothea* had found the way to his Heart, and tho' her Austerity made him fear a Declaration of that nature would have little Effect, yet the favourable Reception that her Sister gave him, made him conceive some hope of being more successful through her means.

He was, however, in the utmost *Dilemma* how to acquaint her with it; he knew not how far he could depend on her Integrity; and feared she might betray him to that Lady, by whom he had been brought acquainted with her, and with whom he had an Intrigue, of which *Lucinda* was the only Confident. Things were in this Situation, when the Widow had taken a Resolution to prove if the Devotion of *Dorothea* would be sufficient to defend her from the Assaults of Love: *Cleander* was the Person on whom she cast her Eyes; but tho' she scrupled not to expose the Reputation of her Sister, she did to engage him in this Enterprize without the Consent of her Friend; and looking on this Affair only as a kind of Sport, which gave an equal Diversion to them all three, she concluded to propose it to her. To this end, one Day when they were together, and the Conversation falling on *Dorothea*, as it often did in censuring her Conduct; I protest, said *Lucinda*, I am exasperated at her Behaviour, and cannot persuade myself but there is more of Grimace than Reality in it — Every one has their Whim; — that of my Sister is to pass for a Saint.

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I am convinced of it, replied *Celiana*, for so the Mistress of *Cleander* was called, and should rejoice to see this pretended high Virtue fall into the same Errors with those of an inferior Reputation. Let us make Trial, cry'd *Lucinda* hastily; for I am very much deceived if a Lover would not confound all this Devotion. — *Cleander* is the most proper Person in the World to act the Part I would put upon him — let him counterfeit a Passion for her but for two Days only, and I dare answer we shall have the Satisfaction of knowing that *Dorothea* is like others of her Sex. I consent, said *Celiana*, and would to greater Matters for the Discovery of the Sentiments of this young *Prude*. Nothing can be more affronting to us, than to see her contemn our Amusements as so many Crimes, and give herself an Air of Wisdom as if we were unworthy of her Company — Let us abate this Pride a little, my dear *Cleander*, continued she, constrain yourself for four and twenty Hours to procure us this Triumph.

*Cleander*, who had listned to all this Conversation without speaking one Word, and was shocked to perceive to what a height the Envy and Malice of these Ladies extended, reply'd but coldly to the Proposal of *Celiana*; but finding himself much pressed, and judging that entring into their Scheme, might perhaps afford him an Opportunity of declaring the Truth of his Sentiments to *Dorothea*, he complied with it in the end, and promised to begin to appear as they desired that very Day, if they would furnish him with the means; *Dorothea* not being easy of Access, without some particular Circumstance should interfere.

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On this, *Lucinda* told him that she would take an occasion of leaving them together ; but, continued she, how shall we hear the Discourse you have with her without being seen ? for it would deprive us of half the Pleasure we propose, if we are not Witnesses of the Answers will be made to your Addressee by this young Hypocrite. *Cleander* wished they would have been content on this Article, but finding it impossible, agreed that they should stand close to the Arras which parted the Parlour from the Drawing-Room, and be Witnesses of all that passed : He was obliged to consent to every thing they injoin'd, with a seeming Readiness, to give the less Suspicion to *Celiana*, who already began to think his Affection to her was diminished.

Having thus determined, there was nothing wanting but the means of bringing them together ; but as nothing is difficult to a Woman, when she sets about the Destruction of another ; and these two having clubbed Wits on this occasion, the innocent *Dorothea* not suspecting the Snare laid for her, was not on her guard, and consequently could not well escape it.

The next Day being the Time prefixed for this Scene, *Cleander* pass'd the Night in a serious Examination of the Action he was about to do : He loved *Dorothea*, but there was too great a Disproportion between them in Birth and Fortune, for him to think of marrying her ; not being yet arrived at that Perfection of Passion, which makes the Person possess of it think nothing too much to sacrifice to the darling Object : He knew, however, that he ought not to address her on any score but what was honourable, if she were in reality so wise and modest as she appeared, and that  
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it did not become a Man of Honour to attempt the Ruin of Innocence.

These Reflexions held him a long time in suspense, but at length, Youth, Inclination, the natural Warmth of his Temper, and the Pleasure of making a new Conquest, triumphed over all other Considerations, and his first Delicacy yielded to the Resolution of performing, as well as he was able, the Part injoin'd him by *Lucinda* and *Celiana*.

With Thoughts like these he quitted his Bed ; but an Accident, at that time unforeseen, soon after wrought a Change in him. Happening to go to Church that Morning, he, saw the pious *Dorothea* ; she was plainly drest, and without any other Ornaments than those she had received from Nature ; her Prayer-book was in her Hand, on which her Eyes were stedfastly fixed, her modest Wishes had but one Object, and searched not after others, therefore perceived not him, nor the Admiration with which he regarded her : He carefully observed her every Motion, he saw her approach the holy Altar ; and following her Steps and kneeling near her, heard her pray with a Fervour free from Affectation, free from any wandring Thoughts, and in a manner too edifying not to be sincere.

This Sight renewed his former Scruples ; he felt his Respect augment with his Love, and never Man sustained more cruel Conflicts in his Mind, than did *Cleander* at this moment. Her Devotion ended, he followed her at a little Distance out of the Church ; and perceiving she did not go the Way that led to *Lucinda's*, a sudden Motion of Curiosity made him resolve to see where she went, and keeping her still  
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in view, saw her pluck her Hood over her Face, and enter a House whose outside promised nothing of Condition for the Inhabitants. The Door was open, and he pursued her into the Passage, which was narrow and obscure, and heard her go up stairs to the Top of the House: He still continued in his Concealment, tho' he staid long enough to make him impatient; but she returning at last, he suffered her to pass by him, and the moment she was gone out, went up the same stairs, and coming to the Room, at which he imagined she had stoped, knocked in his turn; the Door was presently opened, and the most melancholy Spectacle he had ever beheld, now presented it self to his Eyes; an old Man decrepid with Age and Sickness, groaning on a heap of straw upon the Floor, a young Woman encompassed with six Children half naked, and a Maid of about thirteen or fourteen, in the same Condition. He thought at first he had mistaken the Door, and could not, without Hesitation, demand of these miserable People, if it was from them that a young and beautiful Lady had just gone?

Alas! it was an Angel, replied the Woman, letting fall some Tears; I know not by what means she had knowledge of our Wretchedness, but she came not only to console us, but to relieve us with ten Pistoles, that I might provide for my Father and my Children, who by a strange Misfortune have lost all their Substance. *Cleander's* Surprise redoubled at what he heard, and then asked if they knew the Name of their Benefactress; to which the old Man answered that they did not, but that she had promised to visit them again.

Struck with the utmost Admiration at a Charity so pure and so extensive, he would not leave that Place without contributing to the Work of Piety she had begun : and having taken ten *Lewis-d'or's* out of his Purse, gave it to the old Man, saying, She charged me to give you this Sum to buy your self a Bed, and to clothe your Children ; and with these Words went out of the Room, not to hear the Thanks and Blessings of this astonished Family.

The Virtue of *Dorothea* now shone too clearly in his Eyes, to suffer him to make a doubt of it as he had done before ; and he now for the first time was persuaded that he could make no Alliance so noble or so happy as with a Person of that Character ; therefore resolved to neglect nothing for that end, and for a Beginning, to deceive those Ladies who had engaged him to deceive her.

In the mean time, the truly amiable *Dorothea* had no sooner left these unhappy People, than she considered her Charity had been too limited, that they would doubtless employ the Money she had given them in Eatables, without thinking on their other Wants ; she therefore went directly to an Upholder, and a Stuff-shop, where she bought a Bed, and very decent Clothing for all the Family, and making it be brought with her, returned to their House ; but when she appeared with this Furniture, the poor Woman threw herself at her feet, telling her it was too much, and that the ten *Lewis-d'or's* she sent by the Cavalier, was sufficient for all their Necessities.

This Discourse amazed *Dorothea*, and demanding the Explanation, they told her in what manner *Glenn-*

der had given them that Sum, and as he was magnificently habited, and of too graceful a Person not to be remarked; they gave her an exact Description of him, but this beautiful Maid having never much regarded any of the Company that came to her Sister, was as much in the dark as before, not being able to guess who should have made use of her Name in so good a Work, or indeed knew of her being there: She assured them however, that she had no part in the Charity of that Cavalier, but was extremely glad to have excited so much Piety in their favour; and then having left the Moveables with them, retired full of fear that there was some Snare laid for her under this mask of Charity, which as yet she could not comprehend.

The deep Reflexions she had on this Adventure, made her appear more serious than ordinary, in the eyes of *Lucinda* and *Celiana*, with whom she dined; the Cloth was scarce taken away, when they were told that *Cleander* was come to visit them, on which *Dorothea* according to her Custom was about to retire, when *Lucinda*, assuming an Air of Authority said to her, Stay! some important Business obliges me to go to my Closet with *Celiana*; I desire you will keep *Cleander* Company till we return, and for once shew me this Complaisance.

I am always ready to obey you, replied *Dorothea*, with the most charming Sweetness; and if my Conversation may recompense *Cleander* for the want of yours, I shall not refuse to entertain him. *Lucinda* answered these Words no otherwise than by a Smile full of Contempt, and after some Excuses to *Cleander* for being obliged

obliged to leave him for a moment, and an Intreaty to wait till their Return, they both went out of the Room.

The beautiful *Dorothea* knew very well that true Modesty had nothing of Fierceness in it, and that it was the Perfection of Virtue to conceal the Severity of it, remained alone with *Cleander* with as much Tranquillity in her Mind, as he had Distraction in his: He was near a quarter of an Hour without opening his Mouth, but regarded her all that time with so fixed an Earnestness, that she durst not cast her Eyes towards him. In fine, this charming Maid not knowing to what Cause she should impute this Silence, was preparing to break it first, when having looked more fully upon him, she found his Person and Habit so exactly conformable to the Picture given her by the old Man and poor Woman, that she could not doubt if they were the same: This Idea made her blush in such a manner, that *Cleander* could not but perceive it, and taking this occasion to speak, You are so little accustom'd, Madam, said he, to the Conversation of our Sex, that to find your self alone with one of us, is a kind of an Offence to your Austerity; but if you were sensible of the perfect regard I have for you, you would find no Cause to blush for the Honour you do me. *Dorothea* having time to examine him more heedfully during this Discourse, was the more confirmed that he was the Person described to her, who had given the ten *Lewis-d'or's*, and began to conceive a very great Esteem for him; but not discovering that she guessed at any thing he had done on that score, answered him readily, that she did not imagine she

was either more wise, or more modest than other People; but if she even had that Opinion, she knew no Cause there was to be ashamed of being with him.

The Beginning of this Conversation preparing her for nothing which she ought not to hear, she continued it without Constraint on all the Subjects which *Cleander* started, and discovered such an Infinity of Wit and Delicacy, that he was no longer able to restrain his Love and Admiration; Incomparable *Dorothea*! cried he, how happy, how full of Charms are all the moments passed with you! and how blessed should I think my self, if all mine were consecrated to you! *Dorothea*, a little surpris'd at this Transport, was going to reply, when *Cleander* prevented her, saying in a low Voice, Interrupt me not yet, I conjure you, Oh most divine *Dorothea*; I have a thousand things of Importance to communicate to you — but we may be overheard, and this Moment is precious to me, therefore permit me to employ it in telling you I adore you, and that with my whole Fortune I offer you my Heart and my Faith.

In the Name of that high Virtue which renders you the most perfect Person upon Earth, I intreat you not to disdain a Man who is ready to sacrifice himself to the least of your Desires — I have strong Reasons for speaking thus low to you — I am not in a Place where I can inform you as I ought, or as I would do, of the great Regard and Reverence you have inspired me with — Think not, therefore, that I am indebted to Chance for this Instant of your Conversation, but that there are Persons who have not that Respect for your Merits which is their due.

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The beautiful *Dorothea* was in so great a Consternation at this Discourse, that she suffered him to proceed without offering to interrupt him; but having a little recovered her self, and comprehending by what he said, that there was some Mystery concealed in the Order *Lucinda* had given, she thought best to answer him in the same Voice in which he had spoke: I protest to you, said she, this is an Entertainment which I little expected to receive; not that I am one of those who cannot hear such Declarations without Rage. Tho' I have not been at all conversant in the great World, I am not so ignorant of the Practice, as not to know a Maid of my Age is often exposed to these sorts of Galantry; neither did I flatter my self with being exempted; therefore shall testify no Disdain in my Looks, nor Indignation in my Words; satisfied with the Tranquillity of my own Mind, shall content my self with telling you, I am sorry for the Error into which you have fallen, if you believed it in your power to inform me; and yet more sorry, if you speak sincerely.

In concluding these Words, she rose out of her Chair, and without showing the least Alteration in her Countenance, made him a Curtesy full of Respect, and went out of the Room, neither very slow, nor too precipitately; leaving him so struck with Love, Grief, and Astonishment, that *Lucinda* and her Friend, who found *Dorothea* was departed, surprised him before he was able to recover himself.

These two Ladies, who could hear nothing of the latter part of their Conversation, tho' they had listened with all their Attention, demanded of the Cavalier with  
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an equal Impatience, what had pass'd ? and why he had spoke in such a manner as they could understand nothing of what was said ? Their Questions having roused him from his Meditations, and the difference between their Characters and that of the amiable *Dorothea* making him not endure to look on them, I spoke, said he, coldly, in my ordinary Voice, she answered me in the same Tone, and it is not my Fault if our Discourse escap'd you. But, continued he, I wou'd have you beware how you expose me any more to such like Adventures ; and having pronounc'd these Words, quitted them the same instant.

*Celiana* would have detain'd him, but in vain, and in spite of her Efforts, and those of *Lucinda*, he went out of the House without any farther Ceremony. This Behaviour made them imagine that *Dorothea* had given him some ill Treatment, and that he was a little disgusted with them for obliging him to submit to it ; however, they only laughed, not in the least doubting but that the one had as much of his Love, and the other of his Friendship, as ever ; but a very short time convinced both that they were deceived in this Point. *Cleander* made this a Pretence for breaking off his Acquaintance, and never afterward went either to the House of *Celiana* nor *Lucinda*, but was intirely taken up with contemplating the Perfections of *Dorothea*, and in seeking occasions to see her.

Near eight Days had pass'd over since the Declaration of his Love, in all which time he was never to be found but in Churches, Hospitals or Prisons, Places which *Dorothea* constantly visited to employ her Cha-

city; but tho' he followed exactly her Steps, and she saw him where-ever she went, she took such Precautions that it was impossible to speak to her.

*Celiana* quite distracted to find herself forsaken, was not long before she heard in what Places he now past his Time: The World who attributed to pious Motives his Assiduity among the Sick and Poor, and his constant Attendance on Divine Service, talked loudly in his Praise; but *Lucinda* and the Jealous Mistress imputed this Fit of Devotion to another Cause, and did not fail to spread the Rancour of their Censure to all those of a Disposition to believe them: We are deceived, said *Celiana* one day to *Lucinda*; — I am betray'd: *Cleander* loves your Sister, he is beloved by her; and 'tis to abuse us they affect those Virtues in publick, which in private they are far from practising. The Sentiments of *Lucinda* were too conformable to those of her Friend for her to offer any thing in opposition to them, and judging the innocent *Dorothea* by herself, she confirmed the Suspicions of *Celiana* by Invectives as bitter against them both, as if like her she too had lost a Lover.

But these virulent Discourses were not sufficient to content Persons so malicious in their Nature: They wanted a more complete Revenge: No less wou'd serve them than to surprise the two Lovers together, and expose them to publick Contempt and Ridicule. The Idea that they should be able some time or other to obtain this Pleasure, suspended their Fury that they had yet been so little able to triumph; and they resolved to be such constant Spies upon their Actions,  
that

that not the most minute shou'd scape their Penetration. While they were forming this Design, *Cleander* and *Dorothea* pursu'd the Tracts they had begun, the one in using the utmost of his Efforts to see and speak to her; and the other to keep him as much as possible from both. The latter was most successful, and the passionate Lover, perceiving all he could do of himself was unavailing, resolved to have recourse to the Friendship of a Lady, who he knew was greatly prized by *Dorothea*, as well on the account of her great Virtue, as the long Acquaintance between them.

But not being sufficiently known to present himself before her without Permission, he wrote to intreat the Favour of seeing her in private on an Affair of the utmost Importance. *Alcina*, for so she was called, received the Letter, and as *Cleander* was of a Birth which commanded Respect, and she of an Age which subjected her not to certain Fears, she made no difficulty of granting him the Audience he desired; ordering the Messenger to assure him he might come that instant; that he wou'd find her alone, and might take all liberty of speaking what he had to say.

He no sooner received this Answer than he went immediately to her House, and when the Compliments were over on one side and the other, he changed the Conversation, and, without making any long Prelude, acquainted her with the Beginning and the Progress of his Love for *Dorothea*, and the Resolution he had taken to espouse her; then conjur'd her to assist him in a Design which had nothing in it disadvantageous to the Sister of *Lucinda*; and to prevail with her to

give him Permission to assure her of the Purity of his Desires. *Alcina* found so much Wisdom and Honour in the Words of *Cleander*, and his Alliance appear'd so considerable for *Dorothea*, that she readily promised to serve him to the utmost in this Affair, not imagining there could be any Obstacle to a thing which she thought was rather to be wished than refused. *Cleander*, perfectly satisfy'd with her Behaviour towards him, thank'd her in the most obliging Terms, and beseech'd her to neglect nothing that might again forward an Union to which all his Happiness was attach'd. This Lady, who found the Excess of his Passion by his manner of expressing himself, cou'd not forbear smiling at his reiterated Intreaties; and having assured him of her Endeavours, desired he would trust the Management intirely to her; and hoped in a little time she shou'd be able to bring him pleasing News. The enamour'd *Cleander*, transported with Joy, took his Leave of her for that time, to deliver himself to the sweet Ideas with which he now began to flatter himself.

But his Difficulties were not so near an End as he suppos'd; *Dorothea* thought not in the same manner he did: He imagin'd that Love wou'd make all the Happiness of his Life; and she, that Heaven alone ought to decide her Fate. This beautiful Lady went the same Day to visit *Alcina*; as she had expected her, she took care to be alone, that she might entertain her without Witnesses: *Alcina*, tho' pretty well advanced in Years, and a Woman of strict Virtue, was yet of a Humour extremely gay, and had in her Conversation that



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that Agreeableness which never grows old, nor cloy  
in the Enjoyment.

When she had embraced *Dorothea*, and they had taken their Seats, this Lady regarding her with a Smile; You are very secret, said she, to hear Declarations of Love without venturing to make even me your Confident: Indeed, I know not whether I ought to pardon you this want either of Trust in me, or due Consideration of your Lover; for, methinks, such an one as *Cleander* well deserves you should speak of him. I believe, replied *Dorothea*, a little surprised, that one has need of Confidents when one would preserve a Lover, or cement an Intrigue; but it would have been very trifling in me to entertain you with a thing that was indifferent to me, when I had others of more moment to speak upon.

My dear *Dorothea*, interrupted *Alcina*, let us banish all Prevarication and Constraint between us: I began in jest, but I will finish in earnest what I had to say to you on the score of *Cleander*: Then, without giving her time to reply, she gave her a Detail of the Visit of *Cleander*, and all he had told her concerning the Proceedings of *Lucinda* and *Celiana*; and finding her somewhat shocked at so ungenerous Treatment from a Sister, she resumed her Discourse with the extreme Passion *Cleander* had for her; his Intentions, and the ardent Intreaties he had made that she would second him in his honourable Designs; and to procure an Interview for him in her Presence; and concluded with remonstrating to her the Honour of such an Alliance; adding, that it would be Prudence  
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in her to marry, her Beauty being capable of exposing her to Censure, in spite of all her Virtue ; that it was scarce possible for a Maid like her to preserve her Reputation without Blemish ; and that sooner or later the House of *Lucinda* would be fatal to her, if she did not consent to quit it honourably by espousing *Cleander*.

In fine, she made use of all the Arguments she was able in favour of Love and the Cavalier, to all which the amiable *Dorothea* listened without any other Change of Countenance than sometimes a Blush ; and perceiving she had done, It must be confessed, said that beautiful Lady, that very surprising things have happened to me within these few Days : *Cleander*, whom I scarce knew, no sooner had an Opportunity of speaking to me, than he made me a Declaration of Love ; and my dear *Alcina*, whom I have regarded from my Infancy, and looked on as the Supporter of my Innocence, presses me to give a favourable Answer to this presumptuous Lover—— Nothing, sure, can be more extraordinary ! However I must make known my Resolutions to *Alcina*, in order to rid my self of *Cleander* ; and will not therefore scruple to lay open my most secret Thoughts. I never loved the World, continued she, yet have no inclination for a Cloister ; persuaded that I might fulfil all the Duties of my Religion while left to my own Liberty, as in the most austere Restraint : You know the Conduct I have observed, and I believe I need not take any pains to justify it : You know also that I had never any inclination for Marriage ; the Conversations we have had

had together on that Subject have sufficiently informed you.

Not that I have any Contempt or Aversion for the sacred Ceremony, nor any Prejudice against Mankind in general: I dare believe there are many among them worthy the Attachment of the best of Women, and I am ready to allow *Cleander* of that Number; but that way of Life which pleases me, is so strongly incompatible with the Obligations of a Wife, that I can never resolve to be one. Absolute Mistress of the little Fortune Heaven has given me, I employ it without fear, or without scruple to relieve the Wants of the Poor. What Husband, how good soever he may be, will see, without murmuring, his Riches shared by Strangers? — The first Duty of a Wife is to please and obey her Husband; and to fulfil that I must forget my unhappy Fellow-Creatures, put a stop to my Charities, let the Wretched sigh in vain, and become so my self by the eternal Constraint to which I should be reduced — Or if my Zeal and Pity should transport me to succour the Afflicted, contrary to the Will of my Spouse, in what continual Jars and Discontents would my whole Life be pass'd? No, no, my dear *Alcina*, it shall never be said that for the sake of acquiring more Riches, I withhold the little I possess from those who stand in need of it.

*Cleander* is a Man of Pleasure: his Quality exacts Pomp and Ostentation, to which my Humour is absolutely oppos'd; I have no Ambition; I find my self happy as I am; and if the House of *Lucinda* becomes inconvenient to me, I can choose some other.

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I have no Love for *Cleander*, neither do I hate him; his Merit is not unknown to me; I esteem him accordingly, but cannot marry him, and conjure you to persuade him to give over his Pursuits; desire him from me no more to haunt my Steps, but to leave me in Tranquillity, and carry elsewhere those Vows, and that Heart which it is not in my Power to accept.

Adieu, my dear *Alcina*, continued she, rising from her Seat; I shall visit you no more, till you have assured me you have done with this Theme; and that I shall not need to apprehend hearing the Name of *Cleander* from your Mouth. With these Words she quitted the Apartment of *Alcina* so precipitately, that it was impossible for that Lady to detain her. She was extremely confused at the Behaviour of *Dorothea*, and doubted not of the firmness of her Resolution, by her manner of expressing it: She knew not whether she should most applaud or blame a Moderation so uncommon in her Sex and Age; but could not forbear pitying *Cleander*, and trembled to think what he must endure when he should be told the ill Success of her Commission.

He, on the other side, impatient for the Decision of his Fate, waited on her the next Day; and before she spoke, read part of his Misfortune in her Looks. In repeating the Words of *Dorothea*, she attempted not to soften the Severity of them; as believing it more friendly to let him know the worst at once, in order that he might use his utmost Efforts to banish from his Thoughts all unavailing Wishes, than

to preserve there a Hope, which, the longer it continued, would render the Disappointment more grievous to be borne at last. But her Narrative had an Effect quite the reverse of her Expectations ; every thing that charming Maid had said, served but to heighten her Idea in his Soul ; and far from lessening his Love and Esteem, made him but the more resolute to try all means of obtaining her. He spared nothing that he thought might engage *Alcina* to speak again in his behalf, and to prevail on her to suffer him to come when *Dorothea* was at her House ; but that Lady refused all his Intreaties, and told him that what would have been becoming in her to have done, if *Dorothea* had consented to receive him for her Husband, would now be indecent, and little agreeable to her Character. *Cleander*, now despairing to gain her Interest, resolved to be under no Obligations but to himself, for an Interview which he so passionately desired ; and for that end bethought him of a Stratagem no less bold than it was new, and of which nothing but the Extremity of his Passion could have rendered him capable. He knew very well how much *Dorothea* made the Miseries of other People her own, that it was sufficient to be afflicted to become her Care, and that her Charity was not confined to particular Objects, nor the diffusing it to one Hour more than another ; and on this he formed a Design of introducing himself to her under the Disguise of a Person proper to excite her Pity. He sent for a poor Woman, and having given her four *Leouis-d'ors* for her old ragged Clothes, dressed himself in them, and took



such proper measures to accommodate his Face to the rest of his Appearance, that it was utterly impossible for him to be known ; then went and placed himself under *Dorothea's* Window between twelve and one at Night, and began to groan in so sad and pitiable a manner, that the least Charitable might have been moved by it.

The House of *Lucinda* was disposed in such a fashion, that one part of it looked into the Street, and the other part was at some distance, and had its Prospect into a great Court-yard ; the Apartments of both sides joining by an Anti-Chamber common to each. *Lucinda's* Lodgings looked into the Court, and *Dorothea* made choice of the other, as being more convenient for her Exercises of Piety, having a Door at which she could go out and in at any time without being seen by the Family, and of which she always kept the Key: *Cleander* knew all this, and therefore took up his stand where he could not fail of succeeding in his Enterprize.

The beautiful *Dorothea*, intending to go to bed, had dismissed her Chamber-Maid, as she always did, that she might perform her Devotions without Witnesses ; but she was scarce on her Knees, before she heard the Lamentations of the counterfeit poor Woman, on which her Heart was instantly full of Tenderness and Compassion ; she rose from the Posture she was in, and opening the Window, beheld a Woman, as she imagined, lying cross the Step of the Door, with all the Symptoms of a dying Person : There needed no more to engage the Assistance of  
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this pious Maid ; she took a Candle and went softly down, where having opened the Door, spoke to the pretended Mendicant, consoled her supposed Misfortunes, and for the more effectual Relief of them, helped her to rise from that cold and comfortless Place ; and taking her under the Arm, supported her up the stairs, and conducted her to her Chamber that she might give her those Succours of which she seemed to stand in so much need. It was not very difficult for *Cleander* to continue his Deception in these Moments ; the action he was guilty of, the Innocence of *Dorothea*, and the Charms which in this negligent Dress offered themselves to his Eyes, had such an effect upon him, that his Limbs were hardly able to sustain his Weight. *Dorothea* having accustomed her self to these kind of Services, far from suspecting the true Cause of that universal trembling she perceived in the Object of her Compassion, imputed it to Poverty and Sickness ; and obliging the feigned Wretch to sit down, ran to her Cabinet, and brought what she thought was most proper to fortify the Heart, and was preparing to make her go into her Bed, on the side of which she intended to watch by her Patient ; when *Cleander*, thinking this a fit time to discover himself, fell at her feet, and in a Tone very different from that which had procured him this reception ; Cease, Madam, said he, to render me criminal by your excess of Goodness intended for another, and employ your Pity in listening to a Man, who without it must be a thousand times more miserable than any of those you would relieve.

The

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The first Words of *Cleander* surprised *Dorothea* in such a manner, that she remained immoveable in her Easy-Chair; and he, unwilling to give her time to interrupt him, continued in these Terms: The Excess of my Presumption, said he, makes me easily conceive that of your Astonishment; but Madam, permit me to accuse you of it; if you had not refused to see me at *Alcina's*, I never should have undertaken such an Enterprize; let me also assure you that if you are angry, it is Appearances alone that make you so. I love you, but I respect you also; and if I have assumed this Boldness to conjure you not to abandon me to Despair by refusing the Faith I offer you; I pretend not by uniting my self to you to be any hindrance to the Exercise of those Virtues which charm me yet more than your Beauty——— Yes, Madam, it is your Wisdom, your Modesty, and your Piety for which I adore you; and 'tis to support, and render them yet more illustrious, that I would make you absolute Mistress of all the Fortune I possess——— Think then, that in refusing what I offer, you deprive a thousand unhappy Wretches of the help you might afford them; that you diminish your Charity, and make an ill use of the Graces you have received from Heaven, to disdain the means I would put into your Power——— And in fine, Madam, pursued he, there would be some Cruelty in reducing to the greatest of Misfortunes a Man, who by his Love, Respect, and Purity of Intentions, is far from meriting it.

Here

Here he ceased to speak, and the wife *Dorothea*, whose Thoughts were divided between Gratitude and Indignation, was seeking for Terms proper to express both the one and the other, when she saw *Lucinda* and *Celiana* come into her Chamber. This last had staid to pass the Night with *Lucinda*; and as they were continually on the Watch to find out something in the Actions of *Dorothea*, which they might represent as criminal, and were not without suspicion that she gave private Admittance to *Cleander*, since they could no way discover she ever spoke to him in publick; they heard her go down stairs and open the Door, and coming round the House by a private Passage got near enough to know the Voice of *Cleander* in the latter part of his Discourse, tho' they could not directly distinguish what it was he said. This was all they wanted, and indeed sufficient for them to make the innocent *Dorothea* appear guilty of Hypocrisy in the eyes of the World: Each of them immediately snatched a Candle, and by a Master-Key which *Lucinda* had, entered the Anti-Chamber, which, as I have said, was between the two Apartments, and so came directly into the Chamber of *Dorothea*.

The Rancour of their Minds was presently manifested, not only in their Looks, but manner of Behaviour; having cast their Eyes on the pretended poor Woman, with the utmost spite, they set up a great Cry, which presently brought all the Domesticks into the Room, before whom these two enraged Ladies uttered the bitterest Invectives against the seeming Piety of *Dorothea*, who almost shocked to death to find her self thus defamed,

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defamed, would have got between these Furies and *Cleander*, in order to oblige him to quit the Chamber without being known ; but instead of taking that Opportunity, he plucked off his tattered Clothes, under which he was habited in his ordinary manner ; and throwing them at their Feet, Well, said he, in a Voice full of Indignation ; it is *Cleander*, who under that Disguise has found access to the admirable *Dorothea*, in hope to prevail on her to quit a Place so little worthy of her : And you, continued he, with a manner yet more disdainful than before, who are not capable of imitating her Virtues, blush at least to see the Respect they exact from those who know how to distinguish a Diamond from a Pebble. Madam, pursued he, addressing himself to *Dorothea*, flatter not your self with a belief that this Adventure will be concealed ; it will be diffused with the Beams of the Sun—— I cannot therefore think of leaving you in the Power of your Enemies ; and once more take the liberty of intreating you will give that Conclusion to this Affair, which the Malice of these Ladies has rendered no less necessary for your Glory, than for my Repose.

I am too much confused at what I have seen and heard, replied *Dorothea*, to be able to resolve on any thing—— You have greatly offended me, yet you endeavour to do me Honour ; my Displeasure and my Gratitude are equal—— I know not which will have the most Influence over me. Retire, nor augment, by your Presence, the Disorder of my Thoughts. Leave to my Innocence the Care of its own Vindication,



tion, and give me time to take such Resolutions as may render me worthy of your Esteem. In finishing these Words, she went into her Closet where she shut herself in, leaving *Lucinda* and *Celiana* confounded at her Moderation. As for *Cleander*, he quitted the Chamber without so much as honouring them with a Look, and tho' it was an Hour past Midnight went to the House of *Alcina*, whom he caused to be immediately awoke. This Lady judging it must be something of great Importance that had brought him at that Hour, ordered he should come in, and *Cleander* having informed her of all that had passed, intreated she would go to *Lucinda*, and make her sensible of the Injury she had done her Sister, and use her Endeavours to determine the irresolute *Dorothea* in his Favour.

*Alcina* blamed him exceedingly for having exposed that beautiful Lady to the Malice of her Enemies; but he so well knew how to excuse what he had done by the Violence of his Passion, that in the End he won her to his Interests, and not willing to delay her Endeavours for restoring Peace in the House where her dear *Dorothea* was, she commanded her Coach to be prepared while she dressed herself with all imaginable Expedition. Then desiring *Cleander* to wait her return, she went to *Lucinda*, whom she found in a high Quarrel with *Celiana*. This last, distracted to behold the respectful Love of *Cleander* for *Dorothea*, and the Contempt with which he had treated herself, vented all her Rage on *Lucinda*, reproached her as the sole Cause of the Change of her Lover, and did not scruple to tell her, that she believed she had contrived this Plot in concert

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concert with him on purpose to affront her, and magnify the Virtue of her Sister.

*Lucinda* picqued at the Injustice of her Suspicion, reply'd to it in very haughty Terms, and in her turn upbraided her Jealousy and Spite, which to oblige, said she, I consented to give all this Vexation to *Dorothea* in whom to speak truth, I see nothing but Innocence.

*Alcina* entered in this Moment of their Debate, and as she was a Woman respected by every Body they constrained themselves on seeing her appear. But she soon gave them to understand, that the Motive of their Dispute was also that of her coming at so extraordinary an Hour, and beginning under the Pretence of moderating the Displeasure she observed in both, prosecuted her Discourse as a Person whose Age and Rank intitled her to the Liberty of making Remonstrances. *Lucinda*, who already repented what she had done, listen'd to her with Submission ; but *Celiana* of a more fierce and resolute Nature, and also more touched with the Behaviour of *Cleander* whom she had loved with Passion, could ill endure any mention of his Name, or that of *Dorothea*, and took her Leave, protesting she never more would come into that House. *Lucinda* made no Efforts to detain her, and the virtuous *Alcina* so well reduced her Temper, that she confess'd all her Faults, and begg'd she would excuse her to *Dorothea*, and contribute all she could to render her sensible of the Honour of an Alliance with *Cleander*.

When *Alcina* perceived she was fixed in these Sentiments, she embraced her, and desired, she would accompany her to the Apartment of *Dorothea* ; she con-

sented

sented readily, and they found that beautiful Maid still sitting in her Chair, the Agitations of her Mind not permitting her to seek any Repose; she was at first a little surpris'd to see *Alcina* at that Hour, and *Lucinda* with an Air far different from that she had two Hours before. *Lucinda* advanced hastily to her, and taking her in her Arms, my dear *Dorothea*, said she, render yet more conspicuous that Virtue, which gave us so much Jealousy, in being able to forget the Faults I have committed against you. *Dorothea*, extremely touched with this Action, answered it but with the most endearing Caresses, and her Eyes all bathed in Tears testified a generous Soul is less sensible of Affronts than the Satisfaction made for them: *Alcina* then taking Advantage of this tender Moment, Amiable *Dorothea*, cry'd she, since you know how to pardon with so good a grace, grant us that of the noble, the worthy and the enamour'd *Cleander*, and repair all the Troubles you have caused by consenting to his Felicity.

*Lucinda* joined with her in this Petition, and both the one and the other pressed her in such a manner, that this charming Maid who had been struggling with the Reasons she had to render him happy, and those which hinder'd her from doing so, without being able to determine which of the two ought to recede to the other, declared at last in his Favour, and justly believed that it would be opposing the Will of Heaven to refuse a Good offered to her in so extraordinary a manner. *Alcina* charmed with her Success, sent the same Moment for *Cleander*, not being willing to quit the Place,  
'till

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'till she had seen the Tye between them confirmed beyond the Power of change of Sentiment to break. He came, and 'tis easy to judge of the Excess of his Joy by all that his Love had made him do: he was obliged however to set bounds to his Transports; the Modesty of *Dorothea* and his Respect for her not permitting him to give them full Liberty.

It was concluded among them, that the Ceremony of their Marriage should be delay'd no longer than for the necessary Preparations, which *Cleander* took care to hasten in such sort that it was celebrated in less than a Week; and he was peaceably possess'd of the beautiful and virtuous *Dorothea*, to whose Piety he so perfectly conformed, that their House was always the Asylum, and their Riches the Portion of the Poor and Wretched, who soon lost that Appellation when known to this incomparable Pair. *Lucinda* touched with so beautiful an Example endeavoured to imitate it, and seconded all they did with the utmost Zeal and Sincerity. Nor did Heaven with regardless Eyes behold the Piety of these three Persons, it was attended by a long Series of Prosperity and Honour, while *Celiana* giving a Loose to the Irregularities of her Mind, found herself plunged in all the Calamities of Fortune, and by the cruel Extremities she endured, contributed in spite of her to the Triumph of Virtue.



# THE GENEROUS CORSAIR.

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## NOVEL VI.

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**E**W People are ignorant that it is a Custom among the *Genoese* to bring up their Children from their very early Years in the Art of Navigation, and that the most illustrious Families are under the same Obligation with the meanest, to render themselves useful to the Republick, as soon as they are able to bear Arms; and it is to this Policy that they were indebted for the *Doria's*, the *Grimaldi's*, and many other great Admirals whose Names and Actions will never be forgot.

The celebrated *Morat*, who was born at *Genoa* in the Year 1604, had doubtless imitated those Heroes in  
favour



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favour of his Country, if by one of those turns of Fate which disappoint all the Efforts of human Prudence he had not been separated for ever from his Religion and the Republick. His Family was noble and allied to the most illustrious Houses in all *Genoa*; who, almost as soon as he could speak gave him Masters who might render him capable of one Day putting in Practice, the Theory of all useful Sciences and Accomplishments. His Inclination, and great Genius so well assisted the Intentions of his Father, that at the Age of Eleven he looked upon him as fit to make an Advantage of the Lessons he had received, and placed him with one of his Brothers, who was Captain of a Ship, that he might be early accustomed to all the Toils and Dangers of a Sea-faring Life. The young *Morat* obey'd with the same Readiness the Orders of his Uncle, as he had done those of his Masters; and a little time after the Senate having commanded this Captain to prepare his Vessel to go to *Constantinople*, he obtained by his Interest a Lieutenant's Commission for his Nephew, believing this Honour would double his Emulation, and add new Courage to his young Heart, already bold beyond his Age: They left *Genoa* after having received the necessary Instructions, and arrived at the Port without any Accident; during this Voyage *Morat* testified such an unwearied Application to the Instructions of the Pilot and the Mates, and so careful an Observance of all Variations of the Compass, and whatever regarded Sailing, that his Uncle and all the Officers judg'd he would be the most skilful Man of his Time.

However,

However, the Captain having Orders at his quitting *Constantinople* to cruize on the Coasts of *Barbary*, where the *Corsairs* infested all those of *Italy*, went with that design; but *Tunis*, *Algier*, and *Tripoly* being informed of it, sent Ships from their several Ports, under the Command of the Admiral *Mahomet Iouf*, whom they charged not to return without having made the *Genoese* their Prize.

As the *Turks* and *Italians* had the same Intention they were not long before they met; but the latter perceiving their Number, thought it most Prudence to avoid them, the Wind favouring that Purpose. But *Mahomet* being determined not to lose them, pursued them the whole Day and great part of the Night, the *Genoese* Vessel being lighter, and also having the Advantage of more able Sailors, kept out of reach, 'till to their great Misfortune the Wind changed, and by Break of Day they saw themselves encompassed by eight stout *Corsairs*. The *Genoese*, notwithstanding the Superiority of their Enemies, knowing themselves well equipp'd, well mann'd, and that there were on Board several young Noblemen, who had taken this Occasion of seeing the famous City of *Constantinople*, resolved to undertake the Combat; and the Captain who was sensible of their Valour, was the first to prompt and encourage them to it. *Morat* was not yet twelve Years old, but manifested a Courage not inferior to the most experienced and boldest among them.

In fine, the *Corsairs* attacked the *Genoese* vigorously, and they defended themselves so well, that in a short time two Ships of *Barbary* lost all their Sails, and one  
of

of *Tripoly* was sunk : This Beginning making *Mabomet* judge that the Cannon would not decide it in his favour, resolv'd to attempt to board the *Geneset* ; they had the Art to avoid him several times, but the Grapling-Irons of the Admiral at last succeeded : The *Turks* with their Cimeters in their Hands jumped immediately on Deck, and the *Christians* defended themselves as Men who were resolv'd to overcome or die : The young *Morat* performed Actions which equally astonish'd his own People and the *Corsairs*, who in spite of the Heat of the Combat remark'd with Admiration such Courage in such Youth, and so beautiful a Form : The Captain, however, and all the Officers being killed, he was oblig'd to yield himself, and *Mabomet Isouf*, was little less pleas'd to have him in his Power than all the rest of his Prize which he conducted in Triumph to *Tunis*.

They were no sooner arriv'd than *Mabomet* making Report of the prodigious Courage of this lovely Youth to *Solyman* the *Bey* or King of *Tunis*, than he commanded he should be brought before him ; and no sooner cast his Eyes upon him, than he became charmed with the Graces of his Person ; and being willing to make Experiment how far his Wit corresponded with the Expectations his Countenance excited, asked him his Name, his Quality, and if it would be a Misfortune to remain with him in *Tunis* ?

To which Questions, this amiable Child without being daunted at the Royal Presence and the magnificence of every thing he saw, reply'd with a Fierceness mixed with a becoming Respect ; my Name, said he,

is *Morat*: my Birth is inferior to few in my Country; but should esteem it as my greatest Glory to serve you, if it were not in the Condition of a Slave; for I think the Hands designed to bear Arms, ought rather to yield to have themselves cut off than submit to be charged with Fetters.

This Answer intirely won the Heart of *Solyman*, he took him in his Arms, and tenderly embracing him, you shall never be a Slave with me, he cry'd, but receive the same Treatment I would give to my own Son. These Words made the Eyes of *Morat* sparkle with a Joy, which gave a vast Addition to his Charms: The Caresses of a Monarch were so flattering to his youthful Pride, that from that Moment he began to behave as if he were in reality the Person, like whom the Sultan had promised he should be considered; and this giving him an Air of Majesty and Freedom, still more augmented his Perfections, and the Love of *Solyman* in Proportion; and determined to give him all imaginable Proofs of it, he put him under the Care of an old *Sicilian* Renegado, named *Muley*, who by his great Wisdom and Understanding in all useful Arts and Sciences was highly in his Favour and Confidence. He gave him the Title of Governor to *Morat*, and ordered him to study his Genius, and improve in him that to which he found him most inclined.

*Muley* was not long before he discovered that Glory was the sole Principle of *Morat*, and Inspirer of all his Actions, and that the Beginnings of his Education had strengthen'd so well this natural Propensity in him, that he wished for nothing but Occasions to make  
known

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known his Courage: He would often ask *Muley*, if the Sultan would not some time or other give him an Employment wherein he might signalize himself, and testify the Respect and Gratitude he had for all the Bounties of that Monarch, by fighting against all his Enemies, who now he looked upon as his own. These and such like Expressions obliged the Renegado to tell *Solyman*, that he believed *Mabomet Isouf* had never done him greater Service than in bringing him this Slave, if by any means they could oblige him to follow the Law of their Prophet.

The Friendship of the King of *Tunis* increasing every Day for *Morat*, he resolved to take the Counsel *Muley* had given him, and to prepare that young Slave for what he desired, there were no sorts of Pleasures and Amusements which he did not allow him at those Hours which were not taken up with the Care of his Education; and behaved to him with so much Tenderness, that there was but one Person in the World he seemed to take more Pleasure in: This was a Daughter some Months younger than *Morat*, but so great a Beauty, that it effaced all others of the Seraglio: The fond Father would pass whole Hours together in the Women's Apartment, merely to observe the little Actions of the admirable *Turquia*, for that was the Name of this young Princess.

*Morat* happening sometimes to go to make his Court to the King, in those Moments which he had destined to his Daughter, was always told that he was in the Apartment of the Ladies, and that he could not see him 'till his Return: Various Ideas ran through his youthful



youthful Fancy at these Words; and being one Day walking with him in the Gardens of the Seraglio, after several Reparties gay and entertaining, which very much diverted *Solyman*, *Morat* gave a Sigh, and turning his Face to the Palace, stood still; My Lord, said he, being permitted to be near thy Majesty, nothing ought to be wanting to my Happiness — Thou hast heaped Honours and Benefits upon me; and my Heart swells with Love, Gratitude, and Respect for Thee — Yet does an over curious Desire keep me from enjoying the full measure of my Felicity — that Palace contains a thousand Things which I have never seen, and which I passionately long to see; — my Impatience is the more ardent as I know they frequently engross thy Hours; for when I come to pay thee Homage at those times when thou art here, it is not permitted me to follow thee. Ah, my Lord! continued he, with the most charming and beseeching Air, if thou lovest me, conceal not from me what is so worthy of thy Attention.

*Solyman* could not restrain his Laughter at this Discourse, and willing to prolong it, reply'd, that it was impossible to satisfy him, that the part of the Palace he mentioned was the Apartment of his Wives, on whom no other must cast their Eyes on Pain of Death: That only Slaves destined for that Purpose were permitted to attend them, and therefore as he would not be used like one of those, all Access to him was forbid: But, my Lord! resumed *Morat* a little perplexed, will not my Age allow me a Privilege denied to others? and as thou art King, is it not in thy Power to grant me this Favour?

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Yes, answered *Solyman*, but 'tis so particular a Grace that to obtain it, thou must promise to obey without Repugnance the first Command *Muley* shall deliver to thee from me. Ah, my Lord! cry'd *Morat*, hastily, there requires no Conditions to make me readily subscribe to whatever thy Will is to ordain — I am always proud to follow thy Injunctions; and if thou dost not deprive me of the Blessing of thy Friendship, there is nothing in the World could dispense with my Obedience. 'Tis what I wish to find in thee, reply'd the King, and on this Promise will give an uncommon Proof of the Tenderness I have for thee: Thy Youth, continued he, embracing him, will render thee little sensible of the Beauty of my Sultaneesses; therefore thou shalt not see them; but in their Place I will bring thee acquainted with one of thy own Age, and who infinitely excels them all. With these Words, he ordered the attending Mutes to open the Gates of those Gardens which belonged to the Princess his Daughter, and made *Morat* enter with him, imagining the Interview between these two amiable Children, would have something in it very entertaining. They had not passed above a Minute in a Walk of Oranges, before the Sultan made the accustomed Sign to the Eunuchs for his Daughter to descend.

His Orders were immediately executed, the Governesses of *Turquia* conducted her down the spacious Steps which led to the Gardens, and *Morat* saw all the Men that instant disappear; *Solyman* and himself alone remained, and the young Princess magnificently habited, all covered with Diamonds and other precious Stones,

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Scenes, advanced veiled toward the King her Father, and drawing nearer to him was about to discover her Face, when seeing *Morat* with him, she stopp'd as waiting for his Orders: *Solyman* guessing at the Perplexity she was in, approached her with the young *Genesef*, and having bade her take off her Vail, she obeyed, and shewed to the admiring Eyes of *Morat* all that Nature had ever formed of perfect Beauty.

He was seized with such Astonishment, and his Heart so strongly penetrated, that without knowing what he did, he threw himself on his Knees before her, and regarded her in that Posture, as if he had been in Contemplation of some Divinity. *Solyman* spoke not a Word, but applauded within himself the Effects that this Beauty produced even on Infancy. *Turquia* less surpris'd at the Adoration which *Morat* seem'd to pay her, than at the Charms of his Person, examined him with as much Care as he looked on her with Earnestness; and it appear'd as if these two admirable Children, knowing they should not always have this Satisfaction, were resolv'd to take Advantage of this Moment to engrave a Picture in their Hearts which should never be erased.

When *Solyman* had for some time pleas'd himself with beholding this dumb Entertainment; Well, *Morat*, said he, what thinkest thou of the Treasures shut up within this Palace? That there is nothing, my Lord, reply'd he, can equal what I now behold. Would'st thou then be willing, resum'd the Sultan, that I should give thee to this young Princess for a Slave, or remain free from Fetters, and be treated as

my Son? *Morat* was about to reply to these Words when the beautiful *Turquia* prevented him: Ah, my Lord! said she, he is too charming to be put among the Number of Slaves — I love him better than if he were my Brother. *Solyman* could not forbear laughing at this Fear of the young Princess, who seeing nothing but Negroes and deformed Slaves about her, imagined that *Morat* must be rendered as ugly as they were, if he were once to belong to her. He asked them many Questions afterwards, to which both the one and the other answered with a world of Vivacity and Spirit. The Sultan very much delighted with this Conversation, and far from suspecting the Consequence that attended it, continued it for a considerable time; but the Governesses of the Princess more penetrating than he, by their Skill in amorous Intrigues, judged by the Discourses and all the Actions of these amiable Children, that the Sultan had kindled a Fire which he would find it very difficult to extinguish. They communicated nothing to him however of their Conjectures: They were pleased with *Morat*, and the Fate of *Turquia*, which they thought would one Day dispose her to a *Barbarian*, appeared not enough worthy of her, for them to attempt to divide her from an Object more agreeable: These Sentiments, which they discovered to one another, made them intreat the Sultan to permit the lovely Children to see each other sometimes, under pretence of diverting the Princess: He consented to it, and set apart one Day every Week for their meeting in the same manner they now had done; but *Morat*, said he, turning towards him, remember the Conditions on which I granted thy Request.

Speak

Speak then, my Lord, cry'd he, in a kind of transport, Command, I am impatient to obey, nothing can render me sufficiently worthy of the Honour you have now done me. *Solyman* embraced him, and reply'd, that when it was a fit Time *Muley* should acquaint him with his Orders. After this, he made the Princess retire, and he returned to his Palace with his Slave. But this Separation was not made without both the one and the other testifying a Grief which would have been unlimited, but for the hope just now given them of meeting again in a short time.

*Solyman* willing to take the Advantage of the innocent Snare of his Daughter's Beauty, to gain over the young *Genoese* to his Desires, told *Muley* his Design, and ordered him to neglect nothing that might fix his Attachment to *Turquia*. I would have you, said he, talk of her to him continually, commend her Beauty, expatiate upon every Charm, remonstrate the Happiness it would be to live always with her, and even go so far as to give him hope of every thing he is capable of wishing; 'till you find him disposed enough to come into the Measures I desire. The old Renegade listen'd to this Discourse without Interruption, but was too much experienced not to foresee the Danger of such a Stratagem, and perceiving he had concluded what he had to say, answered him with Freedom: The Princess, said he, is a Miracle of Nature, *Morat* is as much the Wonder of his Sex: it is impossible that two such perfect Creatures can see each other without loving ——— Love conceived in Infancy grows up with Age, and perhaps we shall not be able to put a Stop to its

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Force,



Force, when we no longer would with the Continuance.

The Sultan only, laughed at this Prediction of his Confident, and reiterated his former Commands, assuring him, that as soon as the *Genoese* had embraced the Law of *Mahomet*, he would find too much Employment for his Courage to leave any time for his young Heart to think on Love. *Mulky* perceiving he was not to be changed, promised to obey with all Exactness, and from that Moment set himself to execute the Will of his Master, tho' still far contrary to his own Opinion.

*Morat* and the young Sultanes continued seeing each other regularly on the Days appointed by *Selyman*, and these frequent Interviews made them so well know what it was they valued, that Love intirely subdued their Hearts before they even were sensible what the Name of their Conqueror imply'd ——— They loved, and confessed they loved a thousand times in a Day, in a thousand different fashions, without knowing that they either did so, or confessed it.

But as their Reason grew more strong, their Reflexions also grew more clear, and they began by little and little to perceive that they had intirely lost their Liberty before they knew what it was to enjoy it; and had relinquished all to Love without any Efforts on his side, or struggling on theirs. ——— They saw also that it was now too late for them to resist the soft Impulse ——— they were not ignorant of the Dangers which opposed the Prosecution of their Wishes, and the almost Impossibility of ever attaining them, but had no Power of moderating

moderating them. In fine, this Attachment which *Solyman* had encouraged only for his Amusement, and afterwards for making a Profelyte of *Morat*, became one of the greatest and most constant Passions that ever was.

*Muley* who perceived the Impatience with which *Morat* waited for the times of seeing *Turgis* believed he was now in a fit Disposition to be told what it was the Sultan demanded of him. On a Day therefore destined for one of these Interviews, he made him enter with him into his Cabinet, and there acquainted him that he must not expect to see the Princess any more, unless he had embraced the same Religion, he being now arrived at that Age in which all *Christians* are forbid under Pain of Death to have any Conversation with the *Turkish* Ladies; but, continued he, seeing him fall into the most profound Sadness, there is nothing that hinders you from enjoying the same Favour, if you become a *Mahometan*. The Sultan who loves you, and considers you are now of an Age not to be brought up in Luxury and Effeminacy, will neglect nothing to render your Character conspicuous in the World, if you consent to this Change; and as I have informed him you are impatient to signalize yourself, he will give you Occasions to do so, in investing you in the most considerable Employments; and you will always find in him the Tenderness of a Father, and the Bounties of a King.

What Effect might not such flattering Promises make on a Heart so young, so ambitious, and so amorous as that of *Morat*? the Words of *Muley* gave him hope

of every thing that might satisfy his Love of *Turquia*, and his Thirst of Glory: The Kindness of *Solyman* had banished from his Mind all Remembrance of his Country and Kindred; and the artful Renegade had taken so much care to estrange them from his Thoughts by various Amusements mingled with his Studies, that he had almost forgot every Precept of *Christianity*: He therefore no sooner heard that there was no more required of him than to change his Faith, to repay the Obligations he had to the Sultan, to continue in his Favour, to enjoy the Conversation of *Turquia*, and to have the means of gaining Fame, than his Soul felt a Pleasure which diffused itself all over his Face; and embracing *Muley*, he conjured him to assure the Sultan, that he placed all his Happiness in living and dying in the manner he would have him. This News was too agreeable not to be carry'd to *Solyman* without delay. *Muley* went that Moment, and inform'd him of it, and that Prince charmed to have secured a Person who was already become dear to the whole Court, testified his Satisfaction by a magnificent Feast which he ordered after the Ceremony of the Renunciation of this young Apostate, and occasioned no less Congratulations to be made to him on this score than if he had been his own Son.

Nor did the Marks of his Kindness stop here, he loaded him with Presents, gave him a Palace, ordered his Household, made him be honoured next himself, and to afford him an Opportunity of manifesting his Courage, as well as to turn his Thoughts from *Turquia*, he sent him with the Son of *Muley*, who was just then

then made Admiral, and was going out with his Fleet. The Desire of Glory stifled for some Moments the secret Fire with which he burn'd for the young Sultaneſs; but when he found they muſt be parted, and that when next he ſaw her it would be for the laſt time, his Trouble, and his Fears of loſing her for ever, made him know that Love was the ſtrongeſt of all Paſſions.

The charming *Turquia*, tho' ſomewhat younger, having been educated among the Women of the Seraglio, whoſe whole Study is the Art to pleaſe, and who are continually employ'd in the Management of Love-Affairs; had long been ſenſible that it was more than a childiſh Fondneſs ſhe had borne to *Morat*; ſhe no ſooner heard that he was become a *Mahometan* than ſhe both felt and teſtified a Joy beyond Expreſſion; and thinking him in all Things worthy of the Sentiments ſhe had for him, ſhe no longer in ſpeaking of him to thoſe who were her Confidants, called the Tenderneſs ſhe had for him by any other Name than that it ought to have. The Knowledge, however, of the Paſſion that poſſeſſed her, gave ſome Alarm to her Modeſty, and made her on her guard to conceal it from the Object, and keep it an inviolable Secret from her Father. This laſt Reſolution it was eaſy for her to follow, but the firſt ſhe was unable to hold in the preſence of *Morat*; and when he came to take his laſt Farewel, ſhe had not ſo much Command over her Grief, as to prevent the Exceſs of it from diſcovering the other Paſſion which had occaſioned it.

Her young Lover was not in a state less cruel, and Love giving both an Eloquence far above their Years, they expressed themselves in so tender and touching a manner, that the Women of *Turquia* who were present could not forbear answering them in Tears. Beautiful *Turquia*, said *Morat*, I believed that in embracing the Religion of *Mahomet* I should obtain a Heaven upon Earth in the Liberty of approaching you; but all I have learned since has been to know that I cannot without a Crime offer you my Vows, and that more a Slave than ever, it is forbidden me to raise my Thoughts to the only Object worthy of employing them — I see very well that it was only to my Youth those Favours were permitted, which must be withheld from me all the rest of my Life — I devoted my whole Soul to you from the first Moment I beheld you — I adored you before I knew it myself, and I feel that I shall adore you to my Grave — Yet, I no more must see you — You will forget the unfortunate *Morat*; and all the hope that remains for me is to die so gloriously, that you shall be obliged to give some Tears at the Account of my Decease. Live, *Morat*, cry'd the Princess, all dissolved in Grief and Tenderness, your Days are precious to me, and I swear never to forget those which have presented you to my Eyes. The passionate *Morat* reply'd to these endearing Words, with others which redoubled the Horrors of parting in them both; and it is uncertain how far this melancholy Entertainment might have extended, if the Sultan had not appeared at the farther End of the Garden, and by his Presence put a stop to it.

This



This Prince came with a Curiosity of seeing the Sequel of these juvenile Conversations; but they now no longer merited that Title, and our young Lovers, instructed by their Passion, behaved not as Children before *Solyman*: They well knew how necessary it was to dissemble on this Occasion, and discovered a Policy no less singular than surprising in Persons of their Age—The Princess banished at once all the Sadness from her Countenance which so lately had overspread it, and assuming an Air all gay and sprightly, presented herself before her Father, and congratulated him on the Conversion of *Morat*; and the *Gemse* affecting the highest Satisfaction, gave him Thanks for all his Bounties, and assured him, it should be the whole Business of his Life to testify the Gratitude he had for them.

The Sultan, who loved him almost as much as his Daughter, received this Compliment with Pleasure, and gave him a thousand Marks of his Tenderness: Go, said he, my dear *Morat*; go, and make it appear to those who have declared themselves our Enemies, that your Courage is nothing abated among us—The Years at which you are now arrived ought not to be past in Idleness and Ease—It is time for you to make use of those great Gifts you have received from Nature—Glory must henceforth be your only Occupation, and be assured the Friendship of *Solyman* shall never fail you.

He then embraced him, and having commanded the Princess's Women to suffer her no more to appear before the Eyes of any Man, made a Sign to her to retire, and at the same time sent *Morat* away. The

amiable

amiable *Turquia* plucked her Vail over her Face, less to observe the Custom than to conceal the Tears, which in that dreadful Moment burst in spite of her from her Eyes; and the amorous *Genoese* stood in need of all the Artifice and Dissimulation natural to his Country, to conceal from the Sultan what it was he felt in being thus divided from all his Soul held precious.

But when he was eased of this Constraint, and at Liberty in his own Palace to give a Vent to his Disquiets; whoever had seen him in the first Emotions of them, would have been surpris'd that Life could sustain such violent and repeated Shocks: These Agonies were succeeded by so visible a Melancholy that *Muley* was alarmed at it; he press'd him a long time to discover the Cause, without being able to get any thing from him, but at length the cunning *Sicilian* knew so well how to manage the Ascendant he had gained over his Mind, that *Morat* had no longer the Power to preserve his Secret.

The Renegade was less surpris'd than terrified: he had expected this Consequence from the frequent Sight of *Turquia*; but the Danger of *Morat*, if the Sultan should have any Knowledge of his Love, made him tremble, and the Trouble which this Thought involved him in, prevented him from giving any Answer to what the *Genoese* had said. What, cry'd he, alarm'd at his Behaviour, and looking earnestly on him, am I deceived in my Confidence, and is *Muley* capable of betraying me? These Words rousing the *Sicilian* from the deep Contemplation he had been in. I swear, reply'd he, by our Holy Prophet, that it would be more easy

easy for me to give my self Death with my own Hands than be guilty of doing any thing which might hazard thy Life even for a moment ; I have spent some part of mine in my Cares for thee, and I foresee such great things for thee, that I regard thee with no less Respect than Tendernefs, young as thou art.

Thy Love astonishes me not, but thy Danger affrights me—— Conceal thy Passion, if thou canst not extinguish it—— Go in pursuit of Glory, render thy self necessary to the Sultan, and depend upon my Zeal and my Fidelity. *Muley* pronounced these Words with an Ardor which testify'd the Sincerity of them : *Morat* thanked him, and finding a sweet Consolation in having a Friend to whom he might lay open all his Heart with Safety, made no scruple of discovering to him his most secret Thoughts : But, *Muley*, continued he, believe not that the violent Passion with which I burn for the admirable *Turquia*, has extinguished in me the desire of Fame ; on the contrary, Love supports and invigorates my Ardency, that I may do something worthy of the Title of her Lover ; and if a sudden Death does not put a Stop to my Hopes, I dare promise thee that the Image of my dear Princess ever present to my Mind, will more animate my Courage, than all the Grandeurs with which I am flattered by her Father. This Resolution was extremely satisfactory to the faithful *Muley* ; and it was in such kind of Conversations that they past away the time till his Departure, which was fixed for a few days after.

The Admiral accompanied by *Morat*, now hoisted Sail, and in the Course of three Expeditions they made together, the latter gave proofs of a Valour and Prudence so rarely to be found at the Age of sixteen, that Fame every where resounded his Name, as that of a Man consummate in the Arts both of War and Navigation; but that which made him yet more worthy of Admiration, were the Qualities of his Mind, which he manifested on many Occasions: He was generous, affable, humane, compassionate, sincere, and an inviolable Observer of his Word; and these were the Virtues which made lasting that Esteem, the Graces of his Person, and his Bravery, at first inspired in all who saw him.

Perfections so truly valuable and so rarely to be found among the *Barbarians*, might well render him very dear to them, and particularly to the Sultan, who placed the utmost Confidence in him, and did nothing of Importance without having first consulted him; but all the Glory with which he was now covered was not sufficient to make him happy; it was to his Love he was chiefly indebted for his Laurels, and Increase of Years had but added to his Flame; how cruel then did it seem to him, that the Sight of that beautiful Princess might not be permitted him as a Recompence for his Services.

But whatever Complaints he poured forth in secret on this occasion, they all were answered by the lovely Object of his Wishes; she loved no less than she was beloved; and when the Report of his illustrious Actions reached her Ears, she listened to it with a Pleasure mix-

ed with the most poignant Grief, that all Intercourse was forbidden to her with a Man she thought too worthy not to be allowed some Privilege above others. A thousand times in a day she curst the Policy of hindring the Ladies of the Seraglio from conversing with Mankind, and almost wished that the Merits of *Morat* were less conspicuous, because he would then be looked on as a less dangerous Object, and consequently her Father might suffer him to see her as he had been accustomed.

Thus both languished for some time in Desire, which neither of them could hope by any means to accomplish: But as there is nothing impossible to Love, they were not long before they found out Stratagems by which they mutually conveyed their Sentiments to each other; the one by the Assistance of *Muley*, and the other by that of two Confidants in the Seraglio. This indeed was sufficient to have contented Persons who aimed at no more than a simple Galantry, but not for Hearts animated with a Passion so solid and so violent as was theirs: *Morat* could no longer bound his Wishes in so narrow a Compass; he must either cease to live, or again enjoy the Pleasure of beholding the Object whom more than Life he loved; and as he now concealed nothing from *Muley*, he testified so much Impatience on this score, that after long debating, and representing to him the Dangers of such an Enterprize, the *Sicilian* at length consented to his earnest Intreaties, and seriously set himself about contriving the means for this Interview.



He had a black Eunuch, who by his extreme Deformity had the Privilege of going every where, and was an intimate Friend of the chief of those who attended in the Seraglio of *Solyman*; as his Fidelity had on several occasions been experienced by *Muley*, he addressed himself to him on *Morat's* Affair, and ordered him to speak to the two Confidents of *Turquia*, and consult with them on measures the most safe for the procuring a Meeting between the Lovers.

*Affan*, for so the Eunuch was called, rejoiced at receiving a Commission which assured him of the Dependence his Master had on his Integrity, and at the same time introduced him to the notice of *Morat*; and promised he would neglect nothing that might contribute to the success and security of what he desired of him. In pursuance of his Words he went that moment to the chief of the Eunuchs, and asked his Permission to speak to *Fatyma*, the eldest of the Princesses Governesses, in order to shew her a Diamond which he told him he had bought of a *Yew*, and which he wanted her Interest to recommend to *Turquia*.

The Chief of the Eunuchs apprehending no Danger in doing him this Favour, readily introduced him to the Apartment of the Princess, and having made *Fatyma* be called, retired and left them together. *Affan* so well discharged the Orders given him, that *Fatyma*, having paused some time to consider of a proper Expedient, told him that within two days she would let him know where *Morat* might have the Opportunity he desired; and then dismissed him, fearing too  
long

long a Conversation might cause Suspicion. *Affan* in going out thanked his Friend, and said he hoped he should be able to sell his Jewel, for the Governess of *Turquia* had promised to give him an Answer within two Days.

This little Time appeared an Age to the amorous *Marat*; and it wanted but very little of being expired without hearing any News of *Fatyma*, when the Chief of the Eunuchs sent for *Affan*, who running immediately to him, the Slave of the Seraglio no sooner saw him, than, after their ordinary Compliments; I am sorry, said he, that thou didst not acquaint me with thy real Design in speaking to *Fatyma*; thou shouldst not have waited so long. That Governess has informed me thy Business was to obtain something of the Princess in favour of *Muley*; but as she durst not ask any thing of the Sultan her Father, without being first informed of the Nature of it, she would speak to thy Master herself; and no Man being admitted into the Seraglio without my leave, the Princess has desired me to suffer *Muley* to enter this Night. I did not, continued he, think it proper to refuse to *Turquia* a thing of so little Consequence. *Muley* is of an Age which gives me no room to fear, and it is in his Power to do me such services that I am glad of an Opportunity of being useful to him: Therefore, my dear *Affan*, do you conduct him hither after the third Prayer; I will take care that no body shall be in the way: You know all the Turnings of the Seraglio, so may come without Light for fear of Accidents, and I will receive you at the first Door of the Princess's Apartment.

Apartment; but above all things let me caution you to keep a profound Silence both in going and coming out.

*Affan* listened attentively to this Discourse, and comprehending the Princess's Design, made some Excuses to his Friend for his pretended Secret; and returned immediately with this News to *Muley* and *Morat*.

The former could not restrain his Laughter to think under what figure *Morat* was to appear before the Princess; his great Age and Infirmities not being easy to be imitated by one of the most handsome Men in the World, and not yet eighteen: But Love is ingenious, and the passionate *Morat* would gladly have turned himself into any Shape, to have the Happiness of seeing his dear *Turquia*. The appointed Hour was no sooner arrived, than he called *Affan* to conduct him to the Seraglio; the Slave obey'd, and the chief of the Eunuchs had so well prepared for their Reception, that they entered without being seen by any body; *Morat* went leaning with one hand on the shoulder of *Affan*, as *Muley* through Feebleness was obliged to do, and with the other held a Handkerchief to his Face, as the *Sicilian* also did, having a Distemper in his Eyes; and this Attitude, with his Habilliments, so well favoured the Deception, that the Eunuch suspected him for no other than what he seemed. As soon as the Name of *Affan* was pronounced, the Door on the side of the Princess's Apartment was opened, and *Fatyma* giving her Hand to the supposed *Muley*, led him in, leaving the two Eunuchs together.

Then.

Then *Morat* quitting his assumed Weakness, appeared with all his Graces to the Eyes of *Fatyma* who introduced him to the Cabinet of *Turquia*. A great Number of Wax-Tapers illuminated the Place, and he beheld the lovely Princess sitting on a Sofa, more shining, more illustrious by her native Charms, than by the blaze of Jewels which sparkled over all her Habit. She would have rose to receive him; but Joy and Fear deprived her of the Power; and the tender Lover taking advantage of her Confusion, threw himself at her feet, and embraced her knees, not able as yet any otherwise to express the different Emotions of his Heart; but his Eyes sufficiently spoke for him; and those of the beautiful *Turquia* perfectly understanding their Meaning, answered with no less Eloquence. These Lovers who had not seen each other in two Years, found the Original of what they loved, so far surpassing those Ideas their Memories had preserved, that they were inflamed with a mutual Admiration, if possible, exceeding that of their Love.

When their first Raptures were so far over as to permit the Liberty of Speech, how happy am I, cried *Morat*, not to be hated by the adorable *Turquia*! How glorious is my Fate, interrupted the Princess, to possess the Heart of the valiant *Morat*! But alas! refused he, the greater the Blessing, the more I fear to lose it ——— The incomparable Daughter of *Solyman* cannot be destined for the Slave *Morat*; and the Moment which gives you to the Arms of another must be that of my Death. Disturb not, said she, those we now enjoy by such dreadful Ideas; the Daughter of *Solyman*.

*Solyman* is not an easy Conquest — The Haughtiness of the Sultan will not suffer him to make an ordinary Choice for me, and mine will never think any worthy of me but the illustrious *Morat*. Let us love then, continued she, looking tenderly on him, let us give each other all the Testimonies of our reciprocal Esteem that Honour and Opportunity will permit, and leave the rest to Fortune. *Morat* enchanted with this Resolution of *Turquia*, made known his Gratitude by a thousand new invented Oaths of an inviolable Fidelity; and this Conversation making them know more perfectly than before how worthy they were of one another, gave new Forces to their Passion, without diminishing any part of the Respect of a Lover, or the Modesty of a Mistress. Never Love was more tender or more violent on both sides; and, notwithstanding their Youth, the Climate, and the Opportunities they had, accompanied with more Prudence and Virtue.

As they feared to give any Cause of Suspicion to the Eunuch, this Interview lasted not so long as they could have wished; but the Princess's Women having remonstrated to them that they must separate, if they hoped to meet without danger another time, they were obliged to consent: Sighs, Tears, and mutual Vows of everlasting Passion employed their Farewells, as if they had been certain of never seeing each other more, tho' at the same time they were taking measures to enjoy that Satisfaction in a few Days. Their taking leave employed little less time than all the Conversation they had before; and *Morat* not yielding to the Instances of *Turquia's* Women, that Princess  
with



with an unwilling Voice conjured him to retire ; on which he did, conducted by *Fatyma* to the Eunuchs, who waited for him, and helped him to quit the Seraglio in the same manner he had entered. *Morat* then, having assumed the feeble Walk and stooping pace of *Muley*, for the better blinding the Eyes of the Eunuch, put a Purse full of Gold into his Hand as he passed by him ; the Weight of which produced such an Effect on the avaritious Soul of this Man, that he would not have scrupled to have let him seen all the Sultaneesses, if he had desired it.

The true *Muley* was all this time in an extreme Inquietude ; the Peril to which *Morat* was exposed, made him begin to wish he had never consented to this Enterprize, just in the moment that he saw him arrive : His Presence now dissipated all his Fears ; and the amorous *Genoese* made him a Recital of the Entertainment he had received from the beautiful *Turquia*, in a manner as could leave him no room to doubt of the Violence and Constancy of his Affection for her. He afterwards made *Affan* a Present of a Purse of Gold, no less heavy than that he had given to the Chief of the Eunuchs ; nor did he content himself with these weak Marks of his Generosity ; he even carried it so far as to obtain of the Sultan a very considerable Employment for him about his own Person ; but while he made others happy, and *Solyman* bless'd the day in which he came to *Tunis*, he alone in secret lamented, and languished under a Constraint as painful as it was difficult. He could not be easy without seeing the admirable *Turquia* every  
moment

moment in the day ; he would have preferred the Title of her Husband to all the Grandeurs of the Earth ; yet knew that neither the one nor the other of these Desires could ever be accomplished without a Miracle.

These Thoughts threw him into Inquietudes which were visible to those that were far from guessing at the Cause : *Solyman*, whose Friendship permitted him not to be indifferent to the least Motions of *Morat*, perceived his Melancholy even in its Beginnings, and imagining that Ambition was the Motive, and that he had not yet sufficient to satisfy that Passion, gave him the Command of a Vessel which he had ordered to be equipped in an extraordinary manner, and was intended only for the most considerable Expeditions : *Morat* was not insensible of this Honour ; he knew all the Value of it, and his Heart was too eager after Glory, not to embrace with Joy all Occasions of pursuing it. But notwithstanding this noble Ardency, *Turquia* reigned so powerfully in his Soul, that he could taste but imperfectly all the Favours the Sultan bestowed on him : He imagined continually, that in his Absence the Princess would be given to some other, and if he escaped Death in Battle, he should find it in *Tunis* at his Arrival, in hearing that fatal News.

*Muly*, who pitied the Agonies of Love, tho' he had long been free from them, and saw how industrious *Morat* was to afflict himself on this score, made use of his utmost Efforts for his Consolation : Think not, said he, that the Sultan will be so easily prevailed upon to give his Daughter to a Subject : His natural  
Haughtiness

Haughtiness has always made him disdain this Custom as unworthy of his Rank ; and I have heard him say a hundred times, that he would chuse she should be shut up for her whole Life in the Seraglio, rather than see her married to a Slave : 'Tis true, this Resolution seems no less cruel to you than others ; but, *Morat*, you are possesd of Virtues that distinguish you from the rest of Mankind : *Solyman* seems pleas'd with Empire, chiefly as it gives him Power to confer Honour upon you——— Cultivate, as much as possible, the Esteem he has for you ; and who knows but that very Aversion he has to give *Turquia* to a Subject, may in the end prove favourable to you ; since it will undoubtedly deny her to all others, and she being still free, your Services, your Merits, her Love, the Sultan's Friendship, may altogether weigh down the Scale of Pride ; and he at last be brought to bestow her upon such a Subject as *Morat*. Thou flatterest me, my dear *Muley*, I know thou dost, replied the *Genoise* ; but the Deception is too pleasing to be repulsed ; my Heart takes part with thee, and seems to promise all thou sayst.

It was in this manner that *Morat* pass'd all the moments he was out of the presence of the Sultan : At last, the time appointed for his Departure arriv'd, and in spite of all that *Muley* or himself could contrive, there was found no means of seeing the Princess ; the Chief of the Eunuchs happening to fall sick, and the Person who officiated in his Place, was one in whom *Affan* thought it not proper to confide : He was therefore oblig'd to embark without this Satisfaction, and went out

out of the Port of *Tunis* with a Heart so deeply overwhelmed in Grief, as might have rendered an ordinary Man little capable of pursuing the Enterprize he was to undertake; but *Morat* could at once entertain the Violence of two Passions, and as powerful as was that of his Love, it never made that of his Glory recede; and this last soon furnished him with an Occasion of dissipating all Emotions but such as were conducive to it self.

He had no sooner pass'd the Straits of *Gibraltar*, than he met in the Mouth of the River *Tagus*, a *Portuguese* Vessel, coming from the Bay of *All Saints*, the Cargo of which amounted to three Millions. *Morat* attacked it, and after three Hours Combat having rendered himself Master, he manned her, and sent her to *Tunis*; resolving to continue in that Place or thereabout, to wait some new Occasion of signalizing himself. Fortune, who always seemed proud to oblige him, soon presented him with one; it was a *Spanish* Vessel from the Port of *Oran*, and bound for *Cadiz*. *Morat* pursued and attacked her with such Violence, that he boarded her in a short time; but the *Spaniards* defended themselves with a Valour which astonished the *Barbarians*, and would have made them quit their Prize, if that of *Morat* had not re-animated them. This young and galant *Corsair* obliging them to second his Actions, and encouraging them by the Hope of Victory: He was the first that leaped with his Scimitar in his Hand upon the *Spanish* Deck: the bravest of his People immediately followed his Example and it was in this terrible moment,

moment that *Morat* gave the most illustrious Proofs of his Valour and Intrepidity; the *Spaniards* having lost many of their Men, and the Survivors almost all wounded, were at last compelled to yield. *Morat* was no sooner Master of their Vessel than he forbade all farther Slaughter, and was willing to see every thing, and give Orders himself throughout; he went into the great Cabin where his Eyes were saluted with an Object, which soon gave him an Opportunity of discovering as much Clemency and Generosity as he had done Bravery and Resolution.

This was a young Lady of a most surprising Beauty, who in the middle of two wounded Men ran sometimes to one and sometimes to the other, which ever she was with, still keeping her Eyes on him she had left, as tho' both had an equal share in her Attention, and she thought she did a wrong in quitting either. Her beautiful Hands were dyed in Crimson, in endeavouring to stop the Blood that in great abundance issued from their Wounds; her Eyes dropp'd Tears as fast, and fear and Grief possess'd her every Feature. *Morat* was touched with the most lively Compassion at this Sight; he stopp'd, and was about to console the afflicted Fair, when she perceived him; and tho' he was in a State to excite only Terror, having his Cimeter in his Hand, and his Clothes all covered with Blood, his graceful Mien, and the Sweetness which this Object had called into his Eyes, removed all Dread from the beautiful *Spaniard*, who looking on him with an Air capable of touching the most insensible, Thy Valour, said she, is too illustrious to be the Portion of a mean and



cruel Soul; and the Commiseration which I read in thy Eyes assures me, that I need only have Recourse to our Conqueror to take from the Arms of Death my Brother and my Lover, who for want of necessary Help are almost expiring. With these Words she pointed to the two young Cavaliers, who lay extended and speechless at her Feet. There needed no more to make the generous *Morat* impatient for their Preservation; he sent immediately for his Surgeons, and commanded them to attend the wounded Persons with the same Care as they would do on himself. Then, while the first Dressings were applying, having made the Lady go into his own Ship, he assured her that she had not been deceived in her Opinion of him, and that to prove his Respect, she need only say to what Place she desired to go, and he would conduct her himself.

The beautiful *Spaniard* intirely reassured by these obliging Words, reply'd in these Terms, it is so little common, said she, to find such *Corsairs* as you, that I should look on what has happen'd no other than as a Dream, if the Misfortune of two Persons so very dear to me did not convince me it were a Truth. Nor can any who see you, doubt the Truth of what you say. I am also farther convinced that when you know who we are, you will find something more than yet you comprehend to excite your Compassion. My Father, continued she, is Governour of *Oran*, and of all the Places in *Africa* which are under the Obedience of the King of *Spain*: We are of the ancient and illustrious House of *Madina Sydonia*. My Father having promised me in Marriages to the Son of the Duke de *Roquesville*

a Grandee of *Spain*, my Brother and he embarked in that unfortunate Vessel to conduct me to *Cadiz*, where our Nuptials were to be celebrated in the presence of the Duke and my Mother, who always passes one part of the Year in that City, the Air of *Oran* not agreeing with her Constitution. Judge then, added she, most generous Conqueror, what must be her Grief, and that of our Fathers, when they shall know that instead of *Hymenal* Joys, Pomp, Festivals and Pleasures, we have nothing before our Eyes but Slavery and Death.

Tears and Sighs concluded the Discourse of this beautiful Captive; but *Morat* would not long permit the Course of them: No Madam, answered he, my Hands shall never disunite Persons whose Names are so respectful. I know also too well, added he with a Sigh, what those who love endure even in a Moment's Absence, to divide you from him whom you think worthy to be your Husband; and if his Wounds do not put a fatal Obstacle, you soon shall be in a Condition to fulfil your Vows; as he ceased to speak, one came to inform him that the two young wounded Persons had recovered their Senses with their Speech; that the Hurts they had received were not mortal, nor even dangerous, and that the sole Loss of their Blood had rendered them in that Condition; but that Repose having a little reestablished them, they inquired with the utmost Earnestness for the Lady they had with them; and I believe, my Lord, continued the *Turk*, who had made this Recital, if thou wouldst preserve their Lives, thou must resolve to shew her to them. Come then, Madam, cry'd *Morat* hastily, giving his Hand to the fair *Spaniard*,

*Spaniard*, let us make them see that *Morat* is a *Corsair* only in the Name. With these Words he conducted her into the conquered Vessel, and having led her to the Cabin where they were, made her enter alone, fearing his Presence might increase the Affliction of the two young Lords.

But the Lady having informed them of the Generosity of their Conqueror, they sent immediately to intreat the Honour of a Visit from him, since they were not in a Condition to wait on him with Thanks for all his Goodness. *Morat* received this Compliment as a Man who had nothing in him of the Fierceness of those whom he commanded, and went to them that Moment. If the Recital of the *Corsair's* Behaviour had surprised the *Spaniards*, his Person filled them with yet more Astonishment: his Youth, his Beauty, his Shape, easy and majestick, his Air, martial and sweet together, and a thousand Graces which accompany'd his every Action, and are of that nature as cannot be described, gave them an Esteem equal to their Admiration. They testify'd it by all the ways their Weakness would permit, and *Morat* answered their Civilities by all imaginable Marks of Consideration. This Interview however lasted not long, because too much Conversation might be of Prejudice to the wounded Persons; and the generous *Corsair* having quitted them, told the *Spanish* Pilot that he might pursue his Voyage to *Cadiz* without Fear; then gave Orders to his own People to hoist Sail for *Tunis*, not permitting them to commit the least Disorder in the *Spanish* Vessel, or take any thing out of it. He was too much beloved and feared not to be obey'd;

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obey'd; they quitted their late Enemies as Friends, and he returned to *Barbary* more pleased with this last Action than the Conquest of the *Portuguese* Ship, tho' the Prize amounted to more than three Millions.

'Tis easy to conceive the Amazement of the *Spaniards* when they were informed of the Departure and Generosity of their Conqueror, perceiving he had not left them in this manner, but to avoid giving them the Trouble of Acknowledgments. This Action made so much Noise in the *Christian* World, and augmented in such sort the Reputation of *Morat*, that he was never mentioned but as the most extraordinary Man then living. In the mean time he arrived at *Tunis*, where the Sultan impatiently expected him to give new Proofs of his Esteem; three Millions was a Prize too considerable for him not to afford the noblest Welcome to the Person who gained it. He was received in the Port by a Discharge of the whole Artillery, and on his landing, conducted in Triumph to the Palace of *Solyman*. Nor was this Prince contented with all the publick Marks of Honour paid him; he gave him the most tender Carresses, called him a hundred times his Son, and commanded he should be treated as such.

*Morat* received these Favours with his accustomed Modesty, and gave the Sultan an exact Account of his Adventure with the *Spanish* Ship, and what he had done with it. *Solyman* had a Soul truly magnanimous, and this Action of his Favourite so much charmed him, that he praised it to all the great Men of his Court; but how great was his Surprise when the next Day,

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*Muley* came to him, and having saluted him in the manner in which the Eastern Monarchs are always addressed; Most invincible! said he, I come from thy faithful Slave and Subject, *Morat*. He has caused the Ransom of the two *Spanish* Lords, and the Lady, with all that he might have made a Prize of in that Vessel to be calculated, and has sent thee the full Value: It not being just, he says, that his Master should be a Loser by his Compassion. With these Words the *Sicilian* laid the Gold at the Feet of *Solyman*.

The Sultan spoke not 'till he had given himself some time for Consideration, and then demanded of *Muley*, by what means *Morat* had amassed so much Treasure as to be able to refund that Sum? It is, answered *Muley*, the Effect of thy Bounty: all that is here, he has received from thee, of which he chooses to deprive himself, rather than fail in what is owing to thee; and by this Act of Fidelity and Generosity, the illustrious *Morat* is now the same as the first Moment he beheld thy Face. Then certainly, cry'd the Sultan, *Morat* believes me less generous than himself, and does not know I love him for his Virtues. — Then commanded the *Sicilian* to tell him what he said, and to bring him to the Palace, where he no sooner entered than *Solyman* redoubled his Caresses, and after tenderly reproaching him for the Opinion he had of him; far, continued he, from depriving thee of thy Riches, I will augment them by making thee *Caid* of the Mountain of *Cbizera*: Go take Possession of thy new Charge, it cannot be in Hands more faithful, or more dear to me.

*Morat*



*Morat* would have thrown himself at his Feet, but he would not suffer it, and told him it was his Pleasure he should live with him as his Friend. The *Caid* of the Mountain of *Cbizera* near *Tunis* is one of the most considerable Posts in that State, and never given but to those whose Integrity is without blemish, and as a Reward of the most signal Services; therefore *Morat* received it as the utmost Favour, and acquitted himself with so much Honour that the *Turks* carried their Love and Esteem of him almost to Adoration; but in the midst of this high Fortune he was still unhappy: The more he was elevated, the more he wished to partake it with the Object of his Passion: the beautiful *Turquia* was no less tender than himself, and cherished his Affection by all the proofs in her Power to give him of her own; and this mutual Passion inspiring their Inventions with new means every Day either to see each other, or write, there passed nothing in the Heart of *Morat* to which *Turquia* was a Stranger, nor in that of *Turquia* but what *Morat* was equally acquainted with. But the Charge of *Caid* obliging *Morat* to reside some time at *Cbizera*, the Course of this charming Commerce was interrupted; this Interval however served only more to prove their Constancy: they loved with the same Ardor when at distance, as when near, and never could the soft Passion boast of more faithful or more illustrious Slaves.

But *Solyman* not able to live without the Presence of *Morat*, made him be soon recalled, and that he might be always near him, conferred on him the Title of his Lieutenant by Land and Sea: he had not been long

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invested with this new Dignity, than he had an Opportunity of shewing how worthy he was of it; an Insurrection happened in *Tunis*, and some great Officers both by Land and Sea being concerned in it, the Rising was contrived so as to begin on both Elements at once: But *Morat*, General of the Gallies, and Lieutenant to the Sultan, made the Rebels tremble by his Valour and his Justice: he tamed the one, and subjected the others, and all those who dare refuse the Yoke felt the Force of his Arm, and the Greatness of his Courage; however, in the midst of Blood and Slaughter he had the Secret to make known his Clemency, in preferring the Olive-Branch of Peace in pardoning the Guilty, to all the Laurels with which a bloody Victory would crown his Head.

The *Turks* who looked on him with Admiration, confess'd that the Safety of *Tunis* was owing to him alone; and he had now rendered *Solyman* so many Services, that there was little difference made between the Sultan and the General. All was done by his Counsels, nothing decided without his Approbation; and his Orders executed with the same Exactness and Respect as those of *Solyman*. But after having given some time to Glory, the passionate *Morat* now thought that Love must have its turn: It was not enough for him that he had rendered himself worthy of all the Tendernefs of *Turquia*, by a thousand famous Actions; he must also lay his Laurels at her Feet, and let her know how great a share her dear Idea had in enabling him to acquire them.

To obtain this Happiness without Danger, he had recourse again to *Affan*: this faithful Eunuch, who knew how necessary it was to make Friends in the Seraglio of the Sultan, had contracted a great Intimacy with the Intendant of the Gardens; and as the Princess being now out of her Childhood, was removed to a more magnificent Apartment, which looked intirely on the Gardens, it appeared more easy for *Morat* to see her there, than in any of the Rooms of the Seraglio. *Affan* having communicated his Thoughts on this Subject to *Morat*, was employed by him to gain this Intendant intirely to his Interests, that he might be admitted when the Princess walked without the Sultan her Father. The Eunuch executed his Commission with admirable Address, telling his Friend that it was no more than Curiosity, to see if the Princess were as beautiful as Fame reported her, which had given *Morat* this Desire.

The awful Name of the General of the Gallies, accompany'd with a Jewel of great Value, had all the Effect could be wished: *Ibrahim*, Intendant of the Gardens of the Seraglio, received the Present and the Prayer with a profound Submission, and reply'd, that there was nothing he could refuse to the invincible *Morat*: but to prevent all Danger, intreated he would condescend to be disguised under the Habit of a Gardener, and that he would in that Equipage introduce him into the Gardens, and leave him there as long as he should think proper to stay.

It was indifferent to *Morat* in what Figure he saw his Princess, provided he had that Satisfaction; the next Day, therefore, toward the setting of the Sun, an

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Hour in which the Sultan never came, was the time appointed between them; and it being arrived, the valiant *Morat* was obliged to put on the Habit of a Gardener, and arm himself with a Spade and a Rake instead of his dreadful Cimeter. The fair *Turquia*, who had been secretly apprized by *Affan*, was no less impatient than her illustrious Lover for this Opportunity of entertaining him. She went down into the Gardens somewhat before her accustomed Time of walking; but *Morat* was there before her, and saw her enter with her two Confidants into a Labyrinth of Mirtle and Jessamin; he followed by another Path, and they both entered at the same Moment; *Fatyma* and the other Woman placed themselves at the Avenues to this Place in order to give notice in case any Body should pass that way; and the Princess having seated herself on a green Bank, *Morat* knelt down before her, and in this Posture examined each other with an equal Satisfaction: They were some time before they could express themselves any otherwise than by their Looks; but *Turquia* breaking silence first, my dear *Morat*, said she, how touching is it to me, to see you debase yourself by this Disguise, for a Happiness which ought to cost you only some few tender Sighs! Since it is for you, interrupted he with Transport, how glorious rather is it for me! The means of rendering Homage to my adorable Princess sanctifies all Forms, all Disguises whatever, and makes me greater than the greatest Monarch ——— Heaven and our holy Prophet witness for me, that for a Blessing such as this I would with the same Readiness sacrifice my Life, as I now lay aside those Marks of Grandeur

Grandeur which are of little moment to me, since not permitted to partake them with you.

Live to love me, reply'd the beautiful *Turquia*, my dear *Morat*, and be assured that to whatever State your Love or Fortune shall reduce you, you will always have the same Charms for your faithful *Turquia*. The lovely Princess pronounced these Words with so enchanting a Tenderness, that *Morat* unable to restrain the sudden Rapture they inspired, caught one of her Hands, and kissed it with a Pervency which made her perfectly acquainted with that of his Love: She endeavoured not however to repulse this Testimony of it, and he was still in the same sweet Employment, when a great Cry made by *Fatyma*, put a stop to his Happiness, and obliging both the Lovers to turn their Heads, they saw the Sultan with threatening Voice and Gesture, his Eyes inflamed with Rage, and a drawn Cimeter in his Hand, advancing towards them. He happened contrary to his Custom at that Hour, to come to the Seraglio, and being told his Daughter was in the Garden came down the Stairs which led from her Apartment, and was therefore not seen by either of the Confidants, 'till he passed by the turning of the Walk where *Fatyma* had placed herself, and was near enough to see *Turquia* and the pretended Gardener in the Posture I have described. This Object made him start back some Steps, but knowing the Sound of *Morat's* Voice, and seeing him kiss the Princess's Hand, the most violent Fury took immediate Possession of his Soul, and he flew toward them instigated by an impetuous Passion, while *Fatyma* more terrified than at the Approach of Death, shrieked out, and obliged the surpris'd Lovers



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to see their Danger half a Moment sooner than they would have done.

The furious *Solyman* was no sooner perceived by them, than both at the same time, and with the same Intention, threw themselves at his Feet, and *Morat* without seeming in the least terrified at the Cimeter already lifted, and about to fall upon his Head, cry'd boldly out, Strike, *Solyman*, ease the unfortunate *Morat* of a Life which must be wretched without the Possession of this admirable Princess; but let the fatal Steel descend on me alone, 'tis I alone am guilty. — 'Tis I alone that merit Death. — I have adored *Turquia* from the first Moment thou gavest me Permission to behold her — I then dedicated my whole Life to her. — I have yielded to her my Heart, and have seduced her's — I have done every thing, hazarded every thing to make myself beloved — Strike then, *Solyman*, and punish a Crime which I am still presumptuous enough to prefer to Innocence.

Hold, Sultan, cry'd the tender Princess, with her Eyes streaming with Tears, listen not to a Man whose Fears for me have corrupted his Sincerity — 'tis myself alone who merits Death, if Love be a Crime worthy of it. — I have loved *Morat* from my Infancy, my Tenderneſs for him has grown up with my Reason. — I have bribed my Women, I have violated the Laws of the Seraglio to make known my Sentiments to the only Man worthy of inspiring them. — I confess that I even flattered myself, his Valour, his Integrity, and the Greatneſs of his Services which have rendered him so dear to thee, might have excused my Weakneſs — But I deceived my self — I have of-  
fended

fended thee, yet cannot cease to love *Morat* —  
Strike then, *Solyman*, and revenge on thy Daughter  
an Affront, which is yet more dear to her than Life.

*Solyman*, whose Indignation a little abated when he  
saw them at his feet, cast his eyes sometimes on the one,  
and sometimes on the other, as willing to excite himself  
to the Consummation of his Vengeance ; but these Ob-  
jects, far from re-animating that Desire, served only to  
extinguish it : The Beauty of *Turquia*, her Youth, the  
Perfections of *Morat*, his Services, the Courage and Ge-  
nerosity of both the one and the other in so dreadful a  
Juncture ; and above all, the Dictates of Nature and  
Friendship pleading in their favour, made him endure  
for some moments a most cruel Conflict between their  
force and his remains of Wrath. Suspended, during their  
Discourse, between Rage, Love, and Pity, he stood im-  
moveable ; but at last Tenderness got the Victory over  
all other Considerations : His Arm raised to sacrifice  
these illustrious Victims, insensibly relaxed ; the Cimeter  
fell from his Hand, and Tears from his Eyes ; and he  
re-contemplated within himself the Charms of these two  
Lovers, who without even changing Colour, seemed to  
fear Death only for each other, and still continued to in-  
treat the Preference in being permitted to give this me-  
lancholy Proof of the Sincerity of their Affection. He  
permitted them to go on even after he had forgot his  
Fury, and finding they still persisted, Come, cried he,  
stretching out his Arms to them, and unable any longer  
to restrain the Flood of Tenderness which overcharged  
his Soul ; Come, you too dear, and too amiable Crimi-  
nals, come and erase your Guilt in the Embraces of *Solyman* — My Children, continued he, pressing both at  
the

the same time to his Bosom, let us forget the Horrors of this Moment ; or if we remember it, let it be only to heighten the Happiness it produces—— My dear *Morat*, said he, giving him the Princess's Hand, receive this Pledge of my Affection ; be to her as tender a Husband, as you have been a faithful Lover ; and as for you, *Turquia*, I do not think I can any way more testify to you my fatherly Love, than in uniting you to the illustrious *Morat*—— Love him and respect him as your Husband and your King, since from henceforward he shall share the Crown his Valour and Fidelity preserved.

A Change so swift, and so little expected, caused more Disorders in the Hearts of our Lovers than Fear had been able to do—— Their natural Eloquence was of no Service to them on this Occasion—— There were no Words sufficient to express the vast Excess of their Joy or their Astonishment ; but the dumb Rhetorick of their Eyes and Actions was more pleasing to the Sultan, than all their Tongues could have uttered, even with the most studied Elegance. This Prince embraced them again and again ; and to prove to them the Sincerity of his Caresses, he pardoned the two Women who had been the Princess's Confidants in this Affair, and would not know by what means *Morat* had been introduced into the Gardens of the Seraglio. After reciprocal Demonstrations of Love, Joy and Gratitude on all sides, he ordered them to retire, and wait without Impatience the Effects of his Promise ; on which they separated with Thoughts very different from those they had some Hours before.

When *Morat* returned to his Palace, he recited the whole Adventure to the old *Muley*, who was ready to die at the Picture he gave him of *Solyman* in his Fury ; but the

the end of his Discourse giving him a proportionable Satisfaction, he blessed his Prophet for this happy unravelling the Mystery, and was the first who had the Honour to salute *Morat* as King. The next day *Solyman* called a Council; and having sent for *Morat*, made a detail of all the Services this young Hero had done the State, and added a glorious Enumeration of his Virtues and good Qualities; at the end of which, he told them that being now far advanced in Years, and not of a Capacity to govern so well as formerly, or to endure the Fatigues which attend Sovereignty, he thought not of any Expedient either to ease himself or oblige his Subjects, so proper as to choose *Morat* for his Colleague during Life, and his Successor after his Decease; and to increase the Satisfaction they ought to have in such an Election, he would give him in Marriage his only Daughter, the Princess *Turquia*.

The Sultan had scarce ceased to speak, when there arose a Noise in the Assembly, which assured him of their Consent; and immediately after, clapping of Hands and Acclamations made the Place resound: Then *Morat* having taken his Place by the side of *Solyman*, was proclaimed with a common Voice his Colleague and Successor. The new Sultan replied to this universal Consent by a Discourse, which at once made known his Wit, his Prudence, and his Moderation. Some days after this Ceremony, was that of his Marriage with the Princess *Turquia*; the Pomp and Magnificence of which was the most dazzling that can be imagined: The City of *Tunis* resounded on all sides with Shouts and Cries of Gladness. Costly Feasts were made both on Sea and Land; but all these Demonstrations of publick Joy were little in comparison

parison to the Contentment of the wedded Pair ; their Love augmented with their Happiness. *Turquia* was tender and faithful to the last Moment of her Life, and *Morat* carried his Constancy even beyond her Death.

*Solyman* beheld with Pleasure the Success of his Love for *Morat* ; and finding no less to admire in him after being made his Equal than while he remained his Subject, repented nothing but that he had not raised him sooner to that Dignity. He died about three Months after, leaving him sole Possessor of the Crown, which he enjoy'd with so much Glory, that History in mentioning him, makes use of these Words, that, *He gave more Lustre to Royalty than he received from it. He was valiant even to a Prodigy, generous, compassionate, just, and sincere.*

The beautiful *Turquia* brought him a Son in less than a Year after her Marriage, which had been a vast Addition to his Happiness, if Death had not taken away the Mother soon after his Birth. The illustrious *Morat* was too sensible of this Loss to be able to take Pleasure in any thing. The Adoration of his Subjects, the Transcendency of his Fame, and all the Grandeurs of his Worth and Dignity now became a Burthen to him, having no longer her for a Companion, who rendered him sensible of these Blessings ; and he was seized with so profound and incurable a Melancholy, that it put an end to his Life in the Year 1046, and the fortieth of his Age. Thus did *Tunis* lose the greatest and most amiable Prince it ever had ; and he died covered with Glory, and regretted by foreign Nations as well as by his own.





# T A M A Y O.



**A**FTER the successful Arms of *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*, King and Queen of *Spain*, had made an intire Conquest of the Kingdom of *Granado*, and expell'd the Infidels in order to repeople it with *Spaniards*, the Queen was informed that two Cavaliers of *Castile* had distinguish'd themselves in an extraordinary manner at the Siege of *Granado*, and had been greatly instrumental in taking that City; on which this generous Princess, who had no greater Pleasure than that of rewarding Merit, commanded they should be brought to her Presence; and after having given them those Praises which their Valour deserved, finding they were united to each other in the most strict Friendship, espoused them to two beautiful *Granadians*, Maids of Condition, and who had abjured their false Prophet to embrace the true Religion; and to the other rich

rich Presents she made them, added that of a magnificent Palace, with all the Lands and Domains appertaining to it, which had belonged to a Prince of the Blood and Faction of the *Abencerrago's*, and was situated in the *Alhambra* Place, over-against that which bears the Name of the Place, and was always the Habitation of the Kings of *Granado*, and still subsisting unruinated, is the Admiration of all the Travellers that pass that way. Don *Bertran de Saveda*, and Don *Martin de Tamayo* were the Names of these Cavaliers so honoured by the Bounty of the Queen, and to whom, as an Encouragement for them never to quit *Granado*, she settled on their Posterity, for ever, by Letters patent, all she had granted to themselves.

These two illustrious Friends were no sooner in possession, than they made an exact Division of every thing, to the end that those who should enjoy it after them should never find any occasion of Complaint or Murmuring. Their amiable Wives, no less sensible than themselves of the Sweets of Friendship, lived with each other in the most perfect Harmony; and never was a Society more agreeable or more sincere than that of these four Persons.

Much about the same time, each of them was made the happy Father of a Son; and as the Children grew up they were taught to love each other like their Fathers, and when they arrived at Maturity, married both in one day as they had done: The Authors of their Birth being dead, they lived in the same good Intelligence; and to perpetuate the Friendship between their Families, they resolved to seek no other Alliance; *Saveda* having only one Daughter called *Yoland*, and

*Tamayo*

*Tamayo* no more than one Son, who bore the Name of his Father and Grandfather : These Infants from their Birth were destined for each other by their Parents ; and tho' *Saveda* was much more wealthy than *Tamayo* by the addition of a large Estate derived from his Mother, he suffered not himself to be elevated with his Fortune ; and listning only to the Dictates of his Friendship for *Tamayo*, who remained in a genteel but moderate State, he took a Pleasure in thinking his vast Possessions would descend to a Person so dear to him, and therefore neglected nothing, as *Yoland* grew up, which might inspire her with the same Sentiments.

Thus in spite of the severe Customs of *Spain*, the young *Yoland* and *Tamayo* were brought up together in the same Palace ; and being inseparable from their most tender Years, seconded so well the Intentions of their Fathers, that they conceived for each other the most tender Affection.

*Saveda* and his Friend beheld the Growth of this Passion with an extreme Pleasure, and used their utmost application to augment it ; so that the young Lovers no sooner arrived at an Age capable of distinguishing, than they were told that they should one Day be united for ever by Marriage. This Knowledge having banished all those Constraints of Respect and Timidity which are the Companions of Love, when the Heart stands in awe of a Paternal Authority ; they discovered to each other their innocent Flame, and confess'd the Pleasure it gave them to think they should live eternally together, before they had attained Years enough to know there was any thing in Marriage more than being perpetually in each others Company. They made it Law between them

them to study the same Sciences ; and as the Exercises of *Tamayo* were not proper for a Person of *Yoland's* Sex, they agreed, however, to perform them both at the same time, that they might be equally at leisure for their Diversions. Their Wit and Understandings advancing faster than their Years, *Tamayo* soon became one of the most accomplished Cavaliers in all *Spain*, and *Yoland* the most charming Maid of her Time ; and both of them joining an Education and Sentiments worthy of their Birth to those precious Gifts of Nature, made them the Hopes of their Families, and the Admiration of all that knew them.

*Charles* the Vth. reigned at that time, and *Don Savida* proposed to himself going to present his Daughter and the young *Tamayo* to him, to the end he might continue to them those Grants which their Grandfathers had received from King *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*, when Death put a Stop to his Design.

This faithful Friend no sooner perceived that the Disease he laboured under was incurable, than he made his Wife, his Daughter, and the two *Tamayos*, Father and Son, come to his Bedside ; to whom he declared that they could not better testify the Affection he flattered himself all there had for him, than in contributing each in their several Station to the fulfilling his Intentions, which he called the dearest Aim of his Soul, in uniting for ever the young *Tamayo* and *Yoland* ; and then exacted from every one of them a solemn Oath that no Consideration whatever should oblige them to break that Alliance.

Independent of the Advantage which old *Don Tamayo* found for his Son in this Match, he loved *Don Savida* with too perfect a Friendship to fail in what he desired

of him, and swore that this Marriage would be the only Consolation he could be capable of taking for the Grief of losing him. Donna *Leonora* the Mother of *Yoland*, made the same Imprecations with a Torrent of Tears. The dying *Saveda*, satisfied on that side, made his Daughter and the young *Tamayo* approach, and then, looking tenderly upon them; And you, my Children, said he, joining their Hands, promise me that you will accomplish my Will, even tho' *Leonora* and Don *Tamayo* should be unjust enough to change their Sentiments. The charming *Yoland*, with a Voice interrupted with Sighs, and blushing like a full blown Rose, conjured him to be persuaded that his Commands should be no less sacred to her after his Death than they had ever been in his Life; And as for me, cried out her Lover, hastily, I will sooner quit the Light of the Sun, than violate the blessed Contract which attaches me for ever to my dear *Yoland*. At these Words Don *Saveda* took them both between his Arms, and having tenderly pressed them to his Breast, live happy, my Children, said he, love each other with Ardor and with Constancy, and defer your Marriage no longer than Decency exacts after my Funeral; the Torch of your *Hymen* will be the most glorious *Mausoleum* you can erect to my Memory. The two Lovers were drown'd in Tears during this Discourse, which was the last Effort of *Saveda*, he dying the same Night. 'Tis easy to imagine the Regrets of the two Families; they were no less sincere than they were violent: the beautiful *Yoland* above all was inconsolable for this Loss, and it seemed by the Despair she testified, as if her Heart had some Forbodings of the Misfortunes it occasioned. The young *Tamayo* employed all the Eloquence his Love and Wit supplied



supplied him with, to put a stop to the Course of her Tears, yet without effect for a long time.

The Widow of *Saveda*, however, had no sooner paid her last Duties to her departed Spouse, than she forgot the Promises she had made him concerning the Marriage of her Daughter and *Tamayo*; and thought of nothing less than keeping her word. The great Estate she now was in possession of, raised her Ambition, and not doubting but that, joined to the surprising Beauty and Accomplishments of *Yoland* might attract Offers much more advantageous, resolved to break intirely with *Tamayo*. But thinking it best to do it by degrees, she began with telling the Father and Son that Don *Tamayo* having no Wife, she thought it not agreeable with the Decorum of her Widowhood, that their Houses should have the same Communication as when her Husband was living to authorise such a Freedom; and that it was consistent with Prudence that on this occasion she should follow the Custom of *Spain*. On this pretence she separated her Portion of the Court yards, Gardens, and Apartments of the Palace from those of *Tamayo* by a high Wall, which rendred them intirely different Houses. This Action surprised and troubled the two Lovers, whom *Leonora* durst not yet forbid to see each other: but this Separation which their Fathers had never made, obliged them to a Constraint which seemed the more cruel, as they had never been accustomed to it.

The old *Tamayo* remembering that he was once posselt of the same Passion his Son now felt the Force of, was alarmed at the Behaviour of Donna *Leonora*; but not willing to give her time to invent any Stratagems which might estrange that Affection which both Love and Duty had cemented,

cemented, he pressed her to execute the last Will of *Savada*; but this Lady, no less fierce than ambitious, finding he was not to be trifled with, replied to him coldly, that their Families might remain united by the Bonds of Friendship and Esteem without being allied together; that the Death of her Husband had occasioned some Confusion in her Affairs, out of which she was desirous to extricate herself before she engaged *Yoland*; and that when they should be terminated, she should see what was best for her to do. But in the mean time, added she, I intreat you would put an end to the Visits of your Son; for I am absolutely resolved that my Daughter henceforward shall live in the same manner with all other young Maids of our Nation. Don *Tamayo* easily perceived by this Discourse that she had intirely changed her Sentiments, and sought nothing more than a Pretence for a Rupture between them: He could not therefore keep himself from replying with some heat, which occasioning some piquant Reflexions from *Leonora*, the Conversation grew violent on both sides; and that Lady born away with the Prospects of her own Designs, at last declared herself plainly, and told him his Son should never be the Husband of her Daughter, and that she would forbid her either to see or think of him.

Don *Tamayo* enraged to the utmost degree went home, and repeated the Behaviour of *Leonora*, in terms which shewed he resented, in that moment, more the Affront done to himself than the Misfortune of the two Lovers; but the young *Tamayo* struck to the Soul with the most cruel Despair, thought less of the Indignity offered by the Mother, than the dreadful Necessity of losing the Daughter; and the Force of his Passion so supplied him

him with persuasive Eloquence, that the tender Father was at last prevail'd on to make his just Anger yield to the Repose of so dear and worthy a Son. He went again to *Leonora*, he employed all their common Friends to argue with her, he tried all sorts of ways to oblige her to keep her Promise ; but Complaints, Remonstrances, Reproaches, Grief, were alike unavailing : She remained fixed in her Resolution ; and to complete the Unhappiness of *Yoland*, acquainted her with this cruel Change, and threatn'd her with all her utmost Indignation could inflict, if she made the least Attempt to contradict her present Intentions. The charming Daughter of *Savida*, tho' struck with these Words as with a Bolt of Thunder, sustain'd the Shock without suffering her Love or her Courage to be unfixed with it ; and in spite of the Awe and Obedience she had been taught to pay to the Character of a Mother, represented to her in the most lively Terms the Wrong she was guilty of in this Rupture, by which she not only violated the Laws of Honour and Probity, but also what she owed to the Memory of her Husband.

But all the beautiful *Yoland* gain'd by this Conversation, was to be ordered to her Chamber, with a strict Command never more to speak to *Tamayo*. Little am I capable of doing Justice to her Grief by any Description I can make ; so I shall only say it was excessive and answerable to her Love ; but having given some time to Tears and to Complaining, far from diminishing her Affection for *Tamayo*, this Injunction served only to render it more ardent, and was succeeded by a Resolution to obey the Will of her Father, and to oppose to the last Moment of her Life the Injustice of her Mother, and to preserve her Faith inviolable to *Tamayo*.

That

That young Lover also protested to his Father, that the Vow he had made to the expiring *Saveda* should be always sacred to him, and that Death alone should have power to break those Bonds which united him to the beautiful *Yoland*; but all these Attestations were little Satisfaction to two Hearts accustomed to disburthen themselves in each other's Presence—— They mutually languished for the former Liberties they enjoyed, and each seemed as if they had lost one half of themselves in this Separation.

Both their Wishes concurring, Love would not suffer two such faithful Votaries to his Power, to be without some little Consolation. The young *Yoland* had a Woman with her whom she much loved and confided in, and to whom she was extremely dear; she was a *Granadian*, of noble Parents, but who involved in the Calamities of their Country, had left their Posterity extremely poor. Being a Widow and of a good Reputation for Virtue and Prudence, Don *Saveda* had placed her with his Daughter in her Infancy in the Character of a Governess: It was in her alone *Yoland* found any Consolation; for as she knew the Intentions of her Master in favour of *Tamayo*, she entered with Spirit into the Sentiments of her young Mistress, and to support her in them, facilitated many Interviews with her Lover.

*Yoland* and *Tamayo* employed all the Moments they had together in making new Vows of an eternal Fidelity; these reciprocal Assurances began a little to lessen the Bitterness of their Sorrows, when the old Don *Tamayo* died. His Son felt all the Grief so great a Loss

exacted from him, and the more so as being now but seventeen Years old, he looked on himself as not sufficiently qualified to manage his Affairs, especially that of his Love; flattering himself as well as *Yoland*, who was but three Months younger, that some time or other he might have been able to bring *Leonora* to Reason, made them both think his Death a very great Addition to their Misfortune.

The Widow of *Saveda*, on the other hand, seeing *Don Tamayo* was now become his own Master, began to be in apprehensions that he might attempt some Enterprize contrary to her Designs, and therefore took a Resolution to put it out of the power, of either Fortune, or the Stratagems of Love to give him any Opportunity of seeing or conversing with her Daughter: She therefore settled her Affairs so as to leave *Granada* and retire to *Madrid*, where her Design was to establish *Yoland*, not doubting but her Beauty and Wealth might gain her a Grandee for a Husband: For this end she pretended an important Business called her to Court, and immediately ordered every thing to be got ready, that was necessary for this Journey.

*Donna Catherina*, for that was the Name of the Governess, that she might be the better able to serve the Lovers, seemed so highly to approve this Proceeding in her Mistress, that she trusted her with her most secret Thoughts; she was, however, no sooner informed of this Project, than she communicated it to *Tamayo* and the beautiful *Yoland*. This last Act of Cruelty put them both into Despair, *Donna Catherina* having procured them a Meeting in the Gardens of the Palace the night before



before the Departure of Donna *Leonora*, they discovered to each other a Despair which no Words but their own can paint : At last, Beautiful *Yoland*, said the amorous *Tamayo*, 'tis done—— The cruel *Leonora* is resolved on my Death—— She tears you and my Life together from me ; and without any respect for the Memory of a Husband, without any regard to her own Vows, she compells you to quit your paternal Seat, to deprive me even of the poor Consolation of breathing in the same Air you do.

My dear *Tamayo*, answered the tender *Yoland*, I am no less sensible than you of the rigorous Proceeding of my Mother—— My Heart is pierced with a thousand Daggers ; every Thought of seeing you no more stabs to my inmost part—— Nor ought you to doubt it, who have had so many Proofs that my Love is at least equal to your own—— But *Leonora* has an Authority over me, which all her Injustice cannot hinder me from respecting—— Whatever she inflicts upon me, she is my Mother still ; and I cannot dispense with following her, and rendring her that Obedience which the Name of Daughter exacts from me. But this ought to console you, that I swear by every thing we hold sacred, that my Obedience shall never oblige me to break my Faith with you, and that no other than *Tamayo* shall ever be the Husband of *Yoland*. This Assurance, replied he, reprieves my Fate, but it cannot soften the terrible Idea that I shall never see you more——

I will follow you every where, beautiful *Yoland*, continued he, and my Grief and Perseverance shall so perplex the cruel *Leonora*, that she shall be in a manner

compelled to give me the Recompence my Love deserves.

The young *Yoland*, alarmed at this Resolution of her Lover, made use of all her Efforts to drive it from his Mind: The Terror that her Mother would take more cruel Precautions to get rid of his Presence, constrain'd her to oppose, with the utmost Force, his Design; but this despairing Lover would not yield to her Reasons, and the friendly *Donna Catherina* being on his side; and both the one and the other assuring her that they might find frequent Opportunities of meeting during this long Journey; the Result of this Conversation was, that he should follow them at a convenient distance from the Litters; and that when they came near the Places where they were to lie, he should always take care not to be in sight, lest *Leonora*, or any of her Attendance should chance to see him.

These Measures being taken, they bid adieu with less Trouble than they met, in hope of rejoining the next day: Hope strenghtned the Heart of the amorous *Tamayo*, and the Assurances and Encouragement of *Donna Catherina* that of the tender *Yoland*.

Early the next Morning, *Leonora*, according to her Design, departed from *Granada*: She went in a Litter with *Yoland* and four of her Women; and *Donna Catherina* with the rest of the Family took up two others, two Men on horseback was all their Equipage, *Donna Leonora* being unwilling to have the trouble of a great Train with her. The moment after they had quitted the Town, the amorous *Tamayo* got on horseback, and following the Traces of the Litters, ordered it so as ne-

ver to lose sight of them, and yet not to be taken notice of himself. Whenever he found they came near any Places of Refreshment, he took a little Circuit round, and got in the moment before them; where, while *Leonora* reposed herself, he entertained the young *Yoland*; the careful Governess never failing to procure them Opportunities unseen and unsuspected by the other Women. These tender Interviews never ended without new Oaths of loving each other to Death, and to endeavour by all manner of ways to soften the Rigour of *Donna Leonora*.

The greatest part of the Journey was over without any Accident; but when they came within thirty Leagues of *Madrid*, the Litters were attacked by four Robbers, who, that this Prey might not escape them, began with securing the two Cavaliers that rode by them. Two of the Villains immediately seizing them not being Men accustomed to fight, and having obliged them to alight, bound them to a Tree, while the two others went to the first Litter, and forced *Donna Leonora* and her Daughter to come out of it: They had already made themselves Masters of a Casket she had with her, full of Gold and Jewels, and were beginning to rifle both the Ladies in an unbecoming manner, when *Tamayo*, who at a great distance saw the Litters stop'd, and heard the Cries of the Women, flew full speed to their assistance with his Pistol in his hand. His Arrival cost the Life of the first Villain who attempted to hinder his Passage; his second Blow broke the Back of him who had the Casket; and turning to the third, who was mounting his Horse with an intent

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to fly, he ran his Sword quite through his Body, and seizing on the fourth, made the Servants that attended the Mules tie him with the same Cords with which this Wretch had assisted to bind the Domesticks of Donna *Leonora*: These Men beholding the astonishing Valour of *Tamayo*, no sooner were released, than they threw themselves upon their knees before him, calling him their Deliverer, and repeating his Name with Transport.

The brave *Tamayo*, charm'd to have saved the Life, and perhaps the Honour of what was dearest to him in the World, had no sooner seen the fourth Villain made sure, than he alighted from his Horse, and approaching Donna *Leonora* and her charming Daughter, Madam, said he, to the Widow of *Savida*, You have no more to fear, and may pursue your Journey without Danger; and since my good Fortune conducted me hither in so seasonable a Juncture, I will not quit you till I see you in a place of Safety. The haughty *Leonora*, less sensible of the Service he had done her, than troubled to find in the Person of her Deliverer, that *Tamayo*, whom to avoid she had run into this hazard, could not bring herself even to look on him with the same regard any other Person would have done in the like Circumstances; and answered him coldly, that she was very much indebted to him for the Assistance he had given her, and would endeavour to testify her Gratitude; but intreated he would not give himself the Fatigue of accompanying her, for she would get Persons to attend her the rest of the Journey at a Kinsman's House where she intended to go the next day.

*Tamayo*

*Tamayo* stood in need of all his Courage not to die with Grief at this cruel Reception: It so strongly seized him that he stood without the power of Speech or Motion, looking all the time on *Leonora* with so moving an Air, as would have touched any other than herself. The beautiful *Yoland*, shock'd to the very Soul to see the Ingratitude of her Mother on this occasion, lifting her Eyes on her Lover; My Lord, said she, what you have done for us is so wonderful, that it is not surprising we should not be able to find words to acknowledge it as it deserves: 'Tis for you therefore to supply our Deficiency, and to read in our Hearts the Gratitude we feel for so signal a Service.

*Tamayo* by the most eloquent Look thanked the charming *Yoland* for the concealed Meaning couched in her Discourse; and perceiving that Donna *Leonora* began to be impatient at this Entertainment, presented her his Hand, and with a deep sigh replaced her and *Yoland* in the Litter; but this latter parted not from him without giving him yet further secret Marks of her Tenderness and Gratitude.

The unfortunate *Tamayo*, seeing the Litters begin to move, remounted his Horse, and making the two Cavaliers guard the Russian, who with his hands tied behind him was bound to one of their Saddles, accompanied them till they came to the Place where they were to lie that night, and then saw him put into the hands of Justice, to receive the Punishment his Crimes deserved.

*Leonora*, all this while outrageous, that in spite of all her Precautions, *Tamayo* and her Daughter still met, de-

parted from that place by Break of Day, hoping by this means to disappoint his Search, and take from him all Hope ; but the tender *Yoland* left a Letter, for him with a Person in the House, in which she informed him where he might rejoin the Litters.

This new Proof of his lovely Mistress's Affection, gave him more Pleasure, than the Perseverance of *Leonora's* Rigour did disquiet : He immediately followed the Road they took, and found they staid but one night at the House of that Kinsman *Leonora* had mentioned to him, who indeed gave them several Cavaliers to escort them to *Madrid*. They no sooner set out, than *Tamayo* mingled with them, and accompanied them to that City, where *Leonora* went directly to the House of a Lady of Quality, and her near Relation.

This passionate Lover of the charming *Yoland*, had nothing now to do but to procure a Lodging as near them as possible ; he so well succeeded in his Endeavours, that they could neither go out nor in without his seeing them : He soon informed Donna *Catherina* how he had placed himself : but it was not in her power to procure him those Opportunities she before had done of speaking to her young Mistress ; and these two Lovers had now no other way of Conversation than by writing to each other, which they did regularly every day : *Leonora*, who had the most watchful Eye over all the Actions of her Daughter, and was one of the most penetrating Women upon Earth, soon suspected this secret Correspondence, and persisting in her former Determination, was resolved to put a stop to all Intercourse between these Lovers, whatever should be the Confe-

Consequence of it, or to what Extremities soever she should be obliged to proceed. After revolving in her Mind a thousand different Stratagems, she at last pitch'd on that of putting her Daughter into a Convent, whence she should not be removed till she had intirely forgot *Tamayo*. That she might find no Obstacle in this Design, she concealed it from Donna *Catherina*, whom she now began to suspect, secretly favoured the Passion of *Yoland*.

This unjust Mother had no sooner formed this Project, than she put it in Execution; and the fifteenth day after her Arrival at *Madrid*, she took her Daughter and Donna *Catherina*, under pretence of making a grand Visit, in her Coach, and conducted them to a Religious House, the Superior of which was a near Kinswoman of the Lady at whose House she lived; and who being before prepared for their Reception, ordered the Gates to be opened to *Leonora*, who presenting *Yoland* to her, put her into her hands with her Governess, with an intreaty that no Person whatever should be permitted to see or speak to either of them, and that they should be deprived of all means of giving any intelligence where they were.

'Twould be impossible to describe the Surprise that young *Yoland* and her Governess were in at this new Persecution; but the Mistress of *Tamayo*, far from suffering her Fidelity to be shaken by it, turned to *Leonora*, and kissing her Hand with a dutiful Tenderness, I render you, Madam, said she, my sincere Thanks for your Goodness in placing me where I may without any Distraction or Interruption preserve my Heart and

my Faith intire for the Husband my dear Father made choice on for me, and whom by his last Words I am commanded to love till Death; and I protest to you that I will never go hence, but to discharge those Obligations in favour of *Tamayo*, which both your Vows and my own have bound us to. *Leonora* piqued at the Constancy of her Daughter, replied not to this Discourse but with Words which show'd how much it had offended her; and in bidding her adieu, testify'd less Grief at being separated from an only Daughter, than Joy that she had torn her from her dear *Tamayo*.

That passionate Lover, who little suspected his Misfortune, and had past two Days without hearing any News of *Yoland*, or seeing *Catherina*, was extremely alarmed; and searching into the Cause, at last was informed that the obdurate *Leonora* had sent away her Daughter and that faithful Confident without making any Person acquainted with the place of their Retreat——He had for so long a time been accustomed to Grief and to Disappointments, that they were become familiar to him, and he manifested for this last, neither Regrets, nor Rage in any violent degree, but resolved to die or triumph over his unhappy Fate; he lost no time in Lamentations, but bent his whole Study and Pains for the Discovery of *Yoland's* abode; but all his Inquiries being fruitless, he had no other way left than to make yet one more Effort to move the Heart of *Leonora*. To this end, by Presents and Promises, he prevailed on a Negro Slave of her Train to introduce him into her Apartment when she was alone, without letting her know any thing of his coming.



The haughty *Leonora* no sooner saw this young Cavalier approach, than rising from a Pile of Cushions on which she was sitting, and advancing towards him with an Air of Fierceness, demanded what had obliged him to make her this Visit after she had absolutely forbidden him?

I come not here, Madam, answered he, throwing himself at her feet, to give you any cause of fear, or of complaint— You have banished the adorable *Yoland*— You have forbid me her sight— You have destroyed my Hopes, but you cannot hinder me from dying before your Eyes; 'tis with that only design I present my self before you— However, Madam, what have I done to make you wish my Death with so much Cruelty?— Brought up under your Eyes, and no less cherished by the tender Cares of the generous *Saveda*; I have always respected you like her who gave me Birth— It was from your Bosom I first suck'd in that Passion for which now you hate me, and look on as a Crime— My Father and Don *Saveda* gave it Birth— and you for a long Course of Years nourished and augmented it to the Growth it is now arrived at— It was your own Hand which gave me *Yoland* for a Wife, and by your Orders that I received her Faith— Oh Heaven! how fatal a Change has happened since! Your Spouse once dead, you cease to be a Mother; you violate the most sacred Oaths, you tear asunder the Bonds your self had made, you shut up your Daughter, and drive me from her sight and yours— Ah, Madam, in the Name of *Saveda*, which once was so dear to your  
call

call to mind your former Goodness; remember the Promises he exacted from you at his Death, restore to me your Favour, restore to me my *Yoland*, restore to me my long lost Peace, or prepare to see me fall the Victim of your Cruelty and Injustice.

With these Words the desperate *Tamayo* laid his hand upon his Poniard, and in that Posture waited the Answer of *Leonora*, who frightened lest he should indeed commit any Violence on himself in her Presence, and a little touched at his Reproaches, could not help letting fall some Tears; but they proceeded more from her Pride than Pity.

Feigning, however, more Softness than that with which she had behaved at his Entrance; *Tamayo*, said she, holding out her Hand to him to oblige him to quit his Poniard, I have never ceased to esteem and love you: I regard you still as my Son; and what you call Rigour and Cruelty in me, is no more in reality than the Tenderness of a Mother, which induces me to deprive you of a trifling Satisfaction in order to procure you others more essential. For in fine, *Tamayo*, since you will enforce me to repeat things you ought to tell your self, it is not for a Person of your Age to think on Marriage—— To what Dangers have you exposed your self? What Fatigues have you undergone that you should imagine it is permitted to you to enjoy the Sweets of Repose? What Glory have you acquired, that the Daughter of *Saveda* should be the Recompence of your Services? Your Father and Grandfather were Warriors; the Father and Grandfather of *Yoland* have rendred their Names illustrious by the  
Blood

Blood they shed for the Service of their Country, these four Heroes had never been linked in the Bonds of Friendship, had not Glory also united them : Noble Companions in Arms and Fortune, they hoped the Actions of their Children would revive their Memory, and it was with this Design you were designed by them for *Yoland*; *Saveda* having no Son adopted you as such, flattering himself the Blood that ran in your Veins, would render you worthy of his Choice, and of the Possession of his Daughter and Estate; — but how have you answered this Expectation? — forgetful of your own Glory, and that of your Ancestors you languish in a shameful Ease, contented with your Fate, and thinking it sufficient to be descended from great Men, you abandon yourself to love with the same Tranquillity, your Fathers did after twenty Years of Toil and Hardship. No, no, *Tamayo*, added she, I refuse you not my Daughter, I forget not my Promises; but if you would see the Effect, and possess *Yoland*, you must render yourself worthy of the Blood of *Saveda*.

This Discourse so highly affronted *Tamayo*, that all the Fire with which he was animated at his Entrance to *Leonora's* now changed to Ice : I pardon this Reproach to *Yoland*, Madam, answered he, because in her Person alone is assembled all the Authority her Father and mine had over me. If I had preferred Repose to Glory, if I had degenerated from the Blood that runs in my Veins; in fine, if I had refused to support the Honour of my Name, I should acknowledge myself unworthy the Alliance of *Saveda*; but I am yet no more than nineteen Years old, and you would have my  
Services

Services preceed a Love which was almost born with me ——— *Saveda*, Madam, knew better than you what might be expected from a Son and a Grandson of *Tamayo*; and he thought proper my Marriage with his Daughter should be solemnized before my pursuit of Glory — But he dy'd, — you thought fit to set his Will apart. — *Tamayo* soon followed your Husband to the Grave. — I am but lately my own Master — I am without Support, without Knowledge of the Court or of the World, overwhelmed with the Injustice of your proceeding, and in this Abyss of Despair you pretend your Change is owing to myself, that I have not yet spilt my Blood for the Service of the State. You have seen I do not fear to lose it, and perhaps, I may one Day shew myself more worthy of the Blood of *Saveda*, than you shew Respect for his Memory, or Gratitude for the Name he has given you.

After these Words he went out of her Apartment without waiting for any Answer, and left her ready to burst with Rage and Disdain, at having been upbraided in this manner by a young Man whom her Pride made her look upon as her Inferior.

As for *Tamayo*, listening only to the Voice of his Despair, and thinking it would have been a Shame for him to have given Donna *Leonora* the Pleasure of seeing him die, took a Resolution to seek an end of his Misfortunes in the pursuit of that Glory which she had so unjustly reproached him for not having yet followed: but having no personal Acquaintance at Court, and unwilling to ask any Favour on the Merits of his bare Name; as also in the present Situation of his Mind

to make any Appearance which should give him the fatigue of Ceremony, engaged himself as a simple Volunteer in the Troops raised to serve in the Army of *Charles* the Fifth against the *Protestant* Princes of *Germany*, who, under the Pretext of Religion, had entered into a League against their lawful Sovereign. These Recruits marched from *Madrid* to *Barcelona* where they embark'd, and after a prosperous Voyage landed at *Genes*, whence they proceeded to *Germany*, and where *Tamayo* by his invincible Courage was not long before he distinguished himself among his Companions.

Few *Spaniards* were either so handsome or well made, his Stature above the ordinary Size, his Limbs admirably proportioned, his Air noble and majestick, his Features regular, his Countenance masculine, warlike, and yet sweet withal, rendered him one of the most amiable Men in the whole World: Every thing about him testified the race from which he sprung, and his least Actions denoted the Man of Condition.

He was equally beloved and respected; every one that saw him manifested a Consideration for him, and the Name of *St. Martin* which he had taken, was in all their Mouths. The Duke *de Medina Sidonia*, a young Lord full of Spirit, Courage and Discernment, who commanded that Party, having several times remark'd him, and finding him worthy of his Curiosity, demanded of the Officer with whom he had entered himself at *Madrid*, who he was; but he knowing no more of him than what had been told him by himself, answered that all he could say of him was that

he



he was a *Granadian*, and was called *St. Martin*; but, my Lord, added he, I am very much deceived, or he is very much above what he would appear, and if some great Misfortune has not contributed to his engaging in the Army; all his Behaviour testifies a noble Education, and the extreme Melancholy I observed in him during the Course of our Journey from *Madrid*, convinces me no less that some very violent Grief hangs upon his Spirits.

This Discourse excited the utmost Curiosity in the Duke to know him more particularly; and in a few Days an Opportunity of gratifying it, presented itself. *Tamayo*, to divert his Melancholy having drawn out a Plan of the City of *Treeses*, in which he was in Garrison, it was presented to the Duke, who greatly admired it, as well as the principal Engineers of the Emperor, who protested they had never seen any thing better done. Then the Duke having made him approach, demanded of him, with great Sweetness, if he was a Gentleman, as all his Actions gave occasion to believe, and for what Reasons he avoided making himself known. *Tamayo* who carried all his Love with him to the Camp, flattering himself that the Protection of the Duke might be of service to him against *Leonora*, hesitated not to discover to him the whole Truth, and gave him a brief Detail of the History of his Family, and his own unhappy Passion; which so much touched this young Nobleman, that he assured him of his Assistance in every thing in his Power, and that he would make him an Officer at the end of the Campaign.

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While *Tamayo* thus captivated the good Graces of both great and small; the Widow of *Saveda* hearing no more of this formidable Lover of her Daughter, and being assured by several Spies she had set to watch his Motions that he was no longer at *Madrid*, made *Yoland* quit the Convent, and come home to her, and intirely changing her Conduct with this beautiful Maid, now testified as much Tenderness for her as she had Rigour before; and to bring her insensibly to her Aim, she procured for her all manner of Amusements that she thought might make her forget *Tamayo*. She now made no scruple of exceeding those Limits of Freedom the severe Custom of the Country prescribed, to the end that her Beauty being seen might gain her Adorers, and under the Pretence of shewing her every thing that was considerable at *Madrid*, exposed her in an artful manner to the Eyes of those whom she looked upon as proper Matches for her Daughter; but all her Softness, her Stratagems, and her Diversions produced no other Effect on the Heart of this faithful Lover than her Cruelties and Injustices had done. Many offers were made to *Leonora* on her score, which she proposed to her, letting her know that her Design was to marry and establish her at *Madrid*, where lived all her Family, and gave her the Liberty of choosing for a Husband whom she pleased, among the many Lords who had made Offers of their Hearts: But how great was her Surprise to find that the Constancy of this young Maid was rather confirmed than shaken by these Temptations: Madam, reply'd she, I am, and ever shall be submissive to your Will in every thing which  
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does not contradict that of my Father ——— You removed me from the Place of my Nativity, and my paternal Inheritance to come here ; I followed you without repining. ——— You shut me in a Convent, I entered into it with Pleasure. — You took me out, and I returned to you with the same Obedience ; ——— therefore, Madam, after having render'd to you all that my Duty exacts from me, suffer me also to render to the Commands of a dying Father what he expected from me. It was he who gave me to *Tamayo*, made me swear never to have any other Husband even tho' you should oppose my Love to that worthy Youth, and I must obey him tho' at the Expence of your Favour, or my own Life.

These Words put Donna *Leonora* into such a Fury, that she was ready to go to the last Extremities against *Yoland*, who not swerving from the Respect she owed her, reply'd always with Humility, but accompany'd with a Resolution and Courage which made the other see she was not to be changed. But while she employ'd herself in seeking the means to bring *Yoland* into other Sentiments, that faithful Maid was contriving with Donna *Catherina* how to discover what was become of *Tamayo* ; and it was not 'till after some time, and great Inquiries they found out that he had entered himself among the Troops enlisted for *Germany* under the Command of the Duke *de Medina Sidonia*, and that he was gone from *Madrid* near a Month before *Leonora* suffered them to leave the Convent.

On this News the beautiful *Yoland* was preparing to write to him, when her Mother persecuted by her Ambition

bition and rage at being unable to surmount the Resolution of her Daughter, fell dangerously sick, and died in five Days after, in spite of all the Cares *Yoland* took to preserve her.

The Widow of *Saveda*, however, died not so inexorable as she had lived, and in her last Moments repenting of the Violences she had exercised on these two faithful Lovers, expressed the sincerest Regret for it to her Daughter, and commanded her to repair the Fault she had been guilty of in making *Tamayo* the Master of her Person and Fortune. These Sentiments, with which she yielded up her Breath, recalled all the Tenderness of *Yoland*, and rendered her almost inconsolable for her Death. But *Donna Catherine* representing to her that she ought to preserve herself to execute the Will of her Father, and give Life to her Lover who doubtless in this absence could drag it rather as a Burthen than a Satisfaction, she was prevailed upon to dry her Tears, and to think of nothing but being united to him for ever.

But a Tincture of Jealousy and Fear inseparable from a violent Passion remonstrating to her that there was a Possibility his Heart might be less faithful than her own, and that Time and the Obstacles he had met with might have wrought an Alteration in it, she resolved to be convinced, and also to inform him in Person of what had happened. Therefore after having fulfill'd what Duty and Nature demanded from her in the Obsequies of her Mother, she form'd a Design of going to *Germany* in a manner no less secret than singular. To this end she solicited in the Name of one  
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of her Kinsmen a Lieutenancy of Horse in the Regiment of *Estramadura* which was also in *Germany*. As those to whom she apply'd were very powerful, and zealous to oblige a young Beauty, whom all that were unmarried had hopes of gaining, she readily obtained what she demanded. She had no sooner received the Commission than she provided herself, and *Donna Catherina* with Men's Apparel, and under the Name of *Don Pedro de Saveda*, departed from *Madrid* attended only by the Brother of her Governess who was in the Secret, and on whose Fidelity she had an entire Dependance.

While *Yoland*, guided by Love, Fear, and Hope, thus surmounted the Delicacy of her Sex and Rank, and exposed herself to all the Fatigues of a tedious and dangerous Journey to see her dear *Tamayo*, that faithful Lover was every Day rendering himself more worthy the Friendship of the General and the Esteem of his Companions. His Birth and Name, which none now were ignorant of, the Duke of *Medina de Sidonia* having declared it the better to authorize the Distinction he testified for him, so much interested the whole Army in his Favour, that there was not one among that numerous Body that did not take a Pleasure in endeavouring to divert his Melancholy, and who were not perpetually talking to him of *Yoland*, as knowing her Name the greatest Consolation he was capable of receiving. It seemed as if every *Spaniard* was his Confidante, and had no other Business than to procure him Ease. *Tamayo* had too noble and generous a Heart not to be sensible of such uncommon Testimonies of Love



Love and Esteem, and answered to them in a manner which redoubled the Consideration they had for him.

The Troops of the Emperor, who had Orders to repair to the Camp that Monarch had form'd near *Ingoldstat* in the Spring of the Year 1568, not being able to arrive, in spite of all their Diligence till some time after they were expected, the Landgrave of *Hesse* General of the Protestant Army, finding his Forces superior to those of *Charles* the Fifth, encamped in Presence of the *Imperialists*, and having destroy'd the greatest part of the Provisions, seem'd resolv'd either to starve them, or compel them to give unequal Battle. But the Duke of *Alba*, the Emperor's General being too wise not to penetrate into his Intentions, obliged his Soldiers to content themselves with a certain Allowance, 'till the Arrival of those Troops who were upon their March, and to take all manner of Care of well fortifying, and guarding their Trenches; while they worked Night and Day worthy the Prudence of their Commander and their own Obedience; many of the Protestant Army were continually insulting those of the Imperial, which was often revenged to the Disadvantage of the Rebels; and *Tamayo* burning with a desire of signalizing himself was one of the first to shew his Valour on these Occasions.

The two Camps already rung with the Fame of his great Actions, which indeed were such as might reconcile one to believe all the fabulous Histories of the Heroes of Antiquity: His Despair rendring him altogether regardless of his own Life, he seldom fail'd to take  
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that of any Adversary, who was bold enough to oppose him; and when even press'd upon by unequal Numbers, as was frequently the Case, and sometimes quite surrounded by his Enemies, he seemed to have an Eye in every Part, and to partake of the Nature of Lightning, which shoots itself a thousand ways at once; before, behind, on every side he dealt unerring Blows, and as it were mowed himself a Passage back to the Camp, where lovelily terrible he was received by his admiring Companions, all covered over with Blood tho' not his own. The Wonders he performed had justly acquired him the Name of *the all destroying, the invincible* Tamayo, when the Emperor fearing that some of his People might have the Disadvantage one time or other in these particular Combats, from which his Troops in general might draw an ill Presage, forbid all Persons of what Degree soever, on Pain of Death, to accept any Challenge from the Rebels: Every one submitted to this Law, and *Tamayo* was obliged, in spite of him, to restrain the Ardor of his Courage.

But how stabbing is it to a truly loyal and brave Heart, to hear his lawful Sovereign branded with opprobrious Names, his Party insulted, and himself dared to support the Cause of Justice, and of Glory, and yet be restrain'd from acting as his Honour and his Valour dictates. For some time, however, our young Hero compelled the struggling Impatience of his Soul in Obedience to the Emperor's Command; but being one Day walking without the Trenches, he espied a Man of a prodigious Size issuing from the Camp of the Enemies,

mies, and being come near enough to be heard by the *Imperialists* defied the boldest of them to fight. He had great Success in many Battles; for he was an experienced Warrior, and the Confidence he had in his superior Strength made him presumptuous enough to utter such Insolencies as *Tamayo* could not hear without resolving either to die or punish, and the Rebel who might with propriety be termed a Giant, still advancing nearer, and tossing in the Air the enormous Halberd he had in his Hand, crying out, the Emperor by the help of only a few Cowards hoped to reduce all the Protestant Princes of *Germany* to his Yoke; *Tamayo* had no longer patience, and snatching a Halberd from one of the nearest Centinels, went forth to meet this audacious Challenger, this second *Goliath*.

This huge Creature looking on his Adversary with the utmost Contempt, Presumptuous Wretch, said he, is it with such a one as thee I am to measure? — has thy Emperor no other than such Heroes to send against the Champion of the Confederate Princes? but since either his Power, or thy own Fool-hardiness engages thee to this Combat: Come on, and give me the Opportunity of punishing both him and thee. These Words were followed by many others to the like Effect, and immediately succeeded by Blows which would have felled an Elephant; but all which *Tamayo* avoided with the most surprising Dexterity, and watching his Time, when his Enemy was stretching himself up with a Design to give a Stroke which should cleave him at once, run his Halberd into his Throat with such Skill and Strength, that he immediately fell dead

at his Feet; the victorious *Tamayo* then taking the Sword of this formidable Antagonist cut off his Head, and putting it on that vast Halberd which was so near being his own Death, returned to the Camp with these glorious Trophies of his Conquest; and was received by the Army, who had been Witnesses of this memorable Action with all the Acclamations it deserved. He stay'd not however to receive their Praises or Congratulations, but went directly to the Emperor's Tent, where being admitted to his Presence, he fell upon his Knees, and laid at the Imperial Feet, the Arms and Head of the Rebel, with these Words, I have infring'd, said he, your Majesty's most sacred Orders; but not being able to suffer the Insolence with which this Giant treated your Majesty's Person and Authority, I hope the just Punishment I have given him will be thought worthy of Pardon. *Charles the Fifth* looked on him with the severest Gravity, tho' mixed with an adequate Surprise; and jealous of his Authority, was less sensible of what he had done, than that he had done it through Disobedience; therefore without any Acknowledgments of the Greatness of his Courage, or Pity for his Fate, condemned him to Death.

*Tamayo* received this Sentence without change of Countenance, and taking up his glorious Trophies went out of the Imperial Tent neither murmuring nor complaining, as tho' the Life he had so bravely ventured was not worth the trouble of soliciting, or regretting; in going towards his own Quarter he was seized, and conducted where he was kept under strict Guard, 'till  
Orders

Orders should arrive for his Execution. The Cardinal *Farnese* the Pope's Legate, the Prince of *Hungaria*, the Prince of *Piedmont*, the Duke *de Medina Sidonia*, and all those who by their Birth, Credit, or Employments had the Privilege of speaking to the Emperor, incessantly implored Forgiveness for the brave *Tamayo*, whose Valour, Prudence, and good Behaviour they extol'd with the highest Encomiums, but all they could say was unavailing : the Emperor remained inexorable, and, tho' he confess'd some Compassion for his Youth, resolv'd his Decree should be put in Execution, to deter all others by his Example how they offended in the like manner : All the Army was in an inexpressible Consternation, they murmur'd, they complain, and did not scruple to accuse the Emperor of Cruelty, Injustice, and Ingratitude. *Tamayo* alone appeared serene, and looking on Death with an Eye of Indifference, consoled all those whom he saw lamenting his Misfortune, in representing to them that the Cause of his Death ought to give them more Admiration than Grief.

In this Juncture the charming *Yoland* arrived at the Camp under the Name of *Don Pedro de Saverda*, and was received as Lieutenant in the Regiment of *Esfre-madura*, in the Company of *Don Lewis de Rias*, where she presently heard the Action and the Peril of her Lover ; on which this generous Maid, without losing time in fruitless Complaints, ran through the Army, exciting the Officers and Soldiers not to suffer that the Emperor should commit such an Act of Injustice : telling them it would be an eternal Reproach, since if he punished in such a fashion the Valour of his Warriors,



none could ever hope to be recompensed for the Services they did him.

This Discourse, which was accompany'd with the most persuasive Eloquence, so strongly animated the *Spaniards*, who before were in Despair for the Fate of *Tamayo*, that above ten thousand of them assembled together crying out with a loud Voice that they would not permit their Emperor to be guilty of a Crime in believing he did an Act of Justice, and that they would all perish before they would see *Tamayo* die. The feigned *Don Pedro* and her two Confidants the Governess and her Brother, seeing so happy a Beginning, gave not over their Work ; but run from side to side, from one Quarter to the other, the whole Night before the intended Execution, in order to prevent the heat they had raised from growing cool ; and were so successful in their Endeavours, that by break of Day there was a general Revolt, with some seditious Menaces, which began to give Astonishment to *Charles* himself, tho' the most undaunted Man of his Time.

The Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, already prepossess'd with the most tender Sentiments in favour of this young Hero, having assembled in his Tent all the chief Commanders in the Army, as well as the noble Volunteers who had engaged themselves in this War, made a short but pathetick Speech to them, and then went at the Head of them, in order to make a second Effort on the Emperor, and to remonstrate to him of what consequence it was to act with Precaution in so nice a Conjunction : a formidable Army against him, wishing no more than to come to an Engagement, his own repugnant

pugnant to command, on hearing so brave an Action as that of *Tamayo* treated as a Crime, and the *Spanish* Auxiliaries in open Rebellion on that Score: The Fierceness of *Charles* the Fifth a little abated at their Discourse, he heartily repented him of the Sentence he had pass'd; but would not so far receed from his Imperial Dignity as to revoke it, he therefore left the Decision to the Duke of *Alba*, who immediately bethinking himself what was best to do, called a Council of the Princes; but while they were consulting what was proper, the *Spanish* Troops began to grow clamorous, and the Name of *Tamayo*, Tyranny, Cruelty, Injustice, and Ingratitude, resounded through every Rank, 'till the Tumult augmented in such a manner that the Duke found there was no time to be lost; therefore to save the Emperor's Honour he went forth at the head of the Council, and told the foremost of the Seditious, that the Emperor never designed to take the Life of *Tamayo*, and had only condemn'd him to shew a penal Example to the Army of Disobedience to his Orders. In so saying, *Tamayo* was rendered to the *Spaniards*, who by a thousand Acclamations rending the very Heavens, testified the Joy they conceived at seeing him living, and at Liberty. As for him, he received the News of his Pardon with the same Indifference he had done that of his Death; but unwilling to seem ungrateful to his Deliverers, he made his Acknowledgments to them with all those Graces which were natural to him, and which compleated the Conquest of their Hearts; but the *Spaniards* charm'd to have contributed to the Safety of so brave a Man, confessed to him that he

owed his Obligation chiefly to a young Officer lately arrived among them whose Name was *Saveda*.

The dear and well known Sound of *Saveda*, like Lightning ran through every Vein of the enamoured *Tamayo*, and impatient to see the Person who was called by that Name, and to know in what Degree of Kindred he was to the beautiful *Yoland*; he no sooner had learned his Tent, than he immediately flew thither; but how excessive was his Grief, when being arrived he was told that young Stranger had been the moment before seized by order of the Emperor, and none but feared his Fate in this Adventure.

This great Monarch irritated beyond measure at the Sedition of his Troops, and not doubting but some one Person had been the Author of that Ferment, took all imaginable care to discover who it was; and Chance or Malice bringing the whole of what had passed to his Knowledge, the counterfeit *Don Pedro* was immediately arrested and brought before him.

The generous *Tamayo*, full of Gratitude for the Benefit he had received from this Stranger, and pressed by Emotions of a yet more tender Nature, and which at present he could not account for, lost no time in fruitless Inquiries, but hasted to the Imperial Quarter, and found the enraged *Charles* the Vth. examining *Saveda* concerning the Motives that had induced him to occasion this Revolt in his Army.

All the Fortitude, all the noble Resolution, and Presence of Mind, which had heretofore distinguish'd the  
charm

charming *Yoland* above her Sex, was far inferior to what she now made appear in this Conjunction. Soon as the Emperor had done speaking, neither terrified at his Austerity, nor abashed at his Dignity, or the illustrious Company with which he was surrounded : My Lord, answered she, with an Air in which Modesty and Courage were sweetly mingled ; the profound Respect I owe your Sacred Majesty, will not permit me to conceal or disguise any part of what you command me to utter—— Know then, I am not what I seem, but *Yoland de Saveda*, Daughter and Grand-Daughter of Warriors who grew old in the Service of your Ancestors—— Love alone brought me into your Army, united to *Tamayo* by the Will of his Father and mine, and more so by the most tender mutual Inclination, and afterwards separated from each other by the Persecutions of Donna *Leonora de Saveda*, my Mother. I came here in search of him, prompted by a womanish Curiosity in this Disguise, to discover if his Constancy had been equal to mine ; and to inform him that there were now no longer any Obstacles to our Happiness. At my Arrival, my Soul was at once charm'd and terrify'd with the News of his Fidelity and Danger ; then, my Lord, I confess, that all the Duty I owed my Emperor yielded to that I ought to have for him whom I regarded as my Husband, and that I imagined every thing was allowable in me, which afforded any Prospect of preserving a Life so justly dear to me, and that it would become me to perish with him, if my Endeavours proved unsuccessful.

*Tamayo* had no sooner discovered that it was his dear *Yoland* that was speaking, than he threw himself at the feet of the Emperor ; the beautiful *Saveda* also prostrated her self in finishing her Discourse, and both of them without any farther Intreaties, made known by the most eloquent Looks and Gestures, how little Regard they had for themselves, and how much Terror for each other. 'Tis possible the most persuasive Words would have been less touching than this dumb Rhetoric ; *Charles* the Vth. beheld it with a secret Admiration, and felt so much Tenderness for the Fate of these two faithful and courageous Lovers, that there needed no other Solicitor than that in his own Breast to move him in their favour ; and after having contemplated them some few moments, he pardoned the generous and beautiful *Yoland*, praised her Fidelity, and highly extol'd the Valour of *Tamayo*. The Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, glad of this Opportunity of ingratiating our young Hero yet farther with the Emperor, made him an exact Recital of all his Adventures, as he had been inform'd of them from his own Mouth, and knew so well how to interest the Heart of that Monarch in their favour, that he consented the Ceremony of their Marriage should be performed in the Camp, to the end his Clemency and the Actions which had occasioned it should be the more conspicuous.

This Resolution being applauded by the whole Court, *Charles* the Vth. gave the necessary Dispensations



tions the Law exacts from Persons of their Age married at a distance from the Place of their Birth, and the Pope's Legate those required by the Church, and the very next Day the Nuptial Solemnity was performed by Cardinal *Farnese*; the Emperor who was at the Expence of it having ordered every thing with a Royal Magnificence.

The new-wedded Pair were loaded with Presents from all the Princes and Nobility of this illustrious Court; and the Beauty of *Yoland* was no less admired than the Valour of *Tamayo*, to whom the Emperor gave the Lieutenantancy that his fair Wife had obtain'd for a Kinsman. Now these two Lovers after having gone through so long a Series of Inquietudes, yielded up their Souls intirely to the Joy of being united in so glorious a manner. The beautiful *Yoland* would not return to *Spain* without her Husband, therefore waited at the City of *Treves* the end of the Campaign, in the course of which *Tamayo* did such great Things, that *Charles* the Vth. blest'd the Day which had preserved the Life of a Man so worthy his Esteem.

The Campaign was no sooner over, than this young Warrior and his Spouse returned to *Madrid*, and from thence to *Granada*, to take possession of their Estates, which they enjoyed together in the most perfect Harmony to the end of their Lives: The brave *Tamayo* having acquired less Glory by

his Victory over the Giant, and the Dangers he had past, than by being rendered merely by his Virtue formidable enough to make the Emperor himself tremble at the Head of a numerous Army. This Action served to render all his others more illustrious, and to perpetuate his Name and Memory in the History of those Times.

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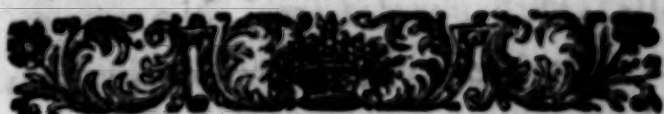
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